The Outlook

Volume 81 *Saturday, December 23, 1905* *Number 17*

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THE OUTLOOK is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The fourth issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

PRICE.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

POSTAGE IS PREPAID by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila (Samoa), Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

DISCONTINUANCES.—If a subscriber wishes his copy of the paper discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent. Otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

HOW TO REMIT.—Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express-Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of THE OUTLOOK COMPANY. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

LETTERS should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
287 Fourth Avenue, New York

Chicago Office, 1436 Marquette Building

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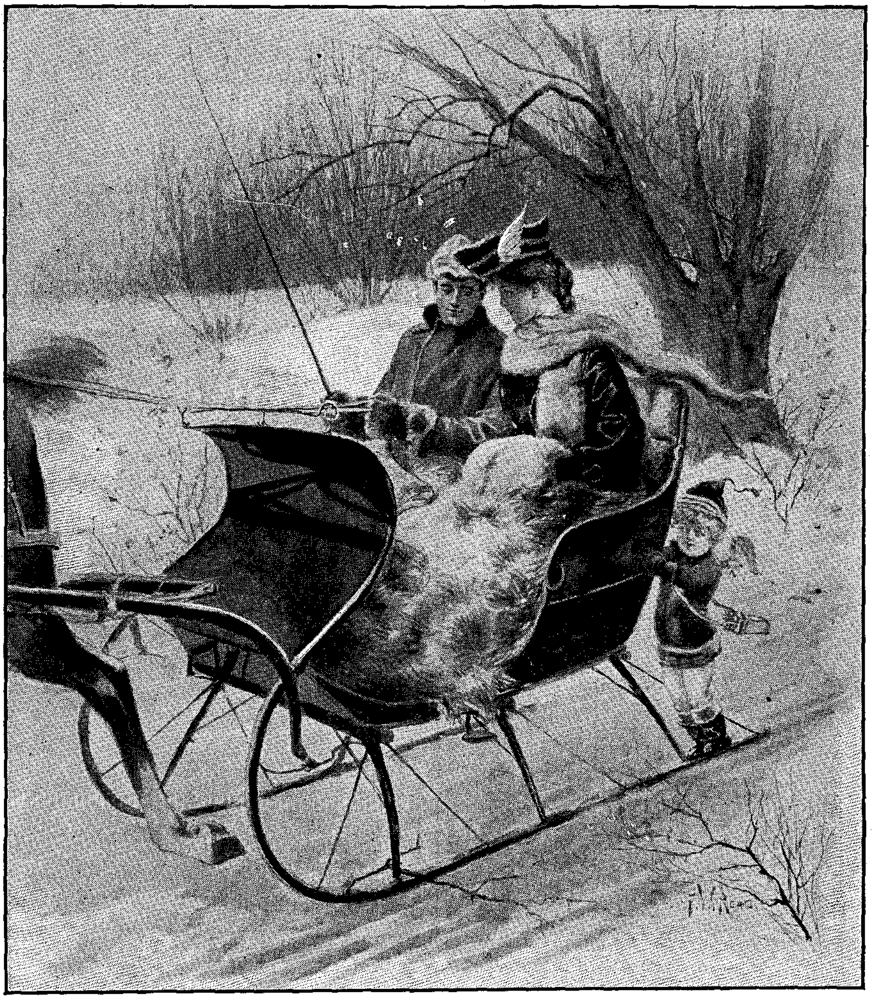

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1905

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The Philippines and Special Interests The report has gone out from Washington that Republican members of the House who represent beet-sugar districts are organizing opposition to the reduction of the tariff on sugar from the Philippines. This means that a measure proposed for the benefit of the Philippine Islands and heartily indorsed by Secretary Taft is threatened because certain "special interests" believe or fear that it will work somewhat to their own disadvantage. The power of a special interest has often been exhibited. If it frequently prevails over the general interest of the United States, the people have only themselves to blame; the remedy is in their hands. When, however, a special interest exerts its power against the interest of the Filipinos, the Filipinos have no defense except that which lies in the American conscience. The beet-sugar interests have now challenged, not the interest of the Nation—that would be bad enough—but they have challenged its conscience. The fitness of the American Republic to govern the Philippines will be determined by its persistence in governing the islands for the benefit of the islanders. Every member of Congress ought to hear, not merely from those of his constituents who have an interest to be subserved, but also from those who have a conscience to be heeded. Against the conscience of the American people, if it is stirred, no beet-sugar interest dare make a fight.

❀

Railway Rate Regulation Last week, in the United States Senate, the discussion of railway rate regulation began. The three principal measures are those offered respectively by Senator Foraker, by Senator Tillman, and by the Inter-State Commerce Commission. The two latter are largely the same. Senator Foraker proposes to amend the present (Elkins) act by providing that whenever a shipper files with the Inter-State Commerce Commission a complaint concerning any form of discrimination, the Commission shall immediately investigate such complaint, and if it conclude that reasonable ground exists for it, and if the railway will not, upon notice from the Commission, desist from practicing the discrimination, the Commission shall forthwith certify the complaint to the Attorney-General, who shall thereupon refer it to the proper United States District Attorney, who in turn shall at once file a petition in the Circuit Court having jurisdiction. The Court shall forthwith pronounce that all who are involved are parties to the suit, and shall proceed at once to hear the complaint and upon such hearing enjoin the further practice of the discrimination. From this decision the railway shall have the right to appeal to the Supreme Court. The whole proceeding shall be at the expense of the United States, the reason being that these complaints involve more than the rights of the individual shipper or the particular community complaining. Senator Tillman's bill provides that Congress shall give to the Inter-State Commerce Commission the power, on complaint and after investigation, to declare a reasonable maximum rate, such rate to go into effect within thirty days after the Commission's decision. The Inter-State Commerce Commission in its annual report recommends legislation along the lines proposed by Senator Tillman. It proposes that to it or to some similar organization power be given by Congress to hear and determine complaints of unreasonable charges, and to substitute, after investigation, for charges found to be unreasonable, just maximum rates, to go into effect within a reasonable time, and to remain in force unless set aside by the courts. It asks also for power to examine railway books and accounts at all times. That there should be such power vested in the Government we think is very clear; we are not so clear whether it should be exercised by the Commerce Commission or by a department of the Bureau of Commerce.

❀

The Issue Defined The question at issue between the two policies is thus clearly put before Congress. On the one side, it is proposed to leave the shipper to the remedy afforded by an appeal to the courts for special injustice, but to expedite the remedy and to relieve him of the expense of the proceedings, which would often be prohibitory. On the other side, it is proposed to recognize broadly the principle that the railways of the country are public highways though operated by private corporations, and that as such public highways they should be subject to governmental regulation and control. The discussion in the Senate made it clear that the opponents of this principle will maintain that Congress has no Constitutional power to delegate to the Commission the authority to determine what is a reasonable rate; that this is a legislative function and cannot be delegated by Congress to another body. In our judgment, it may be seriously doubted whether Congress can simply enact a law that railway rates must be reasonable and then leave a delegated body, like the Commission, to determine what are reasonable rates; but we have no doubt that Congress can define in very general terms what are the principles to be applied in determining what are reasonable rates, and then delegate to an administrative body the application of those principles to specific cases. While Congress is discussing this issue the Administration is proceeding on the assumption that the remedies proposed for railway inequities are not mutually exclusive, but concurrent. Fourteen indictments have been found by the Federal Grand Jury in the United States District Court at Kansas City for violation of the present law against discrimination by means of rebates; analogous proceedings have also been instituted at Chicago and Philadelphia. Subpœnas have been issued for the appearance of a large number of heads of industrial corporations and railway traffic managers to appear before the Federal Grand Juries, to give testimony in the prosecutions to be brought against certain shippers and carriers. It is not difficult to see the connection between this activity and Attorney-General Moody's circular-letter to all the eighty-five United States District Attorneys directing them to enforce the provisions of the present law against rebatesand discriminations of all kinds. In accord with his annual report Mr. Moody says:

> Under the Elkins Law the only penalty for its violation is a fine. I suggest to you, in all cases where the evidence would warrant it, that an indictment for conspiracy to commit an offense against the United States, based upon Section 5,440 of the Revised Statutes, be obtained. The Supreme Court has held, in Clune v. United States (159 U. S., 590, 595), that a conspiracy to commit a crime, itself punishable only by fine, may be punished by imprisonment. In the event of obtaining a conviction upon a charge of conspiracy of this kind, you are directed to present to the court the desirability of inflicting the penalty of imprisonment.

Perhaps rigorous penal measures against offenders of the law as it now stands may have the effect to reconcile those of the big railway shippers and managers who are still unreconciled to a method which would tend to prevent discriminations instead of allowing them and then punishing them.

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The Panama Bill One of the rare instances in which a resolution passes the House of Representatives by a unanimous vote occurred last week. By a rising vote of 357 ayes and no negative votes, the House declared that the bill in regard to the status of proposed Panama bonds which had been sent in from the Senate contravened the Constitution and infringed the privileges of the House of Representatives. The House maintained that the bill contained a plain provision for a tax, and therefore trenched on the Constitutional power of the lower House to originate and pass tax measures. The Senate bill provided a substitute for the bond provision in the Panama Emergency Appropriation Bill as it passed the House, and among other privileges gave the proposed bonds the right of reduced taxation when used for National bank circulation. The Senate, in order to get this before its Finance Committee, had made it into a separate bill, thus, in the opinion of the House, *originating* financial legislation. Later the Senate passed the entire bill as reported from committee with only one amendment; this requires that Congress shall have regular estimates of all salaries except those of laborers. Senator Teller declared that Congress should have a voice in determining whether a sea-level or a lock canal should be built; that only the sea-level canal was practicable or desirable; and that it would cost more than $500,000,000. Other Senators criticised the amounts of salaries paid, and held that hereafter at least appropriations should be specifically classified and explained before Congress was asked to pay a lump sum. One suggestion made as to salaries was that they should be fixed to equal the salaries for similar work in Washington and that to these amounts should be added twenty per cent. as extra compensation for the discomfort and danger of work in the tropics. Senator Spooner, in reply to Senator Morgan's assertion that under the Panama bill as passed by the lower House the President could spend the sum of $135,000,000 at his unrestricted will, pointed out that this was impossible because of the Spooner Act accompanying the General Deficiency Bill of last year; by it specific appropriations from time to time for the Canal by Congress were directed. Senator Tillman made a violent attack upon the Administration both for extravagance in Panama expenditure and for alleged usurpation of power properly belonging to Congress. In the House of Representatives perhaps the most sensational incident of last week was the speech of Mr. Cockran, of New York, on the insurance question. He urged regulation by the National Government over the insurance companies, which he declared constituted a menace to our institutions. Mr. Cockran denounced with much heat the insurance financiers as "criminals who have robbed the helpless, the poor, and the industrious." Mr. Williams, the Democratic leader, on the other hand, contended that the regulation of insurance companies should be left to the States, and asserted that "if the States were allowed to get at the Beef Trust, the Standard Oil Trust, and the rest of them, these monopolies would not long endure. It was the inter-State commerce clause of the Constitution which prevented the States from getting at these monopolies." In the Senate a divergence from the ordinary practice occurred in the case of the late Senator Mitchell, who was under criminal sentence, in that the usual announcement of the death was not made on the Senate floor.

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Taxing a State

A very interesting decision is that of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of South Carolina against the United States. The case is thus stated by Mr. Justice White in his dissenting opinion:

> South Carolina has adopted a law by which no liquor is allowed to be brought into the State for sale or to be sold therein, except such liquor as may be bought by a board of officers appointed by State authority, which liquor is sold by State agents appointed for that purpose under regulations prescribed by the statute. The question is, whether these agents of the State, for the act of selling liquor belonging to the State, as agents of the State, under the authority of the State, can be subjected to a license for carrying on the liquor business, levied by the internal revenue laws of the United States.

The Supreme Court, three Justices dissenting, answer this question in the affirmative. The fact that the dispensers were acting simply as agents of the State is fully recognized, and the principle is laid down that the fact that the State was the principal and really must pay the tax creates no exemption. The argument of Mr. Justice Brewer in rendering the decision involves and is based upon a broader principle; namely, the right of the Federal Government to levy an internal revenue tax on any business conducted by the State if the business is otherwise subject to taxation. He points out that the profits received by the State of South Carolina from the liquor business in the year 1901 were over half a million of dollars; that the State, which has taken up the liquor business, might have analogous reasons for taking up the business of selling tobacco, oleomargarine, and other objects subject to internal revenue tax; that it might, following the large and growing movement in the country, undertake the supply of gas and water and the ownership and operation of the entire railroad system. On the one hand, to deny that the Federal Government may levy taxes on such business if it is carried on by the State might be seriously to cripple the Federal revenue. Indeed, if all the States should concur in exercising their powers to the full extent, it would be almost impossible for the Nation to obtain any revenue. On the other hand, the principle laid down by the Court involves the doctrine that the Federal Government may levy a tax upon any business properly subject to taxation although that business is carried on by the State. In other words—though we are here stating the principle in our own words—for all practical purposes of taxation by the Federal Government, the State stands in the position of a private corporation or a single individual. Since the Constitution *is* what the Supreme Court declares it to be, the constitutionality of such taxation of a State by the Federal Government can no longer be questioned. We may add, however, that we are very glad that the Supreme Court has found itself compelled to adopt this principle. It is evident that the denial of this principle would involve possibly serious inequality of taxation; that if a tax cannot be levied on business conducted by a State, the people of some States would be exempt from taxes paid by the people of other States; and that an incentive would be furnished which might be very effective in pushing States successively into engaging in business in order to secure exemption from taxation. The Outlook has no prejudice against either a city or a State engaging in business, but it would be unfortunate, possibly even disastrous, were States pushed into the conduct of business by such an artificial advantage as would be afforded by tax exemption.

A Human Policy for the Indians "Each Indian must be recognized as an individual and so treated, just as each white man is." "I like the Indian for what is Indian in him." These two sentences from the report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Mr. Francis E. Leupp, epitomize the two principles upon which evidently his policy is based. Mr. Leupp's general outline of his Indian policy he has already given in The Outlook for April 15, 1905. In his report he urges, with many a plain and picturesque illustration, the need of educating the Indian by industry and of throwing the Indian upon his own responsibility. If in the process of learning by his own effort and experience the Indian may often fall, yet, says Mr. Leupp, "the unseen hand which has helped the white man through his evolutionary stage will, let us trust, be held out to the red pilgrim in his stumbling progress over the same rough path." Mr. Leupp has faith in the Indian, and with force argues for the preservation of his finer racial characteristics. His readiness to endure in silence and his prowess can be applied to farming, lumbering, and herding, as in former days those qualities were exhibited in the hunt. His artistic instincts need to be cultivated. Beside the hoeing of corn Mr. Leupp would put the making of Moqui vases and Navaho blankets. It is especially satisfactory to note Mr. Leupp's plea for the preservation of Indian music. Some of our younger American composers, as Mr. Arthur Farwell and Mr. Harvey Worthington Loomis, have studied this music and are endeavoring to interpret it. Mr. Leupp announces that under the direction of Mr. Harold A. Loring an experimental start has been made in instructing Indian children in the music of their own race. It has been so customary in this country to regard such a problem as that of the Indian as exclusively an economic problem that this enlightened view of it as human in every respect, including the artistic, is particularly gratifying. To the preparation of his report Mr. Leupp has brought not only expert knowledge of the Indians, but also his training as a writer. At present even such a public document as this is practically unread by the general public. If this report had the circulation it deserves—by means, for instance, of distribution, advertisement, and sale at the post-offices, as The Outlook has suggested—it would be read.

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Brutality Punished The country will heartily indorse Secretary Bonaparte's declaration that prompt and drastic action should be taken in recent cases of hazing and brutality at the Annapolis Naval Academy. The investigation into the death of one midshipman following a fist battle fought to a finish had hardly closed when it was reported that one of the witnesses, who testified under compulsion and under his pledge of honor to tell the truth, had been hazed or maltreated until he fainted from exhaustion and his condition was dangerous. It is asserted that he had been threatened with death by upper-class men because some of them had been implicated by his testimony, and that his ill treatment was in revenge for his statements on the witness-stand. If these assertions are true, it is needless to characterize acts of violence which are atrocious under any code of honor or conduct. Other instances of brutality are known or suspected. Commander Magruder brands the incident as a disgrace to the Academy, and declares that the custom of hazing shall be stamped out. As was the case with dueling when that practice was general, it is useless to hold the individual up to reprobation in these instances of hazing, "running," and prize-fighting. The thing to be eradicated is the sentiment in the Academy which accepts such things as necessary because they are in a way traditional. It is the plain duty of the officers in charge to educate these young men into the knowledge that all this physical violence and bullying is unmanly and unsoldier-like. The idea that a soldier or a sailor must be inured to violence by such means is both false and foolish. Courage and fortitude are far more often the attributes of men who would die rather than assist in acts of oppression or brutality than of the bully and the quarrel-seeker. This has been illustrated in war over and over again, from the day of General Havelock to that of General Lawton.

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New York's Contested Election Mr. Hearst's contest of the election of Mr. McClellan as Mayor of New York has received a serious setback in a decision of the Court of Appeals on the question of opening the ballot-boxes for a recount of the ballots. Application was made week before last to Justice Amend, of the Supreme Court, to have the ballot-boxes in four election districts opened on the ground that the tally-sheets showed evidence of errors in the count. Justice Amend issued the desired order, with the added provision, however, that all the ballots in the boxes should be considered as legally cast, even though they should be found to be improperly marked. The only errors that could be corrected were arithmetical errors in the count, or mistakes in recording for one candidate votes cast for his opponent; no ballots which had been originally counted by the election board could be thrown out as void. The boxes were opened, and when the count had been rectified Mr. Hearst had gained seventeen votes. His lawyers claimed also that if all the improperly marked ballots found in those boxes had been declared void and rejected Mr. Hearst would have received fifty-two votes more. On this basis an appeal was taken to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, asking for an order directing that the ballots should not only be recounted, but recanvassed—that is, that the election inspectors should proceed exactly as they would in counting the ballots on election night, rejecting all that were improperly marked. The order was granted. An appeal was at once taken to the Court of Appeals. The Court of Appeals not only reversed the decision of the Appellate Division, but reversed the order of Justice Amend, on the ground that the section of the law under which the order was granted "does not say, nor imply, that the court may, at some time subsequent to the closing of the election, order a recount. There is no provision for a later return." This decision is final.

The ballot-boxes cannot be opened, unless proceedings in *quo warranto* are brought, after Mr. McClellan is seated, to contest his right to the office. Under the present election law, as interpreted by the court of last resort, the result of the election as it appears on the face of the returns made by the boards of election inspectors to the County Canvassing Boards can be affected in only two ways: by the correction of such errors on the tally-sheets as can be corrected by the inspectors without referring to the ballots in the ballot-boxes, and by court decisions that ballots which had been rejected as improperly marked were in reality properly marked and should be counted. It is not now claimed, even by Mr. Hearst's supporters, that enough errors will be found from these two sources to invalidate Mr. McClellan's election. It is announced by Mr. Hearst's counsel that an appeal will be made to the Legislature for the passage of a law requiring a recount of all the ballots cast in this election; the results of such a recount would be available for use in *quo warranto* proceedings.

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The Decision Interpreted

Concerning this decision The Outlook has three things to say: (1) Our opinion concerning the legal correctness of the decision is not of great importance. But since an appeal has been taken to the newspapers on the ground that the decision assumes that it is "much more important to have any kind of election than to have a fair election," it is proper for us to say that we do not see how the Court of Appeals could have rendered any other decision. The law provides that all ballots objected to must be deposited separately, and a writ of mandamus may lie to correct the decision of the inspectors respecting such protested ballots; it does not provide that a writ of mandamus may lie to compel an entire recount of all the ballots cast. The Court of Appeals holds that since the Legislature has provided for an appeal from the decision of the inspectors in the case of protested ballots, and has not provided for such an appeal otherwise, no other appeal lies. In other words, sooner or later a *final* decision must be reached in the case of an election. Under the law, provision is made for objection to the decision of the inspectors at the time the decision is made; if there is no objection, the acceptance of the ballot is final. It should be added that the decision of the Court of Appeals agrees with the unanimous *opinion* of the court whose *decision* it reversed, that court having unanimously expressed its conviction that the law gave no power to order a recount, and that it would so decide were it free to do so, but that it felt constrained to follow the opposite conclusion, which had been before reached by the Supreme Court in a different judicial district. Thus two conflicting opinions of courts of equal jurisdiction went before the Court of Appeals for final decision. (2) To ask the Legislature to enact a law requiring a recount which the Court of Appeals has decided the present law does not permit, and to ask this, as is apparently to be done, for the purpose of reversing the decision as now legally announced, unseating Mayor McClellan and seating Mr. Hearst in his place, is in effect to ask the Legislature to reverse by enactment the construction which the court of last resort has put upon the present law. This is something quite different from amending the law for future elections, and quite different from opening the boxes in a legislative investigation to determine what Assemblymen have been elected. But for the Legislature to modify an election law for the purpose of affecting the declared and legal effect of an election which has passed, it seems to us would be to set a very dangerous precedent. (3) The decision emphasizes the demand which is being formulated and will be presented to the Legislature for a revision of the ballot law. The opinion expressed by the dissenting judges will add impulse to that demand. They say:

> The present law has many defects, particularly in regard to the form of the ballot and the mode of voting the same, and radical amendments are required to secure a fair election without disfranchising a large number of voters by reason of complicated provisions that are not readily understood.

That is true; but we are not quite so sure as they are that the law ought to be amended so as to provide for a recount by the courts of ballots to which no objection has been offered, unless on some *prima facie* evidence or at least reasonable accusation of fraud. It is desirable that every count should be accurate; but it is also desirable that the results of an election should be speedily made known, and that the people should not be subjected to unreasonable uncertainty and to judicial interference whenever a defeated candidate imagines that some political prestige can be secured by a causeless contest of the returns.

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Ballot Reform There is a wave of ballot reform agitation spreading over the land. In Pennsylvania it has been an issue for years, but the recent election has not only served to emphasize the need for it and the popular interest in it, but has made it imperative that the Legislature shall take early action. Unfortunately, the special session which Governor Pennypacker has called cannot consider the subject unless he issues a supplemental call; but at the regular session it is quite likely that a bill abolishing "party squares," whereby a vote for an entire party's candidates can be cast by a single cross (X) mark, will be passed. In New York a number of committees are at work to secure ballot reform, under the leadership of the City Club, which for years has given close attention to the subject. In Pennsylvania similar efforts are on foot under the active guidance of the Election Reforms Committee, which has also had charge of the personal registration campaign. The experiment in independent voting on November 7 has greatly increased the demand for a simpler and more common-sense ballot, and it is expected that the coming conference of municipal independent parties and committees to be held in Chicago will give considerable, if not exclusive, attention to the demand that permanent municipal independence can best be achieved through requiring each voter to make a cross for each candidate to be voted for. Not to speak of Australia (where the system originated), Canada, Great Britain, and many other foreign countries, the laws of fourteen States of the Union using official ballots provide that all candidates shall be voted for by marking their names individually, or, as in two instances, by erasing the names of the opposing candidates. These States are Alabama, Arkansas, California, Florida, Idaho, Kansas, Maryland, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Nevada, North Dakota, Oregon, Tennessee, and Virginia. The present movement for ballot reform has made greatest headway in New York, Illinois, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. In the latter State the Legislature of 1903 required grouping the candidates for each office, thus eliminating the party column; but it provided for a set of party squares on the left-hand side of the ballot, so that the objectionable feature of party voting was retained. The Election Reforms Committee instituted a test case to determine the constitutionality of that particular provision, but the Supreme Court affirmed the legality of the statute. Pennsylvania can quite easily secure ballot reform of an approved type by repealing the party square provision. In Wisconsin it is proposed to enact at the present special session a strictly Australian ballot system. The ticket provided for will, it is estimated, in Presidential elections, be a yard long and about five inches wide. The offices will be grouped and arranged in the following order—Presidential, Congressional, State, county, and local.

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Mr. Ryan, Mr. Harriman, and the Equitable Stock Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, having reconsidered his refusal to answer certain questions concerning his relations with Mr. E. H. Harriman at the time of his purchase of the Equitable stock, reappeared before the Insurance Investigation Committee on Tuesday of last week. He had been advised by District Attorney Jerome, to whom the matter had been referred by the Committee, that the questions were "material and proper," and should be answered. Mr. Ryan thereupon gave his account of the colloquies which took place between Mr. Harriman and himself. In order to verify or correct Mr. Ryan's statements, Mr. Harriman was then recalled, and gave his testimony with regard to these same colloquies. The facts as brought out by these two witnesses seem to be as follows: When the announcement was made that Mr. Ryan had purchased control of the Equitable from Mr. Hyde, Mr. Harriman called upon Mr. Ryan and ultimately demanded of him a share in this control. According to his own version, he made this demand as a test of Mr. Ryan's motives; but according to Mr. Ryan's version, he put his demand on the ground that he had been a director in the Equitable, had given his time and work to it. On meeting with a refusal, he threatened Mr. Ryan with his opposition. In reporting this threat, Mr. Ryan charged Mr. Harriman with promising to exercise "political" as well as other "influence." This Mr. Harriman did not deny; indeed, he acknowledged his belief that he did have "political influence." The extent of his claim to power is indicated in this passage:

> *Mr. Hughes.* Well, it has been charged that, through your relations with Mr. Odell, you have political influence. What would you say to that?
>
> *Mr. Harriman.* Well, I should think Mr. Odell had political influence because of his relations with me.

The significance of this testimony seems to us to lie in the relation it discloses between a fiduciary institution, a powerful financier, and a political boss.

Revising the Canadian Tariff

The United States has had a protective tariff since the sixties. The Dominion of Canada was put on a protective basis by the late Sir John Macdonald in 1879; but in neither country, although tariff revisions have been fairly frequent in each, was there ever before a tariff revision like that in which three of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's colleagues of the Dominion Cabinet are now engaged. The Ministers who are undertaking the work are Mr. Fielding, Minister of Finance; Mr. Patterson, Minister of Customs, and Mr. Brodeur, Minister of Internal Revenue, with occasional assistance from Sir Richard Cartwright, Minister of Trade and Commerce, and Mr. Fisher, Minister of Agriculture. The Commission was organized last September, and made a beginning with its work on the Pacific Coast. Eight days in October were devoted to British Columbia. Then the Commission came East; and from November 7 until November 30 it was at work day after day without intermission, and often at sessions which lasted until midnight, in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Work in manufacturing Canada was begun at Montreal. After four days there the Commission moved on to Toronto, where there were six sessions with an average of fifteen petitions a day. From Toronto the Commission went to London, Chatham, Wallaceburg, and Windsor, on the Detroit River. Thence it doubled back to Hamilton, and thence to Brantford, Guelph, and Peterborough. Then the Ministers went for two days to Ottawa for Departmental work, while their railroad car was being restocked; and on the night of December 2 they left Ottawa for the West again—this time to hold sessions at Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton, Prince Albert, Regina, and Sault Ste. Marie in New Ontario. This western trip will keep them busy until Christmas. Then, as soon as the holidays are over, they will leave for Quebec and Riviere du Loup; Sydney, Cape Breton; Halifax and Truro in Nova Scotia, and Monkton, St. John, and Fredericton in New Brunswick. Even then their work will not be complete; for at the end of these tours, involving between eleven and twelve thousand miles of travel, there are to be supplementary hearings in Ottawa which will extend over a week. All this travel, with the hard work, the fatigue, and the discomfort it involves, has been undertaken that everybody who is interested in the tariff—either as consumer or manufacturer—may have an opportunity of laying his views before the Ministers who will draw up the new tariff.

Democratic Methods of the Commission

In the early days of protective tariffs in Canada everything was privately settled between Cabinet Ministers and manufacturers at what were known as the Red Parlour Conferences in Toronto. In 1896 the Laurier Government abandoned this method; and the tariff hearings which preceded the revision of 1897 were held in public. Then, however, only the manufacturers attended; and after the enactment of the tariff complaints were made that no opportunities had been given to the farmers. This time opportunities are being fully given them; and, as a matter of fact, most of the travel undertaken by the Commissioners is with the object of affording opportunities to the farmers and other consumers to submit their views. All the hearings are open to newspaper correspondents; and to any man who cares to send in his name a few hours in advance that it may be entered on the schedule of petitioners. Americans are given a hearing with as much patience as Canadians. An American appearing before the Commission had only to produce his typewritten petition, read it to the Commissioners, and submit, just as all Canadian witnesses had to do, to a pretty searching examination and cross-examination from the Commissioners' side of the table. Several witnesses would have liked to talk with the Commissioners in private; and other witnesses desired to submit data in confidence. But when a witness was disposed to lower his voice and talk only for the ears of the Commissioners, he was promptly told to speak up, that the newspaper correspondents might hear; and except as regards such matters as actual workshop costs, Ministers refused to accept any confidential data.

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No Dingley Rates and More British Preference "Although," writes the special correspondent of The Outlook who accompanied the Commission on its tour of Ontario and Quebec, "only about thirty days of work had been put in when I took my leave, the work that had been done was the most important, for the tour I made with the Commission included the greater part of manufacturing Canada, and the rural evidence which was submitted at every stopping-place was typical of the attitude of the farming population generally on the tariff. To begin with, there will be no Dingley rates. The Canadian Manufacturers' Association worried the Government into reopening the tariff question with the expectation that the manufacturers would be able to make out a case for Dingley rates all along the line, and also for more protection against imports from Great Britain than is afforded under the Preferential Tariff of 1897. As soon as it was known that there was to be a revision of the tariff, the manufacturers assumed that Dingley rates and inroads on the British Preference were in sight. At Montreal and Toronto they asked for both; but before the Commission left Toronto—that is, during the second week of the tour in manufacturing Canada—they were frankly told by the Commission that it would not entertain the idea of Dingley rates; that the Government had no intention of duplicating the Dingley schedules in the Dominion tariff; and as regards the proposals for inroads on the British Preference, one of the objects of the Commission was to find out where and how British trade with the Dominion could be extended. In making these announcements the Commissioners recalled the immense advantage which has accrued to the Canadian export trade from the sentimental preference accorded in Great Britain to Canadian produce in return for lower duties on British imports established by the preferential tariff, and expressed apprehension that a due return had not been made to Great Britain for these substantial favors to Canada."

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Canada and Mr. Chamberlain "From an Imperial point of view," our correspondent continues, "this session at Toronto was the most significant of the sessions in Ontario and Quebec. Yet there was not a single reference to Mr. Chamberlain's scheme for so altering the British fiscal system as to make it possible to set up a preference at British ports for Canadian grain and other foodstuffs. There was no reference to the 'proffered hand;' not an allusion to a colonial conference; and so far as this discussion at Toronto went, Mr. Chamberlain might never have launched his fiscal scheme. It was the same when the farmers' delegates were before the Commission. They came to ask for relief in the new tariff because the prices for all their products are made in London or Liverpool, and because the Canadian manufacturers' theory of a home market for the Canadian farm produce has long ago been exploded. The farmers all conceded that their prosperity was dependent on the British demand for their produce; yet not one of them whom I heard—and I must have listened to twenty-five or thirty speeches from farmer representatives—even so much as mentioned Mr. Chamberlain's name. One farmer at Peterborough, I am told, did advocate Mr. Chamberlain's scheme; but the only reference to it that I heard was at Toronto, when the Trades-Union Congress of Canada objected to higher duties in the Canadian tariff, and to any interweaving of the Canadian and British fiscal systems based on the taxation of the food of the British working classes. I will not pretend to say whether Mr. Chamberlain has gained or lost by the tariff hearings so far as they have gone. What I can say from my daily attendance at the hearings is that his scheme was ignored. The manufacturers of Canada do not want it, unless it can be so arranged that not an iota of manufacturing interest in Canada is jeopardized; and the farmers of Quebec and Ontario are so indifferent to it as to warrant the conclusion that they regard it as too remote to be taken into serious consideration. Nine out of ten of the Canadian farmers are free-traders, or at least they are advocates of a tariff for revenue with incidental protection to Canadian manufacturers; and apparently they have no desire to see Great Britain go on a protective basis even if such a sweeping change in her fiscal system should bring some small advantages to Canadian agriculture. One other phase of the tariff inquiry demands notice. Ministers stated on several occasions that there is to be a special preference for Great Britain, with ten to seventy-five per cent. off the general tariff list; and their line of questioning, when manufacturing witnesses were before them, warrants the conclusion that in the new tariff it will be greatly to the advantage of Canadian manufacturers to buy their raw material in Great Britain rather than in the United States. Three other points made clear by the hearings are—(1) that the anti-dumping clause is working well from the Canadian manufacturers' point of view; (2) that a Crown Prosecutor will have to be appointed with headquarters in Ottawa to put the Anti-Combine clause into effective operation; for seventy combines were unearthed in the police court while we were in Toronto, and several of them came in for exposures before the Commission; and (3) that the surtax on German goods in retaliation for Germany's treatment of Canadian exports is causing much inconvenience and some loss to many Canadian manufacturers. Finally, the hearings have proved beyond question that manufacturing is extending in Canada, and that for several years manufacturing Canada has been unprecedentedly prosperous. If the woolen industry is excluded, it may be said that the tariff hearings did not bring to the front a solitary calamity howler, nor a single industrial interest which dared say that ruin was impending if more protection were not accorded it in the new tariff."

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Lithuania Revolts

Last week a definite attempt was made to separate from Russia by the Letts, or Lithuanians. In the Middle Ages Lithuania was an independent and powerful State. It comprised the generally low and level land south of the Gulf of Riga on the Baltic Sea. Naturally, the town of Riga was and is its chief port; its population is about 300,000. In 1386 Jaguellon of Lithuania united his country with Poland, having married the daughter of the Polish King, but in 1621 Lithuania passed to the possession of Sweden. When Poland was finally divided, one small part of Lithuania went to Prussia, but the rest went to Russia and now forms half a dozen provinces. The Letts, or inhabitants of Lithuania, resemble the sturdy Prussians more nearly than they do the Russians; neither ethnologically nor historically do they belong to Russia. Constituting, as they do, the Baltic Provinces, they have always jealously guarded their privileges for self-government, which the Czars wisely conceded to them. As in the more striking case of Finland, however, these privileges have been recently unwarrantably curtailed. Seven years ago provincial privileges in police, judicial, and school matters were taken away, and a year later the last vestiges of manorial justice and of tribunals under the German-speaking nobility were abolished. The same year the University of Dorpat was deprived of its self-governing privileges and the next year such privileges were taken away from all the gymnasia, or higher schools. Completely to humiliate Dorpat, the seat of the administration of the Baltic Educational District was transferred to Riga, and the very name Dorpat was ruthlessly changed by the Government to Yuriev. As in the university, so in municipal and provincial administration, the Russian language was now made obligatory. Nor is this all. The condition of the peasants in the Baltic provinces has been and is deplorable. The feudal system practically continues. The peasants are really in a state of vassalage, at the mercy of the German barons, from whom they rent land, the right to cut wood and to fish. Last week a general uprising of the Lithuanian peasantry occurred. Traveling in armed bands, they attacked the estates and drove off or assassinated the owners. Some of the latter organized volunteer battalions to protect their properties, the authorities being powerless to afford aid. But most of the nobles fled in terror, and their estates were formally declared confiscated by the peasants and the sale of grain or lumber was forbidden. It is not surprising that the spirit of the peasant rising spread quickly to the towns, and that uneducated and educated classes alike made common cause against the oppressor. At Riga there has been a special reign of terror. Dwina Fort, commanding Riga harbor, is now in the insurgents' possession, and many Russian officials are their prisoners. Some of the troops have gone over to the revolutionists, who, thus emboldened, have set up a provisional government in Livonia, the principal Lithuanian province. The new government has chosen local officials, decreed the closing of the spirit shops, annulled contracts between the peasants and landowners, and has actually proclaimed the separation of Lithuania from Russia.

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Russia Replies During this critical week for Lithuania the Russian Government has not been idle. Twelve thousand Cossacks were promptly despatched to the Baltic provinces, and an Imperial manifesto proclaimed a return to local self-government. The proclamation shows the Government's realization of its powerlessness to restore order without granting heavy concessions. As in the case of its concessions a fortnight ago to the Russian peasants in general, it is questioned whether the manifesto will have much effect; it will be justly regarded as being forced from the Czar, and will thus lose the moral effect of what should have been a voluntary act. Furthermore, it will encourage the other border peoples to like insurrection—especially the Poles. Despite the Pope's encyclical last week to the Poles to obey "the powers that be," a meeting, not of the laity, but of nearly five hundred of the Polish clergy, resolved to demand autonomy for Poland, with its own parliament, general secret ballot, the Polish language in government offices, the abolition of capital punishment, and a full amnesty for political prisoners. Even in the old once independent province of Kherson, to the south, there has been an attempt at establishing a new government in consequence of the army disaffection there. Finally, as might be expected, the ancient kingdom of Georgia is also in a state of revolt; indeed, throughout the Caucasus the situation is again alarming. The Witte Government is thus increasingly menaced. At St. Petersburg itself the Czar is no longer deified; he is openly defied. On Saturday of last week the proletariat organizations united in issuing a statement in which the Government is declared to be bankrupt and the people are told not to accept anything but gold in the payment of wages, warned to withdraw all their deposits from the savings banks in gold, and to pay no more taxes. The rich, it is further declared, have already taken warning and are converting their property into securities and gold and sending them abroad. The document even charges the Government with using the deposits in the Government savings banks to speculate on the Bourse, and with covering up its chronic deficits in the interest on Russia's immense debt by the proceeds of foreign loans. This financial ruin has been brought about, the document asserts, by a Government which has squandered not only the national income but also the proceeds of the foreign loans on the railways, the army, and the fleet, leaving the people without roads or schools. Therefore the last resource of such a Government's existence—its financial revenue—must be stopped. Finally, it is declared that Russia's only salvation lies in the overthrow of the autocracy by a Constituent Assembly. Will the Czar forestall all this by proclaiming a ready-made Constitution?

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China and America On Monday of last week an important meeting of Chinese guilds and American merchants was held at Canton, China. They formulated the following twelve changes in our Exclusion Law and its administration, the granting of which, they thought, would be necessary to end the boycott of American goods in China: "(1) The word 'laborer' should be limited to such classes and persons as both Governments originally intended to designate under the Exclusion Treaty of 1880; (2) regulations and legislative measures affecting the Chinese going into the United States should be approved by the Imperial Government before being put into force; (3) American consuls in China should be authorized to issue to Chinese, other than laborers, who intend to go into the United States, certificates of admission, which should be accepted by the American Government as conclusive proof of the right of the holder to enter the United States, except in cases of actual fraud; (4) every Chinese other than a laborer intending to go to the United States should, after having obtained a passport from the Imperial Government, demand the issuance or refusal of such certificates of admission to the United States not later than twenty days from the date of application; (5) a medical examination of Chinese departing for the United States should be made by one American doctor and one European doctor, the latter to be appointed by the Chinese authorities, with a similar examination on arrival in America if found necessary; (6) all Chinese once admitted into, or (7) passing through the United States to other countries, or (8) resident in the United States, should also have the same favors as are shown to the subjects of the most favored nation; (9) Chinese laborers should be admitted by the American Government into the Hawaiian and the Philippine Islands, provided that the local legislatures or authorities are willing; (10) in case of necessary inquiry on the arrival of Chinese in America, there should be no detention, provided security be furnished, nor should technical errors in papers be considered a bar to admission; (11) every Chinese resident in America should have the right to bring his parents, wife, and family to reside with him; but as to brothers and sisters, he should have the same right *only* if they are minors, the importation of women, moreover, being properly safeguarded; (12) the readmission to the United States of Chinese who have been deported for non-registration should be provided for on proof of their possession of property in the United States or that they are creditors there. We may well give immediate heed to most of these demands; not to all, certainly not to the one which concerns the admittance of Chinese laborers to the Hawaiian and Philippine islands, a request which ignores the supreme sovereignty of the United States Government over these insular possessions. Nor is the demand that our legislation affecting the Chinese and the way of administering our laws should have the approval of the Imperial Government to be taken seriously.

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William Sharp William Sharp, who died in Sicily last week, was a poet, essayist, and novelist of distinct though not of commanding ability, and an indefatigable literary worker. Born in Scotland, he spent his boyhood in the West Highlands, and became saturated with the Celtic spirit and traditions. He graduated from the University of Glasgow, traveled extensively in Europe, Australia, the South Sea Islands, Canada, and the United States. In 1879 he definitely adopted writing as a profession, and set out upon his career as an essayist and magazine writer in London. He was a friend of Philip Bourke Marston, and later of Rossetti, whose biography he published in 1882. His interest in Celtic literature led to his collaboration with his wife, who was also of Highland birth, in "Lyra Celtica," an anthology of English poems by Celtic writers. He had a turn for biography, and wrote the lives of Shelley, Heine, and Browning. Among his best-known novels are "A London Romance" and "A Fellowe and His Wife;" in the writing of the latter story he collaborated with Miss Blanche Willis Howard. It has long been suspected that "Fiona McLeod" was a pseudonym for William Sharp. The secret has been well kept, but the identity of the two is at last definitely disclosed. The name of Fiona McLeod appeared on the title-page of a number of volumes which very strikingly express the sensibility, melancholy, passion for the supernatural, and intimacy with nature which are characteristic of the Celtic spirit. Among these volumes are "The Sin Eater," "The Washer of the Ford," "Green Fire," "Pharais: A Romance of the Isles," and several volumes of poems. In the dedication of "The Sin Eater" to George Meredith this sentence reveals the aim of the book: "The beauty of the world, the pathos of life, the gloom, the fatalism, the spiritual glamour, it is out of these, the inheritance of the Gael, that I have wrought these tales." Mr. Sharp spent much time in Italy and France, but made three visits to America and many friends among Americans, who will greatly miss his genial presence in London.

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Dr. Pritchett's Resignation Dr. Henry S. Pritchett has resigned the presidency of the Massachusetts School of Technology to be free in taking up the work of the Carnegie Foundation. He has tendered his resignation to the trustees to take effect at their convenience in the future, possibly not before the end of the present school year. The fact that the resignation follows closely the discussion concerning the fusion of the Institute with Harvard University has occasioned the report that the one was the cause of the other. This, as well as the report that it was due to friction with the trustees, we can authoritatively deny. The work to which he is called will require his best energies. While the object of the Carnegie Foundation, of which he is the head, is primarily the establishment of a system of pensions for teachers, there is reason to believe that it can be made the beginning of a more important and far-reaching influence in teaching. It is, we believe, the first endowment in educational history which brings various classes of higher institutions of learning into some sort of organic fellowship, and, wisely developed, may be made a force for educational unity, strangely lacking in America, and for the consideration of educational problems apart from local and personal considerations. If we are right, as we think we are, in giving this larger interpretation to the Carnegie Foundation, Dr. Pritchett will have an important function to fulfill, and his past experience and history indicate that he possesses qualities which admirably fit him to fulfill it.

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A Correction The Outlook in its issue of December 9, in a paragraph respecting the removal of Mr. W. S. Leib by the President, stated that "he had the backing of Senators Penrose and Knox, who requested a special hearing for him, and Representative Patterson defended him." This statement was made on the basis of apparently authentic newspaper reports. We have now the best authority for stating that it is absolutely untrue so far as Senator Knox is concerned. Mr. Leib failed to secure any support from him. Repeated efforts on behalf of Mr. Leib to secure interference for him proved unsuccessful, and Senator Knox not only refused to ask for Mr. Leib's retention, but advised the President that he ought to be removed. The Outlook regrets that it has been the means of giving additional currency to this unfounded report.

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A Triumph for the Turbine

The arrival of the Carmania at New York last week marked in all probability the beginning of a new epoch in ship-building and transatlantic travel. There had been built before this several vessels with turbine engines, and they had in the main justified the claims made by Mr. Parsons, the inventor of the turbine as applied to steamships. But the Carmania is the first great and fast ocean passenger steamship of this type to cross the Atlantic. The speed made was not remarkable, but, in view of the heavy weather and head winds encountered, was entirely satisfactory; the average was sixteen knots, with one day's record of 457 miles. But the test as to steadiness was extraordinary; despite the rough sea (on one day a hurricane squall carried away a steel flagstaff and did other damage), the passengers reported that there was very little vibration, and the amount of seasickness on the voyage was notably slight. The officers say that the engines worked without a hitch, and that the Carmania is easier to steam, easier to coal, easier to handle, and more economical than her sister ship, the Caronia, which resembles her in every respect except as to the turbine engines. The main gain in the turbine as compared with the ordinary or reciprocating engine is that the motion is in the first directly, in the second indirectly, converted into the form of revolution. Thus with the turbine engine the shaft in its rotary work is co-ordinated closely and directly with the power of the steam, and its propellers move faster and more smoothly than when the ordinary oscillating movement intervenes. Moreover, the turbine lies near the bottom of the ship and in a horizontal position (as against the upright position of cylinders), and thus the ship's center of gravity is lower and her stability greater. In time triple-screw turbine-equipped ships seem destined to be the prevailing type of ocean steamship. We quote from the New York "Evening Post" a simple description of the turbine as applied to a steamship:

> Imagine a stationary cylinder within which is a drum whose sides as well as the interior of the cylinder are covered with alternating rows of blades. On the drum of a big ship there are over 2,500,000 of them. The drum is attached to a shaft at the end of which is the propeller. The steam enters the cylinder at one end and escapes from the other. In passing it plays on the blades and revolves the drum with great rapidity, which turns the propeller. Such, in simple phraseology, is the turbine. There are no pistons, eccentrics, or connecting-rods, which on reciprocating engines are necessary to convert direct motion into rotary; no packing-rings or stuffing-boxes to stop a leak of steam. When the steam escapes from the drum after passing through the rows of blades, it is forced into the condenser, and from there goes back to the boiler in the form of feed water.

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Hänsel and Gretel

The production at the Metropolitan Opera-House, New York, of the fairy opera, "Hänsel and Gretel," is belated. About a decade ago, very soon after its first production abroad, it was given in English in the United States, but inadequately, and since then has been neglected. Now it is presented as it ought to be. It promises to prove as popular here as it has proved to be in Germany. If it does not, it will indicate that American taste for what is wholesome and happy, as well as consummate and beautiful, is in sorry need of education. The story of the opera is the one made familiar by "Grimm's Tales." The two children of a poor broom-maker, driven out into the night, fall asleep in the woods, are soothed to sleep by the Sandman, and are guarded by angels. In the morning they come upon a gingerbread house. The old witch who lives there is about to bake them into gingerbread, when they pop her into the oven. Thereupon all the children whom she has enchanted come to life, and all ends happily with a chorale of praise to God. Nothing could be more naïve. Mingled with natural acceptance of a fairy world is a quaint mediæval symbolism of angels, and a sturdy German faith in the good God who in trouble "will send relief." And the childlikeness, the simplicity, and the healthfulness of it are reflected in the music. Yet it is music of the highest technical quality. It is of the sort which is not only charming to the ear as the veriest musical layman hears it, but interesting to the eye as the most practiced musician examines its orchestral score. Hidden in its intricacies are subtle but good-humored jokes upon the composer's master, Wagner. Mr. Arthur Farwell, who was a pupil of Herr Humperdinck, and therefore writes with a personal knowledge of him as a man and a creative artist, explains in another column how spontaneously this " Musical Poet of Childhood " came to give expression in this work to his own fine nature. Humperdinck has given to the world that for which every one who has a bit of the child left in him and is not yet so sophisticated but that he can enjoy a simple melody ought to be grateful.

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The Red Cross According to the provisions of a bill passed a year ago incorporating the American National Red Cross, the reorganized society has just held its first annual meeting. The American Red Cross was organized in 1882. For more than twenty years it has led an active existence. How far short it has come of the objects for which it was organized was seen, more than ever before, in 1904, in comparing it with other branches of the International Red Cross. Leaving out of calculation doctors, nurses, hospitals, and materials, in the items of funds alone the Italian society reported in that year over eight hundred thousand dollars, the German society over nine hundred thousand, the Austrian over seventeen hundred thousand, the French over eighteen hundred thousand, and the Japanese over four million. Ours reported $1,702! As the Japanese society was largest in material resources, so it was also largest in membership—over eight hundred thousand adherents; our membership was 123! Despite its useful work, the American Red Cross was not only poor in funds and members; its affairs had been somewhat loosely conducted. By an Act of Congress passed a year ago the American National Red Cross was newly organized. It is now incorporated under the laws of the District of Columbia and is brought directly under Government supervision. Among other members of the Board of Incorporators, the charter provides that five are to be chosen from the departments of State, War, Navy, Treasury, and Justice. The Hon. William H. Taft, Secretary of War, is the present President of the Red Cross, and Surgeon-General William K. van Reypen, U. S. N., retired, is the Chairman of the Central Committee. A disbursing officer of the War Department now audits the accounts of the society.

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A Christmas Thought

The child in the manger at Bethlehem was God's greatest gift to men; a gift of light, of love, and of life; the transcendent beneficence in the history of the race. The songs of angels and the offerings of the wise coming from afar were only symbols of the beauty and power of that putting aside of the veil which hid the Father, that breaking of the silence in which he dwelt, with clouds and darkness about his throne to the narrow vision of men, that visible coming of the divine into a sad and struggling world. Those whose hearts were stirred by the sense of something mysterious and wonderful in the child, and the manner of his coming, did not understand what it meant in the fullness of its divine beneficence. After two thousand years we are only on the threshold of a comprehension of its significance in the life of humanity. Like the advent of the day or the approach of summer, the light of truth and the bounty of love which are part of it very slowly banish the darkness and bring warmth and fertility.

But that which God gave, Christ had to give also; the completeness of the gift lay in the full sharing of the sacrifice between God the giver and Christ the living gift to men. Christ came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and in his spirit of consecration, his temper of love, his holy and perfect sacrifice, God's sharing of love and life with men was consummated and completed. The hidden purpose of the Infinite was unveiled in the life of the child of Bethlehem, the love of God was set forth in the sorrows of his pilgrimage, his beautiful patience in the face of hate and ignorance, the infinite tenderness of the last tragic hours. In Christ God spoke with a human tongue, but in Christ he loved humanity with a divine love and gave himself with a divine completeness.

And to this day the gifts of God are made perfect only when men join with him. That vast love which spared not itself must still make its approach to the race by human speech; that heavenly ministry must still find human hands; and by the same hands the bread of life must still be broken. The little gifts crowded into the stocking, however meager and simple, are the symbols of that sharing of men in the blessed beneficence of God, and the most sublime sacrifices are but repetitions of the offering of the Son for the sins and the sorrows, the growth and the peace, of the world. So in a thousand thousand homes the great gift is given again, and that great love steals into the hearts of children which once lay helpless in a manger in Bethlehem.

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Americans in the Rough

During the past year over a million people came to the doors of America asking for admission. Those to whom entrance was granted are now members of the American household. They are participating in the benefits which this household affords, they are numbered among its breadwinners, they are sharing in the formation of its ideals, and are taking their part in helping or hindering the attainment of those ideals. Some of them may never become citizens, thus remaining outside the family; but they are in the household and of it.

The Nation has the right to determine who shall and who shall not become members of the household. If the American Republic has an obligation toward the world in demonstrating what democracy can do, it also has the liberty of exercising its discretion in the preservation of democratic institutions and of maintaining among its people its distinctive ideals. It would be impossible for the Nation to perform its obligation if the people, who constitute the government, should lose their ideals. The only way by which the Nation can remain American is for the people to remain Americans. The Nation cannot tolerate within its borders any considerable number of people who are incurably aliens in temper; it is morally bound to see to it that only those aliens are admitted who are potential Americans, who are Americans in the rough.

It is this consideration, and only this consideration, which justifies the restriction of immigration. At the recent Conference on Immigration there were other considerations put forward by individual speakers. One would keep out certain races because he did not like them. Another would keep out laborers because he did not want them to compete with laborers already here. Neither race prejudice, however, nor economic selfishness is worthy of this Nation. If we are to put any restrictions upon the immigration of a race, it must be because we are fully persuaded that that race will so add to the serious race problems we already have that it will endanger the success of America's task. If we are to restrict the admission of laborers, it must be because we have good reason to believe that they will tend to increase the numbers of an obstinately alien population, or that their presence will tend so to depress the standard of living as to menace the maintenance of the American ideal. We believe that the exclusion of Chinese coolies and of contract laborers is defensible on the ground that neither of these classes are Americans in the rough. But if it is not defensible on this ground, it is not defensible at all.

A corollary to this right of exclusion for the preservation of the democratic character of our country is the right to protect alike admissible immigrants and citizens against physical and moral disease.

In order to make relatively certain the transformation of immigrants into Americans, two measures are necessary: first, the examination of immigrants to determine whether they are capable of becoming Americans; second, the proper distribution of the immigrants who are admitted. The second is as essential as the first. Men and women who, under certain conditions, might easily acquire the ideas of America, are not given a fair chance to become Americans when they are thrust into a quarter in one of our big cities where they are surrounded by other aliens like themselves. The two specific tasks, then, which are set before the United States Government in dealing with immigration are those of examination and distribution.

The examination of immigrants to ascertain their fitness for membership in the American household involves inquiry into their moral character. It is not enough to keep out the diseased and the pauperized; it is essential to keep out the vicious and the degenerate. Such an examination cannot be adequately made after the stream of immigrants is concentrated at one point. Highly efficient as the administration of the immigrant station at Ellis Island is, it cannot do the impossible. The scrutiny of each one who applies for admission to America ought to take place on the other side of the ocean, as near as possible to the emigrant's home, where he is known, and where his history can be ascertained. If he is rejected, he will then be saved a fruitless journey. Humanity as well as prudence argues for examination at the point of departure.

The transfer of the examination to the neighborhood of the emigrant's home will also aid the process of wholesome distribution. At present the aliens coming into this country settle, not where their real interests lead them, but where they are led by what they know of their interests. It is not to the interest of agricultural laborers that they dwell in the congested portions of New York; but they dwell there because they do not know where their real interests lie. What they need is not forcible deportation to the West or the South, but information as to the welcome which is awaiting them in the West and the South. That information ought to be imparted to them before they have left their native country. An emigrant is a man, not a chattel. He has human ties like the rest of us. The time to guide him toward his real interests is before he has made plans and established relationships which draw him elsewhere.

If we are to act upon the principle that all who are capable of becoming Americans are to be admitted and none others, then we should exercise our discrimination, through agents, at the place where evidence as to the character of intending emigrants is most easily obtainable, where judgment will involve least hardship to the rejected, and where the information imparted to the accepted will meet the least resistance. That place is at, or as near as practicable to, the beginning of the immigrant's journey.

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The New British Ministry

The new British Ministry commands the respect of all parties, and although it comes into power under very difficult conditions, the impression evidently gains ground in England that if it fails it will fail on high lines. The new Premier, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, does not belong in the line of great Prime Ministers. He has nothing of the genius of Mr. Gladstone, very little of the personal authority of Lord Salisbury, and as little of the personal charm of Lord Rosebery and of Mr. Balfour; but he is a man of high character, of good all-around ability, of strong common sense, and he has qualities which always command respect in the House of Commons. He has stood by his party with unflinching loyalty through thick and thin, and he has stood for his principles with the same conspicuous devotion and frankness. He is without eloquence, and lacks striking power of initiative, the greater qualities of leadership. He has shown himself, however, a strong man and an admirable political tactician, and has held his party together at the lowest ebb of its fortunes when some of its most brilliant and conspicuous leaders were in sharp antagonism. Cautious, courageous, patient, and good-natured, the leader of the new Ministry is a man to be reckoned with and to be successful in crises in which men of much more brilliant qualities would fail.

He has had, moreover, a long experience in the House of Commons, an experience which justifies the phrase so often applied to Mr. Gladstone—an old Parliamentary hand. He knows the ins and outs of parliamentary procedure; he is perfectly familiar with the temper of the House; he has distinct ability in keeping public business in hand; and although he cannot be classed with the great leaders in English public life, and it is not likely that under more favorable conditions a Ministry containing such able men would be content to follow him, it remains true that he is not only available but capable, and it is not at all improbable that he may prove the man for the hour.

The new Ministry is, as The Outlook suggested last week, essentially a compromise Ministry; but the compromise involved is not the surrender of great principles for the sake of holding office; it is rather the postponement of disputed matters in order that certain other great principles, on which all Liberals are united, may win out. For it is true, especially in the practice of statesmen, that one principle must sometimes give place to another, as in life one virtue must sometimes give place to another. It is the perception of this truth and the determination to act on it which distinguishes the political statesman from the political tactician. Eleven of the new Ministry are Oxford men, five being Baliol men; these represent the highest and finest traditions of self-culture; at the same table with them will sit Mr. John Burns, a workingman, who is reported to have walked up to the Palace and taken his oath in the reefer which he habitually wears. At the same table will be found such aggressive believers in Irish Home Rule as Mr. Morley, Mr. Bryce, and Mr. H. J. Gladstone, committed to the most radical programme for Irish Home Rule; and Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Haldane, equally committed to uncompromising opposition to anything approaching the granting of a separate legislature to that country. This large group of able men, representing different sections of the Liberal party, have taken office for the purpose of preserving the long-established British policy of international free trade. This will be the issue on which the Liberals will make their fight in the approaching Parliamentary election, on which they will stand or fall. The precise line which the Conservatives will take on this question remains to be seen. That there will be a realignment within the party is beyond question, and upon that realignment will depend the selection of the points at which the Conservatives will give battle to their opponents. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Chamberlain has become the real head of the Conservative party. He has largely captured the organization, and he has said again and again that the large majority of its voters are behind him. He has precipitated the crisis and stated the issue.

But the new Liberal Government will undoubtedly announce a programme covering other points; and it is likely that the repeal of the educational law, under which Nonconformists are compelled to support not only the National Board schools, but also numerous schools controlled by the Church of England, will be one of these points. The opposition to this law seems to be steadily growing. The Outlook has reported from time to time the spread of what is called passive resistance. The selection of Mr. David Lloyd George as President of the Board of Trade indicates that some measure for the disestablishment of the Anglican Church in Wales is likely to be part of the Liberal programme; while the appearance of Mr. John Burns as Chairman of the Local Government Board is generally interpreted as indicating the determination of the new Government to introduce legislative measures for the relief of the present industrial situation in England; and while it is practically certain that no measure looking to the creation of a separate legislature for Ireland will gain the support of the new Government, it is highly probable that something will be done to give wider extension to local self-government in Ireland, greater efficiency to the Wyndham Land Purchase Act, and something for Catholic education.

The new Ministry represents in an unusual degree the best types of Englishmen. No man stands higher in public life than the new Premier, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Bryce, Mr. Morley, and their associates; no class of men better represent the best traditions of English education and thought than Mr. Morley, Mr. Bryce, and Mr. Birrell, while a large majority of the members of the Ministry are conspicuous for their devotion to out-of-door life. The New York "Tribune" points out that the new Cabinet includes the President of the National Physical Recreation Society, a crack golf-player, an expert boxer, cricket-player, and oarsman, an authority on fly-fishing, a football champion, and a crack pedestrian. These various interests will give the new Ministry a strong hold on public interest and affection, precisely as President Roosevelt's devotion to out-of-door life and to sport has contributed not a little to his great personal popularity in this country and abroad.

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A Great Opportunity

The three hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Hudson River by Henry Hudson, on September 12, 1609, will be commemorated, it is to be hoped, with full comprehension not only of its significance as a historical event, but of its possibilities from the picturesque and artistic point of view. Few incidents in the history of the country are more suggestive than the arrival of the first European in the beautiful harbor of New York and the first voyage up one of the most stately and noble rivers in the world. It is a subject for an epic poem, and its commemoration ought to take into account and to express these larger aspects of the event. Years ago George William Curtis, in his poetic prose, described the Rhine as lyrical and the Hudson as epical. The first unveiling of the valley through which the river flows, with its striking variety of scenery, was an incident of the highest æsthetic importance, and no commemoration of it will be adequate which does not take account, not only of the vast addition of country for productiveness, but also of the immense addition to the scenic resources of the modern world.

A large committee, including many able men, has been appointed, and it is to be hoped that this committee will be guided, not by commercial interest nor by the desire for local display, but by the meaning of the event and by the interests of the future. There have been a number of fairs on a great scale in the last few years, and they have done much for the education of the people, for the bringing together of the sections, the effacement of provincialism, the furthering of the National feeling by making one section acquainted with another. The Expositions at Philadelphia and Chicago especially marked new epochs in the artistic education of America, while those at Buffalo and St. Louis were eminently successful and useful in other directions. But all these enterprises have been enormously expensive and have made a heavy drain on the resources of the locality in which they were held. They amply repaid investments in other directions, but as commercial enterprises no one of them has been successful. It is earnestly to be hoped that the commemoration of the discovery of the Hudson River will not take this direction. New York would not render any service to the country by a great fair of the usual kind; and it is quite certain that if such a fair is to be adequate, it would involve an immense expenditure of money without securing a corresponding return. If New York is to create an exposition, it ought to be permanent in its character.

It is very much to be hoped, however, that the committee will devise some more impressive and adequate way of commemorating an event which appeals to the imagination as one of the most striking incidents in our early history, and as an incident to be permanently interpreted in some form of art. A Hudson Memorial Bridge over Spuyten Duyvil Creek, which should be of a monumental character and rank with the great works of art in the world, would constitute a worthy memorial, and ought to receive the careful attention of the committee. But whatever is done ought to include the whole Hudson River valley in some form. Every community from New York to

Troy ought to have a place and an interest in such a commemoration. The committee has the opportunity of devising an original, picturesque, and artistically impressive commemoration which will recall the early history of a river that has not only been one of the great waterways of the country, but one of its centers of interest, the scene of many events of high importance. Its history, with its legendary enrichment, recalling Revolutionary battles, Arnold's treachery, Andre's execution, the storming of Stony Point, the legends of Sleepy Hollow and of Rip Van Winkle, to select but a few incidents from the history of the valley of the Hudson which appeal strongly to the historical and artistic imagination—in some form these events ought to be represented in their entirety. Some scheme ought to be devised which will impress the imagination of every child by enlisting the interest of every resident of the Hudson Valley from the Battery to the river's sources. The committee has a great opportunity, and it is to be hoped that it will make the best of it.

❀

"Saint Charles"[1]

"Posterity has reason to bless the stutter," writes Mr. Lucas of the impediment in speech which kept Charles Lamb out of the pulpit. "One cannot see the Rev. Charles Lamb producing quite such work as came from Charles Lamb of East India House, and the least differences are not to be thought of." Few people have ever thought of "Elia" as a preacher. But what other man of letters of his time has gathered to himself such a heritage of affection? Or, for that matter, who of the illustrious company has so beautifully and touchingly taught the lessons of patience, compassion, kindness, and devotion, as the "amiable, gentle boy" whom Valentine Le Grice and Coleridge loved at the Bluecoat School, grown into the whimsical, sorrowful, tender-hearted man whose life was bravely lived under the blackest of shadows? Carlyle's caricature was one of the grossest offenses against charity committed by that masterly etcher of portraits, and one of the most unforgivable instances of his lack of insight when gentleness, sweetness, and a quiet spirit were to be searched for, rather than force, energy of intellect, the ability which plays a great part in full view of the audience. Lamb never took the center of the stage; he was content to play his part, not without a touch of self-consciousness, but with wholly captivating simplicity of nature and goodness of heart. If he had been an actor, he would have been a forerunner of Joseph Jefferson.

He was only twenty-one when his sister Mary went mad and killed her mother, and for a time the horror of possible madness for himself hung over him; but he faced the awful possibilities not only with courage but with a beautiful tenderness which justifies Thackeray's phrase "Saint Charles." This terrible tragedy Mr. Lucas describes with admirable reserve and feeling, and it must be recalled from time to time if the sweetness of Charles Lamb is to be understood and his faults are to be seen in true perspective. He was in no sense a faultless saint, nor was his life flawless. If moral symmetry is to be the test, then Carlyle was right in his judgment of "poor old Lamb;" but if character is determined by the relation between the power of temptation to which a man is subjected and his resistance, Carlyle was an unjust because an unseeing judge; if failings of the flesh are less offensive in the sight of the Infinite, as Christ thought and taught, than failings of the spirit, the clerk in the East India House, who used to be seen leading his sister to the madhouse with tears streaming down his face, is more akin with the saints than the harsh and irritable man of genius who thought that the greatest moral conflict of modern times was only the burning out of a dirty chimney.

The reader of "Elia" does not concern himself with analysis; Lamb is so human and gets on such intimate terms with his reader that when the book is closed it seems almost as disloyal to pick flaws as to criticise the friend who has just left the chair by the fire, grasped the hand, and closed the door behind him. He was one of the most bookish men of his time, and his instinct for literature was surer than Matthew Arnold's; but he always writes as if he were easing his soul rather than following a profession or practicing an art. Is not that the secret of his extraordinary hold on his readers? There were abler men than he among the prose writers of his time, but there is not one whose fame is so secure as his. The best of Shakespeare, as of Milton, Tennyson, and all the others of the immortal company, came by favor and not by work; for genius is largely the habit of being lucky; of having the phrase singing about one at the moment when one must have it or be content with good, sound, plodding speech. There are mornings, as Emerson knew, when all the world is silent, and there are other mornings when life stirs and sings everywhere; genius is the faculty of being about when the singing morning comes.

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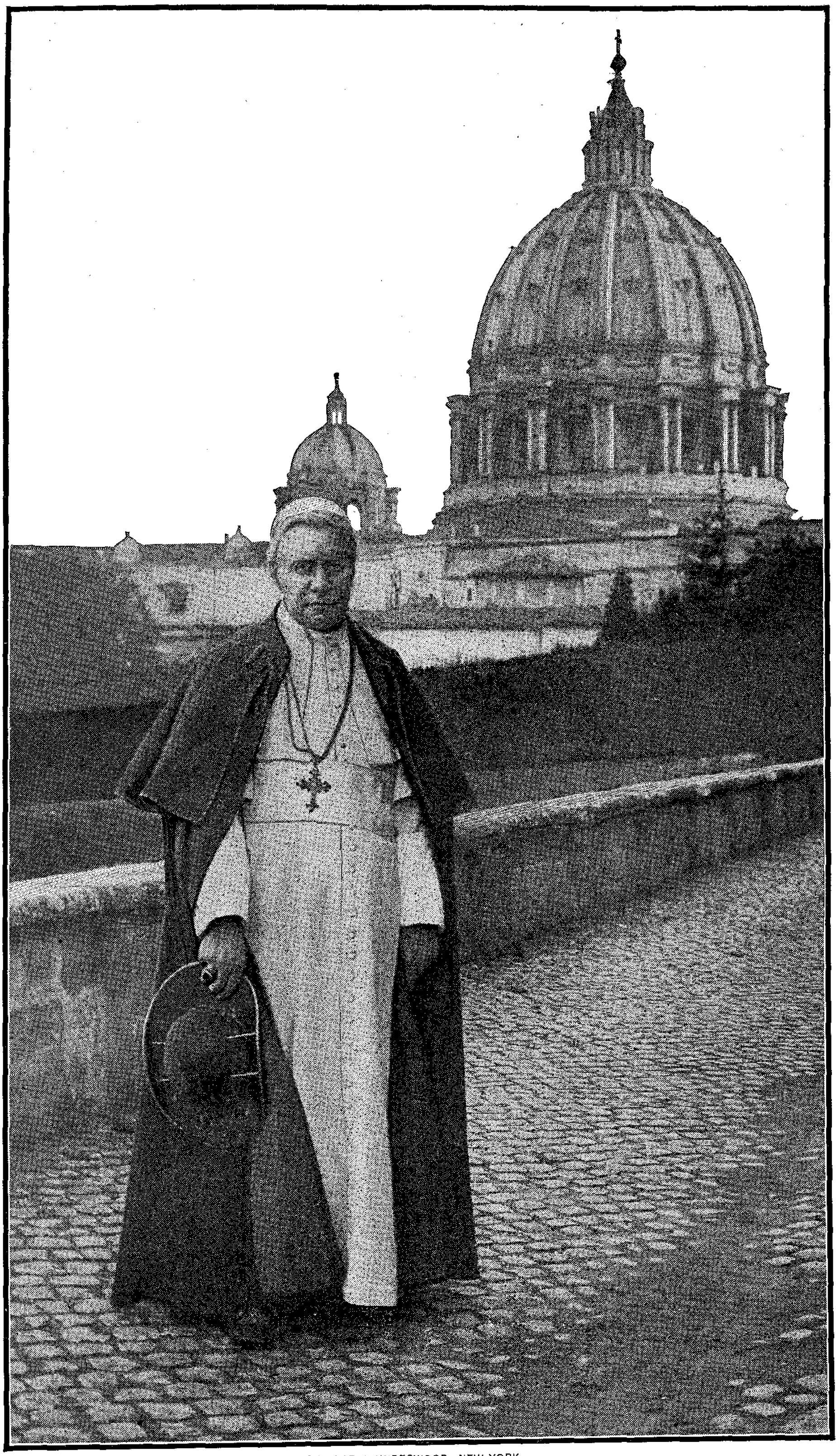
[1] *The Life of Charles Lamb.* By E. V. Lucas. Two volumes. with fifty illustrations. G. P. Putnam's Son, New York.

Charles Lamb had this extraordinary luck all his life. While other men were searching for phrases and working out fine turns of speech in the sweat of the brow, he was culling them right and left in so natural a way and in such ease of spirit that these happy findings bring with them the air of being simple, naïve forms of speech rather than carefully constructed sentences. Lamb had the supreme good fortune of being a very rich and interesting personality first and a writer later; and the man always kept the writer in the background. He was an expert, but he avoided the appearance of being one; and the world, which respects the expert and avoids him, loves Elia with a great and growing affection:

> A Bluecoat boy walking through a residential street in London was astonished to hear himself hailed by a strange, bareheaded, elderly gentleman standing on a doorstep. "Come here, boy," he cried; "come here;" and when the boy reached him he pressed a five-shilling piece in his hand with the words, "In memory of Charles Lamb."

The most characteristic quality in Lamb's work is its sweetness; that clear, sane, preservative quality which flows from the sources of life in a sound nature. No reader leaves Lamb confused and bewildered, as he leaves the decadent writers; nor with a bitter taste in his mouth; nor in a debilitating depression. The sentimental pessimists who have never known any sorrow save that which their own offenses have brought on them are put to shame by this whimsical, punning humorist, who bore himself with unaffected courage in the face of appalling misfortune, and has given health and hope to men instead of making cowards and deserters of them. This distillation of a sweet spirit throughout Lamb's work gives it delightful spontaneity and freshness. No one can predict what he will say next, nor where the little journey into the world of fancy or of fact will end; for whatever Lamb says always has the flavor of literature. He shared with Thackeray the gift of giving the shortest note, the most casual memorandum, the touch of individuality. At a time when the standards of writing are so largely academic, it is a pleasure to recall this winning personality, whose great good fortune it was to have something distinctive and personal to give the world, and to give it with such unaffected originality. Lamb owed much to books, but he did not reproduce them in another form; he made books of his own.

The two substantial volumes in which Mr. Lucas admirably succeeds in keeping "the story of Lamb's life in his own and his sister's words, and in those of his contemporaries," will be a mine of riches for those who care for one of the most interesting groups of writers of the last century and for a body of writing which is so happily compounded of insight, feeling, humor, knowledge, and keen observation, and so deeply vitalized, that it is likely to survive all changes of taste and style; for a man of Lamb's nature is never out of fashion. Such a nature needs other and sympathetic natures to draw it out and reveal its wealth of resources; and Mr. Lucas has shown Lamb surrounded by his friends, himself a friend beyond compare; "the liveliest little fellow breathing" and one of the most true-hearted; an acute critic, a born lover and practitioner of the art of writing, and one of those saints who, being uncanonized, make sainthood seem more lovable and attainable.



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PIUS X. IN THE GARDENS OF THE VATICAN

The dome of St. Peter's is in the background

THE SPECTATOR

A MOTLEY assemblage crowds the temple—peasants, princes, pilgrims, sightseers. If the King's soldiers maintain order in the processional aisle, the Pope's "soldiers" are much in evidence, also keeping order in the Church. First to impress the Spectator is the famous Papal Swiss Guard in red and yellow patchwork costume. Some think it enchanting, but the Spectator suspects that if Michelangelo really did design it he must have been a-nodding—indeed, the "Swiss" faintly remind the Spectator of jesters out of a Walter Scott romance. Not so the Noble Guard. They are tall, handsome, and, so long as they stay quite still, look soldierly. Alas for that effect, however, when they move and vainly endeavor to keep in line and march as men should! Finally come the Papal Gendarmes, apparently the best of the lot and the most useful too, even if desperately uncomfortable under their huge beavers. The Spectator is not surprised to learn that the practical Pius X. has increased their number and has diminished that of the others. Then there are certain *camerieri*, Chamberlains of the Papal household, walking here and there and giving directions. They are grave, intelligent, distinguished-looking men. They wear a dignifiedly picturesque Vandyck costume of black velvet doublet and knee-breeches, white neck ruffs, and, also about the neck and breast, a great chain looking to the Spectator something like that of the Golden Fleece. Times have evidently improved in the Apostolic Succession since the days of Peter and Paul.

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All these personages apparently belong quite as much to St. Peter's as do the monks and priests. For the gigantic central fane of Roman Catholic Christendom has always seemed to the Spectator a temple, glorifying the Papal, the earthly, the visible, rather than a church leading men's minds to the divine, the heavenly, and the invisible. St. Peter's is thus rather typical of the mass of Romans themselves. They impress the Spectator with an inveterate fondness for ecclesiastical display, but he has a lurking suspicion that this fondness is not always coupled with a longing for a more personal religion. In every age the Romans' talk has been vivacious, pungent, worldly-wise. Hence the Spectator expects many racy comments, accompanied by as expressive gestures, from the crowd during its time of waiting before the Pope should appear. Nor is the Spectator disappointed. He wonders, however, whether the irrepressible conversation will continue during mass. For, at a recent Papal function here, after the Pope had passed by, not only did a crowd of peasants from the Campagna continue to jabber among themselves, but a priest standing with them was as voluble as any. The Spectator had actually to request this ecclesiastic to pay proper attention to his own mass. A few nuns near by were, it is true, muttering visibly and audibly as they told their beads. Certain heads, peasant and patrician, were reverently bowed. In general, however, the Spectator has found more religious devotion in the humblest country chapel than is paid here in this Mother Church of Roman Catholic Christendom to Christ's Vicegerent at the altar.

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Above the Spectator soars the great dome of Michelangelo and Giacomo della Porta in its perfect proportions, its magnificent yet sober decoration, and its impressive inscription, in letters six feet high, "Tu es Petrus et super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam" (Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church). The dome again looks down on the basilica draped in crimson damask in honor of the great feast in the Church Calendar—Ascension Day—and in honor of the opening of the Eucharistic Congress at the Vatican and of a Papal mass here. To the Spectator such a function alone gives to St. Peter's its rightful dignity. The Pope officiates at the high altar. Officially he alone may say mass there. The latest representative of the Apostolic Succession stands immediately over the tomb of the first representative. To every devout Roman Catholic the sense of historic union must be intensely intimate; for, as St. Ambrose said, many centuries ago, "where Peter is, there is the Church; and where the Church is, there is no death, but life eternal."

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How many such notable ceremonies St. Peter's has seen!—masses, canonizations, coronations, commemorations. The marble herculean figures near by, Canova's Clement XIII., Amici's Benedict XVI., and those of the other Popes, make the Spectator forget the colossal proportions of this greatest of churches. The statues seem to start forth from above their tombs as if they too would again stand before that altar where they once officiated. One thinks, too, of those low-ceiled chambers below this pavement, all that is left of the old St. Peter's, a more impressive edifice religiously than is this creation of Bramante, Raphael, Michelangelo, and Sangallo. The reverence paid to the simple if spacious basilica begun by Constantine could not be paid to this later one, barbarously adorned out of the pillage of classic structures. These splendid marbles of dazzling and varying hue about the Spectator represent each some wanton destruction of invaluable remains from old time. For instance, Gregory XIII.—he in whose reign the Calendar was reformed—actually cut up the sepulchral inscriptions of the Antonines found in Hadrian's mausoleum and used the marble to decorate one of these chapels. In some cases whole edifices were despoiled in the desire to find possibly hidden treasure. In others new palaces were entirely constructed out of classic structures. The Colosseum alone furnished all the material for the Cancellaria, Venezia, Farnese, and Barberini Palaces, built respectively by Cardinal Riario, Paul II., Paul III., and Urban VIII.; while Sixtus V. destroyed the gigantic Septizonium of Septimus Severus on the Palatine and carried off the stones for this mighty church. Æsthetically, too, the building of the new basilica by no means atones for the loss of the old. This was keenly felt by the Spectator the other day as he beheld the fragments of the works painted for it by the immortal Giotto. The mosaic copies of Raphael's "Transfiguration," Guido's "St. Michael," and of other famous pictures adorning these walls seem to the Spectator a poor recompense for the loss of original work by the great Gothic master. These, however, were far from being the worst features of that century and three-quarters of the building of St. Peter's. As time progressed, expense grew apace. Papal revenues, ordinary and extraordinary, no longer sufficed. Finally, the Popes were gradually drawn into the scandalous sale of indulgences. The world might then commit sin with impunity! Among others, one Luther protested. Thus, in the Spectator's opinion, St. Peter's is as noteworthy in the history of Protestantism as of Roman Catholicism.

A MEMBER OF THE SWISS GUARD

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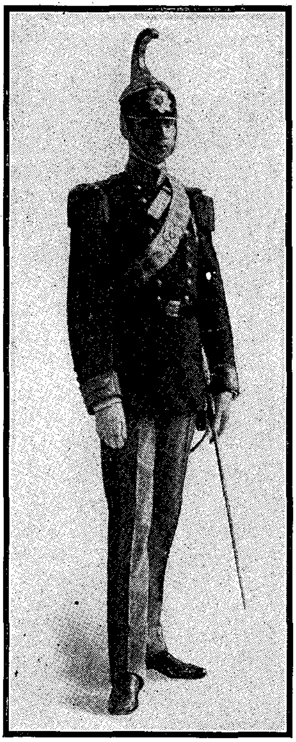
If the Popes built this splendid church to continue the life of Constantine's basilica, so, the Spectator muses, that basilica continued the traditions of the oratory, or prayer-house, founded eighteen centuries ago by Bishop Anacletus, marking the spot where, as Tacitus tells us, the first Christian martyrs had suffered in the Circus of Nero, but especially marking the adjacent burial-plot of St. Peter after his crucifixion head downwards in the Circus. Over there the Spectator notes the Apostle's tomb where the many lamps are ever burning. About it, in vaulted and sculptured chapels and corridors, and underneath this pavement, repose in their giant sarcophagi a great company of the Papal dead. For so many centuries St. Peter's has been a pantheon of Popes that Pius IX. really gained distinction by insisting on his burial "among the poor in San Lorenzo without the walls" (of Rome), and Leo XIII. by ordering his tomb at the Lateran. The Spectator fancies that Pius X. would request his tomb to be built, not in this pantheon, or in Rome at all, but somewhere in his beloved Veneto, and guarded by the mighty Alps, toward which he had looked for strength in boyhood and youth and manhood.



A MEMBER OF THE NOBLE GUARD

⁂

In the crowd about us the church spiritual is now gaining on the church militant. Priests are omnipresent. Then there are the monks. Capuchins are clattering about, their brown robes, their tonsured heads and long beards somehow giving a sense of uncouthness, now relieved, however, by the trimmer black Benedictines, gray Franciscans, white Carmelites, and black and white Dominicans. Seminarians and other theological students crowd in—the Germans in their red robes easily distinguishable, the Americans in black, with light-blue buttons, not so easily. The Spectator notes an improvement in the faces of these young men over what was to be seen in other years. The spiritual and the keenly intellectual have gained on the earthy and dull-looking.

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There must be many thousand souls now within St. Peter's, yet, on this hot June day outside, the Spectator has no sense of suffocation here within. The temperature seems to remain the same all the year round, in summer giving the grateful sensation of coolness; in winter, as welcome a warmth. Nor is there any undue crushing; the crowd is good-natured, albeit the doors were opened at seven and it must needs wait till nine ere the Pope appears.

⁂

The procession moves. Many *monsignori* in purple and red form its body. Among them is Dr. Kennedy, rector of the American College. The bishops follow, not only the "regulars," but also the Greek and Armenian adherents of the Roman communion. Indeed, the Greek Bishop will read the Epistle at the mass. In such wise ordering—so it seems to the Spectator—does the Pope provide for the tighter drawing together of every kind of outward union. Then come the cardinals, also in miter and vestments. To the Spectator they look grave and deep-thoughted, as if they heard not at all the irrepressible voices of the multitude: "There's Merry del Val," "Here's Satolli," "Look at the two Vannutelli walking together," "There's Rampolla, the old eagle. What does he think of his successor as Secretary of State?" One can fancy what the elder Cardinal thought when his successor seemed to bungle the negotiations with France. But, in the Spectator's opinion, the new Secretary also "eats with a long spoon." Of course the Pope's choice of chief adviser is regarded askance by many others than by Cardinal Rampolla's set. It is evident to the Spectator, however, that Pius X. intends to pursue a policy unbound by any tradition, free to follow or not those traditions as he may choose. To be uninfluenced by the late Secretary of State, the new Pope did not continue him in office, nor did he invite to it any of Leo's cardinals. Instead, he chose a comparatively young man, and, what was even more startling, not even an Italian—Monsignor Merry del Val, the son of a Spanish father and an English mother. These are the Spectator's very fleeting thoughts, for close on the cardinals' heels come the baldachin, the throne borne aloft, and the Pontiff.

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At his entrance into St. Peter's from the Vatican the trumpeters in the balcony over the main entrance had begun the Papal march. But no accompaniment of pomp or ritual is needed to add dignity to Pius X.'s presence. His face is pale, but strong, sad, full of feeling, and wonderfully impressive; it is an intensely human countenance. It is a far remove from the aristocratic, refined, intellectual, fox-like face of the Pope's great predecessor, Leo XIII. To the Spectator the present Pontiff's face gives little indication that his life has been spent apart from that of the people. Indeed, it is fitting that once again the occupant of the Papal throne should be of peasant birth, thus justifying anew the Church's claim that no social barrier denies to the humblest curate the possibility of one day becoming Supreme Pontiff. Let it not be forgotten, Roman Catholics remind us, that Hadrian IV. (the only English Pope) began life as a beggar-boy; yet the great Kaiser Barbarossa was one day to hold the stirrup of this Pope's palfrey. But Pius X. is not merely a peasant who has become Pope. Far from being ashamed of his peasant origin, he emphasizes it whenever possible. The other day some of his courtiers begged him to create his two sisters countesses, for every Pope has ennobled his own family. "Countesses!" ejaculated his Holiness; "it is enough honor for them to be sisters to a Pope, unworthy as is the present one." Last winter some nobles of Lucca begged the Pope to nominate the new Archbishop of that city from their own social rank. "My children," gently replied the Pontifex Maximus, "that is as much as to say that if you nobles had had your will, I, a peasant, should never have become Pope." Yet Pius's face does not impress the Spectator as that of a peasant, first, last, and all the time. It is that of one who now knows all social ranks. Its expression speaks not only of a great humanness, but also of a childlike and undying faith. To the Spectator, today's most lasting impression is the Pope's evident longing to impart to the multitude some of the earnestness of his own faith. Pius raises his hand in apostolic benediction. The Spectator likes to think that it falls on Protestants too.

A TRAVELER

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

Into the dusk and snow
  One fared on yesterday;
No man of us may know
  By what mysterious way.

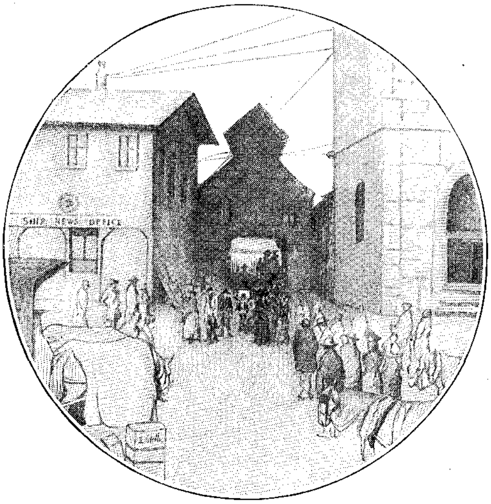
He had been comrade long;
  We fain would hold him still;
But, though our will be strong,
  There is a stronger Will.

Beyond the solemn night
  He will find morning-dream,—
The summer's kindling light
  Beyond the snow's chill gleam.

The clear, unfaltering eye,
  The inalienable soul,
The calm, high energy,—
  They will not fail the goal.

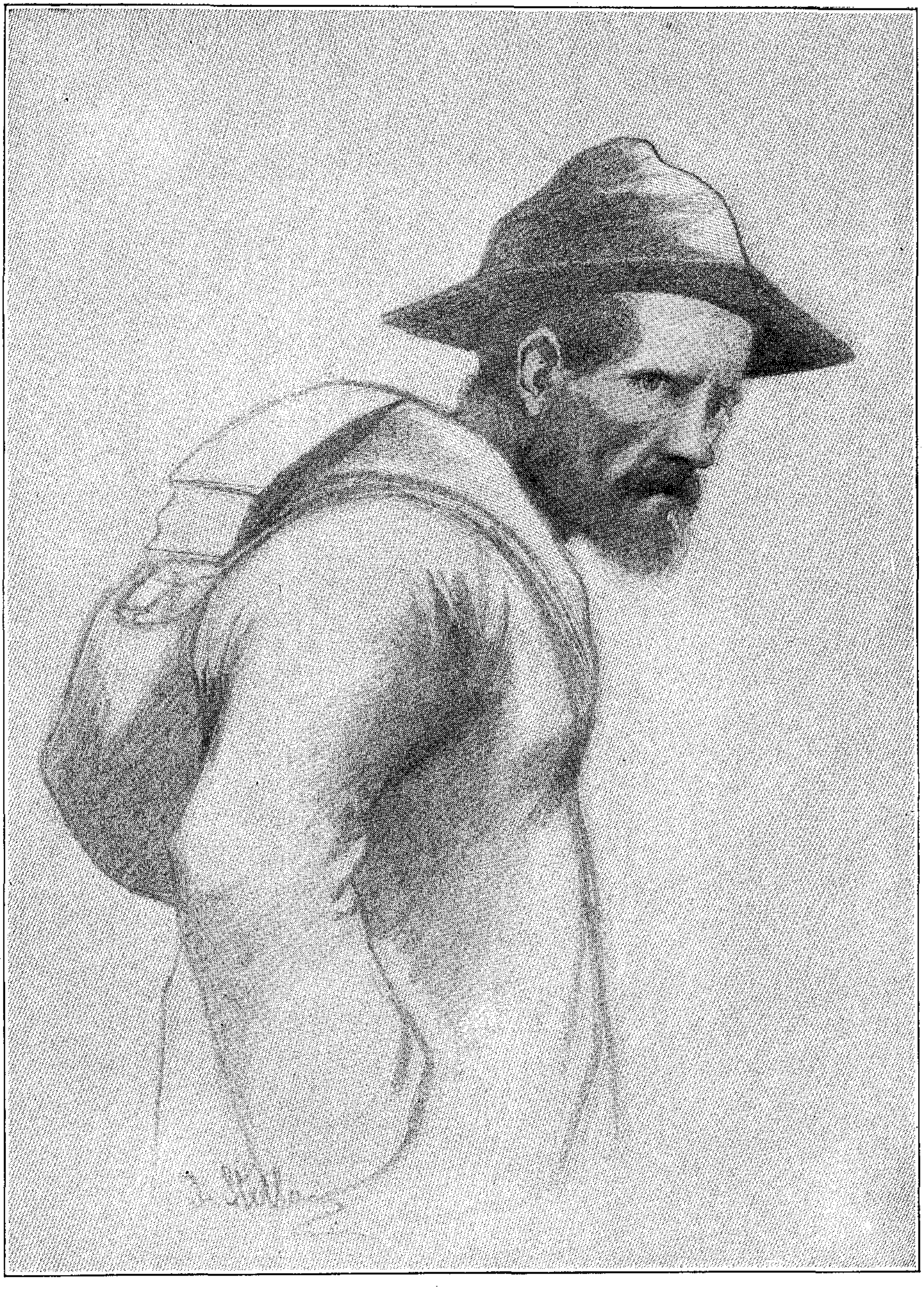
Large will be our content
  If it be ours to go
One day the path he went
  Into the dusk and snow!

AMERICANS IN THE ROUGH


SHIP NEWS OFFICE

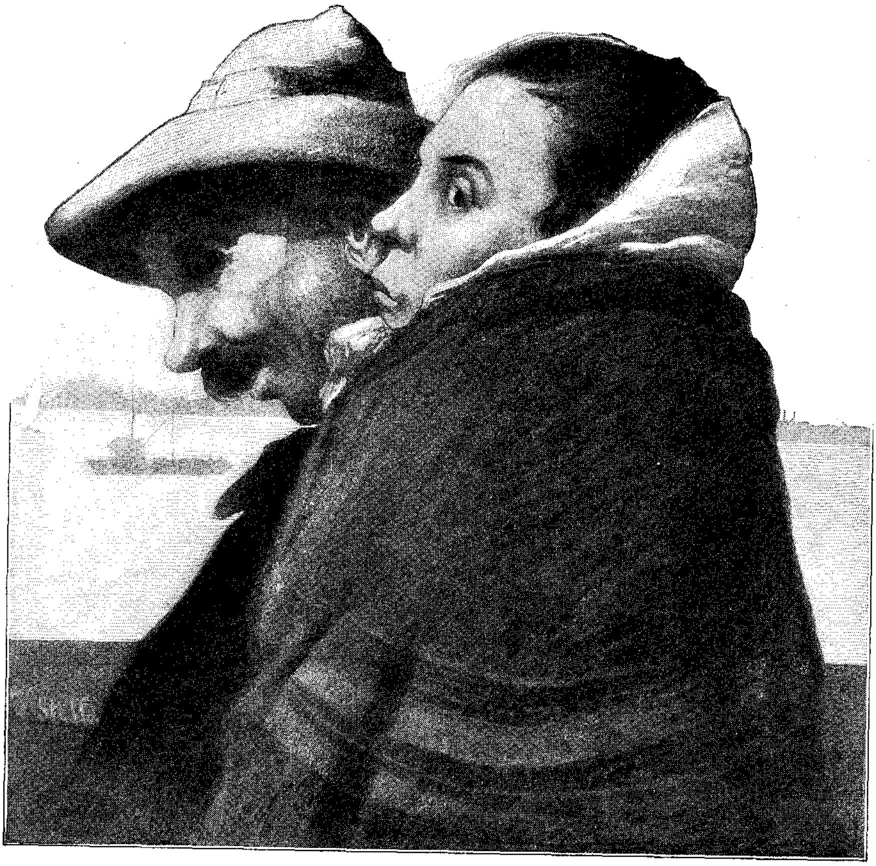
CHARACTER STUDIES AT ELLIS ISLAND

DRAWN FROM LIFE
BY JOSEPH STELLA



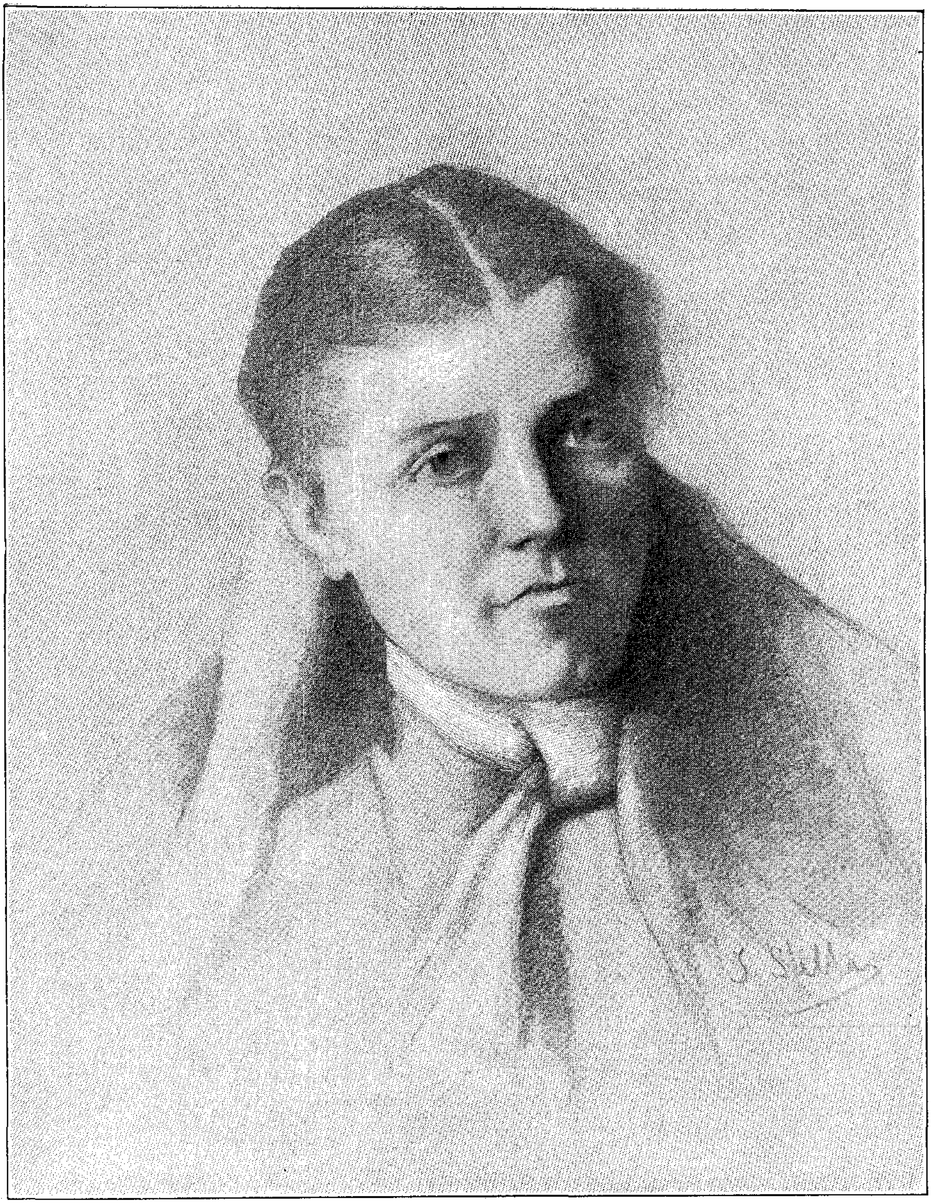
A NATIVE OF POLAND

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY
JOSEPH STELLA



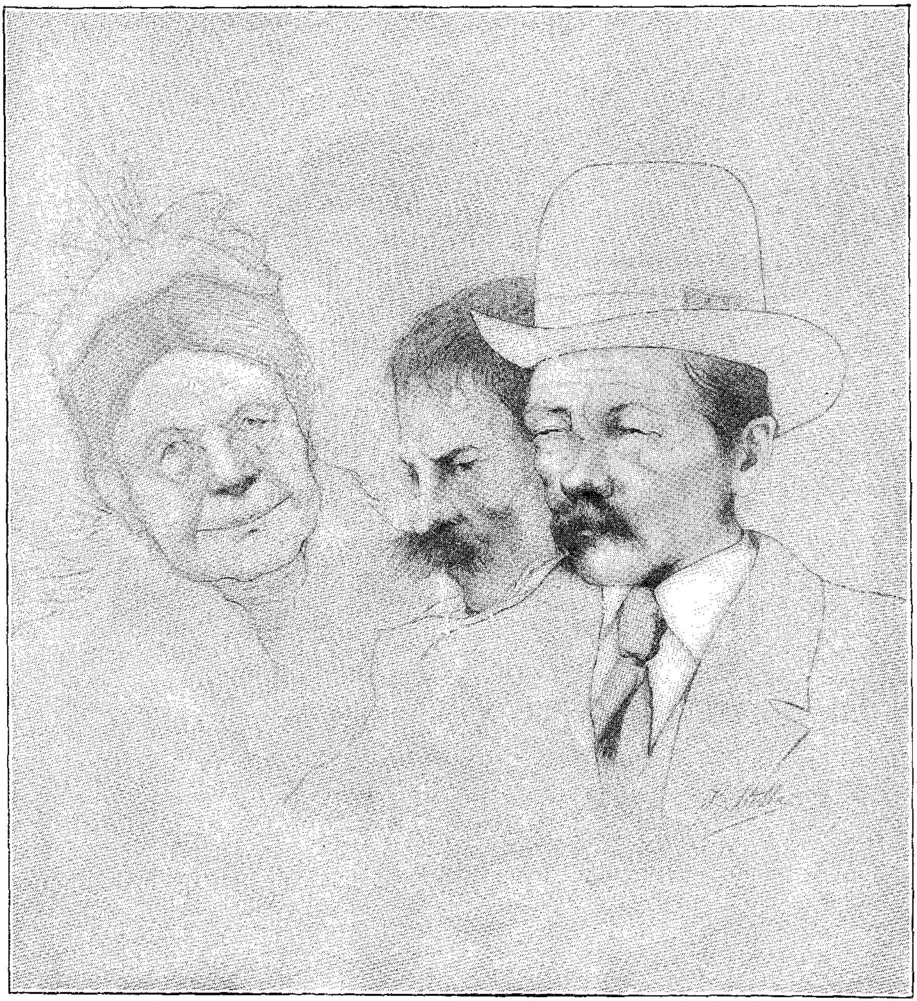
ITALIANS

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY
JOSEPH STELLA



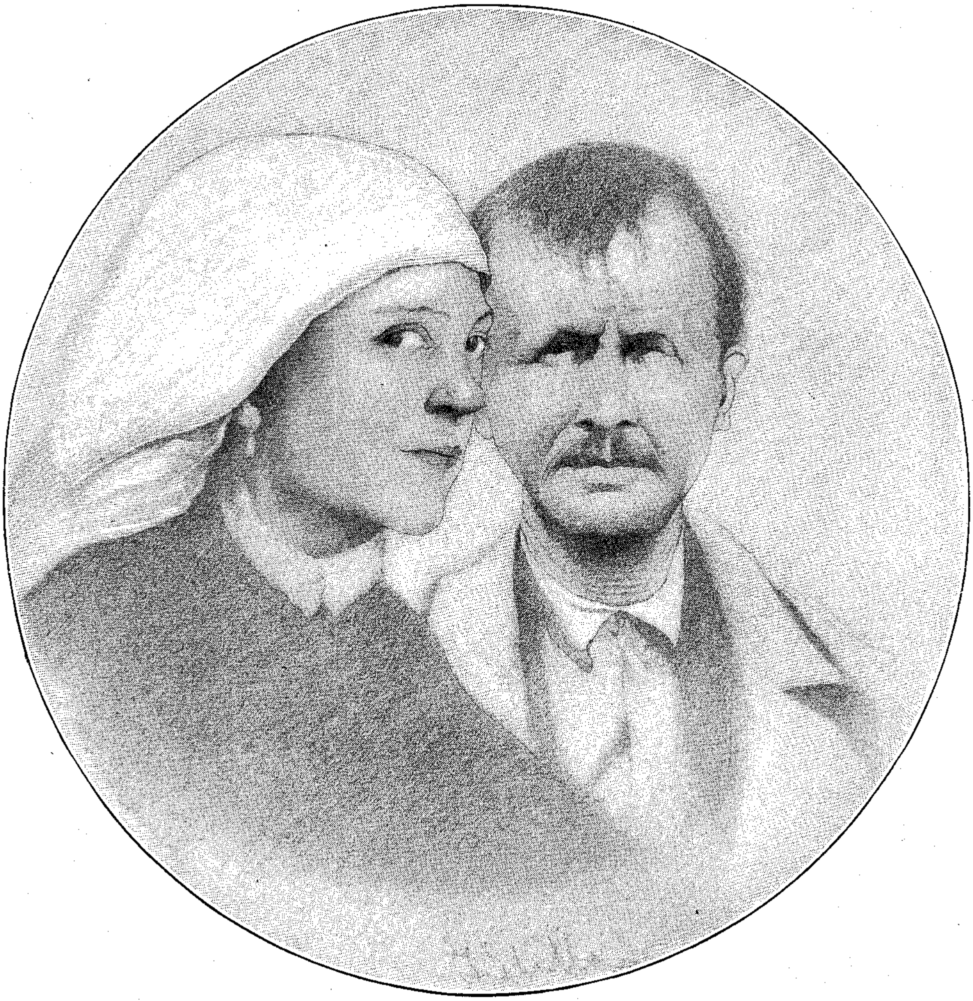
A GERMAN

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY
JOSEPH STELLA



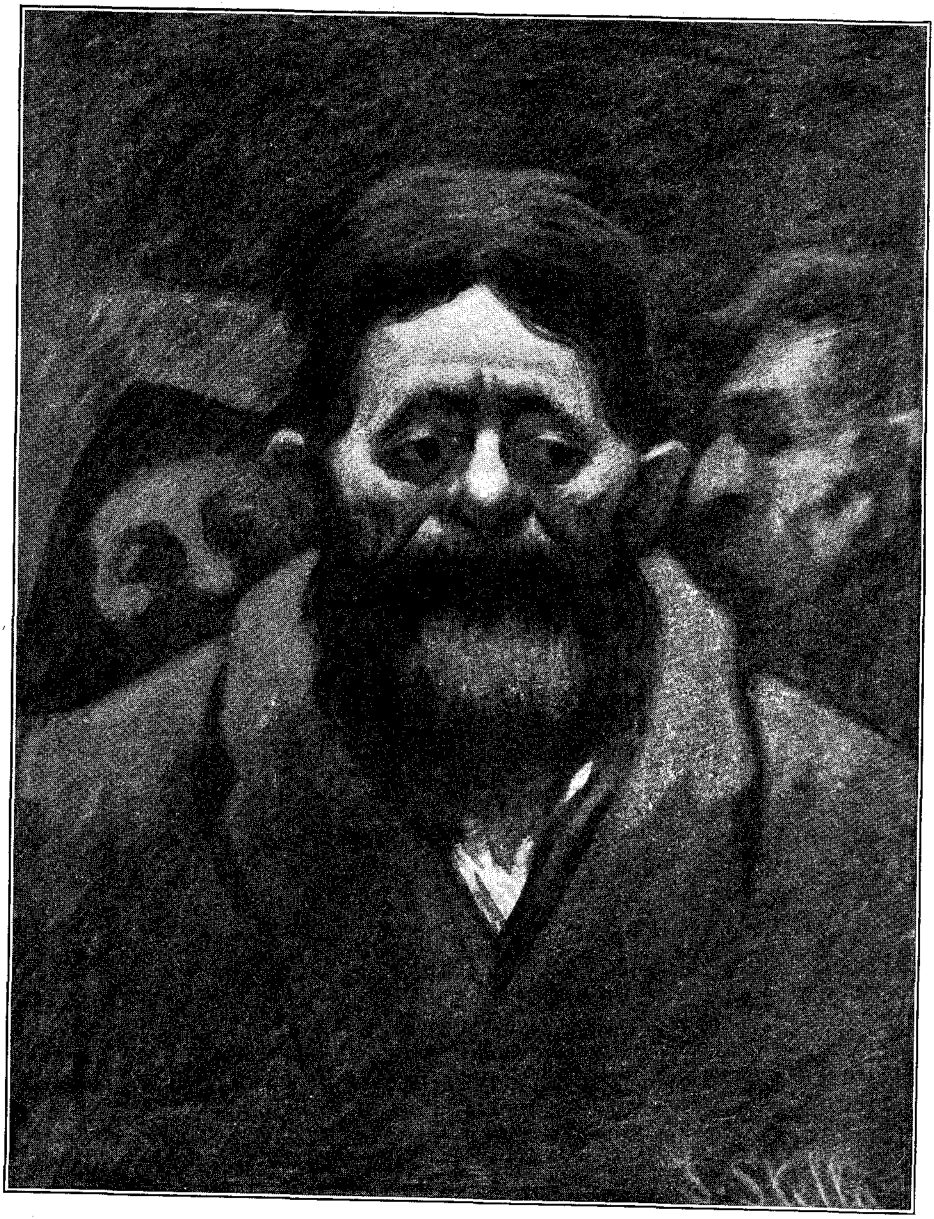
IRISH TYPES

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY
JOSEPH STELLA



HUNGARIAN TYPES

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY
JOSEPH STELLA



A RUSSIAN JEW

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY
JOSEPH STELLA

A CITY'S SAINT

JOSEPHINE SHAW LOWELL

BY JOSEPH DANA MILLER

"*A WOMAN lived and now a woman dies;*"
If that were all, this line were much too long;
But with her went from out our social skies
A light, and voice like a remembered song.

Some saints have lived who on the ensanguined field
Walked with the balm of healing in their hands;
And not until the eye of God is sealed
Fadeth the glory where some woman stands,

Shedding strange radiance from her tender eyes;
Now in the town, and now in court or camp—
Some woman with her deed of sacrifice,
Lighting the world like an eternal lamp.

And she to whom War's tragedy of pain
Had brought its tears—whose husband, brother, friend
Passed in the cannonading to the slain—
Walked with her lonely sorrow to the end.

But in that sorrow's self-forgetfulness
She wrought whose splendid task is done too soon;
Because she lived, the evil days are less
Bridging these civic nights to highest noon.

And mid the populous town, its walls that rise,
Its massive structures wrought of myriad hands,
This story of a woman's sacrifice
Shines like a beacon where the city stands.

This shall outlive its mortar and its stone,
This shall be told where cities rise and fall;
A woman working in its ways alone
With loving hands built bastions round its wall.

A memorial meeting was recently held in New York City in honor of Mrs. Lowell, whose death took place last October. It will be remembered that Mrs. Lowell's husband, Charles Russell Lowell, fell fighting for the Union, and that her brother was that Colonel Robert G. Shaw who commanded a negro regiment and whose monumental tablet by St. Gaudens is one of the finest works of American sculpture, while she was intimately associated by blood and marriage with George William Curtis, Francis S. Barlow, and other men of note. Mrs. Lowell served for thirteen years as Charity Commissioner in New York, and ten years before that was active in founding the Charity Organization Society. In many other ways she aided in carrying out purposes of social value, and was engaged heart and soul in all good causes, municipal as well as philanthropic.

What American Ideas of Citizenship may do for Oriental Peoples

A MORO EXPERIMENT

By *Atherton Brownell*

Illustrated from photographs

THE peace work of the American army in the Philippines, the making of men out of savages, the regeneration of a conquered people by the conquerors by teaching to them the benefits of labor and industry, is little known here at home. Columns have been written of our soldier in the Philippines as a fighting machine, as a trained killer, or as a hero. Much has been made, on the one hand, of his exploits—the capture of Aguinaldo, the heroic deaths of Lawton and Logan; or, on the other, of the mercilessness of his military acts against a simple foe, or of the crime of permitting him to sacrifice his life, all according to the point of view. But the real work, the work of civilization, the literal turning of the sword into the plowshare, is for future generations to applaud more fully than our own.

Yet, after a tour of practically the entire archipelago in company with Secretary of War Taft last summer, the one thing that remains most prominently in mind, that stands forth as an example and as a forecast of what may be accomplished by our policy in the fullness of time, is the peace work of Captain John P. Finley, Twenty-seventh United States Infantry, as Civil Governor of the District of Zamboanga, a district where the inhabitants are the Mohammedan Moros, only now removed a slight step from a savagery akin to that of our North American Indians of a century ago.

Our policy in the Philippines—a policy of developing the islands for their people, of regeneration and instruction—is the subject of scoff by every colonizing nation of the earth, because it differs from theirs in being unselfish, non-commercial, and considers each of the subject people to be a human being, entitled to certain inalienable rights which we not only freely grant, but teach to him. Whether or not education, industrial and agricultural training, can prevail over Oriental lassitude and the Malay nature remains to be proved. It may be that the experience of other nations in treating the Malay subjects as vassals will stand the test of this experiment of ours and remain the only method of dealing with Oriental people by Occidentals; but more than one generation must necessarily pass before the real soundness or weakness of our policy can be fully demonstrated.

Nevertheless, it must be confessed that the five years which have elapsed since the Philippine Islands came under American government have presented little, at this time, to lend encouragement to our faith in the ultimate success of our policy. A pamphlet of considerable size issued by the Government has set forth under twenty-four heads what has been accomplished in the Philippines; but a careful reading, while disclosing much that paternally has been done by our Government for the Filipino, gives little or no indication of anything that the Filipino has done for himself. A personal view of the situation likewise gives little of encouragement, and it would have been a wholly disheartened party of Congressmen returning had it not been for a few instances of first steps in industrial development that were found in scattered parts of the islands. Of these the Moro experiment of Governor Finley at Zamboanga, now a little more than a year old, is the most striking and significant, because it is one of the few instances of executive work in the archipelago that carries out in detail the spirit and letter of our policy, being exactly in line with the broad declaration of President McKinley and the more detailed expressions of Secretary Taft when Governor-General of the Philippine Islands. The success of this experiment, therefore, even though partial as yet and unrecognized in Government or other reports, is evidence of the fundamental soundness of our policy, and leads to the belief that the small measure of success elsewhere is due perhaps more to some lack in the letter and spirit of the execution rather than to inherent faults in the policy itself.

Fully to understand the scope, nature, and significance of the work of Governor Finley in a civil capacity, allied with his military activity, and to appreciate some of the difficulties already surmounted, it is necessary to glance briefly at some of the general conditions in the Philippines as they have been and as they are to-day, with their problems as many and various as their dialects and their people. It is impossible to speak of any Filipino people as a whole, owing to the lack of cohesion among the scattered tribes, and their mixture of languages sprung from the Malay, Polynesian, Spanish, Chinese, and Japanese. Speaking broadly, we may refer to the Christian tribes, or those inhabiting the northern islands, who have come most closely in contact with the Spanish for three hundred years; and the non-Christian, or Mohammedan Malay tribes, in the south. The former are indolent, intriguing, cringing, or overbearing, as the case may be. These are what are commonly known as the Filipino people, our natural wards, upon whom we are spending vast sums for education and development. These are the people who, having the richest country in physical resources in the world, are yet almost the poorest; who will starve rather than work, and who desire independence, even though they have neither army nor navy to support it, nor business or agricultural industry to supply it with the necessary sinews.

Here among the Christian people of the Philippines, while they are crying for complete and immediate independence, there is a steady progression towards political autonomy. With the direct promise that their independence shall be theirs as soon as and in as great measure as they are prepared to receive it, precious time is wasted in wrangling, intriguing, "grafting," and in idleness, rather than in industry and in earning that which is promised. The lack of co-operation is so complete, the apparent unwillingness to establish a sound foundation for self-government so profound, that one may perhaps be pardoned for finding it within himself to wish that even those measures of autonomy now granted and in prospect might be suspended until some more evident sign of practical appreciation is made manifest.

For the northern islands already elect by popular vote their councils, which in turn elect the presidentes of the various pueblos, and they in their turn elect their district governors. Presently the legislative assembly will be organized, by which the people will elect the lower house, which will have a voice in the making of the laws.

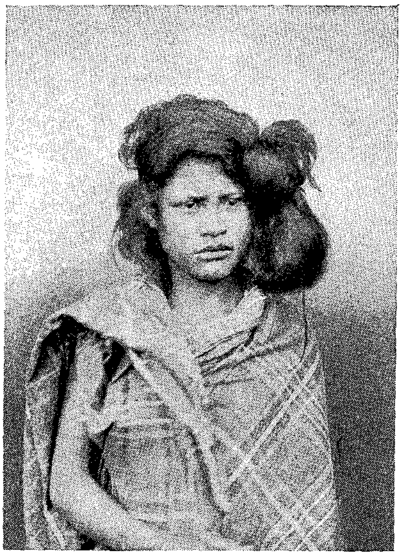
From all these supposed benefits the people of the southern islands are excluded as being unfit for their exercise; yet it is here that the greatest encouragement is found. The acquisition of the Moro country, never subjugated by Spain, but transferred to us under the Treaty of Paris, gave us sovereignty over a people who never heard of France nor of us. Admitting no sovereignty of Spain, they admitted no right of transference; but, unlike Spain, we held and exercised the power to reduce them to a state of temporary peace, at least. A fighting people, they have waged continued warfare with their northern neighbors, but without encroachment. Mohammedans all, and Malays by descent, they have found it in their faith to kill all Christians, and in their practice to rob, murder, commit piracy, and generally to live a life of feudal savagery, being divided into many bands, each under a datto, or feudal lord, each as powerful and as independent of any central government as his strength in men and arms could make him.

Herein lies the difference in our problem in the north and in the south of the archipelago; on the one hand, a people with the dangerous injection of a little learning gathered from three hundred years' experience in the school of Spanish intrigue and misrule, suspicious, lazy, and yet desiring power and influence, without achieving it; on the other, comparatively a pure race, strong, masterful, heathen from our point of view, knowing nothing of civilized ways, neither the use of money nor the fruits of labor—the raw material of a people.

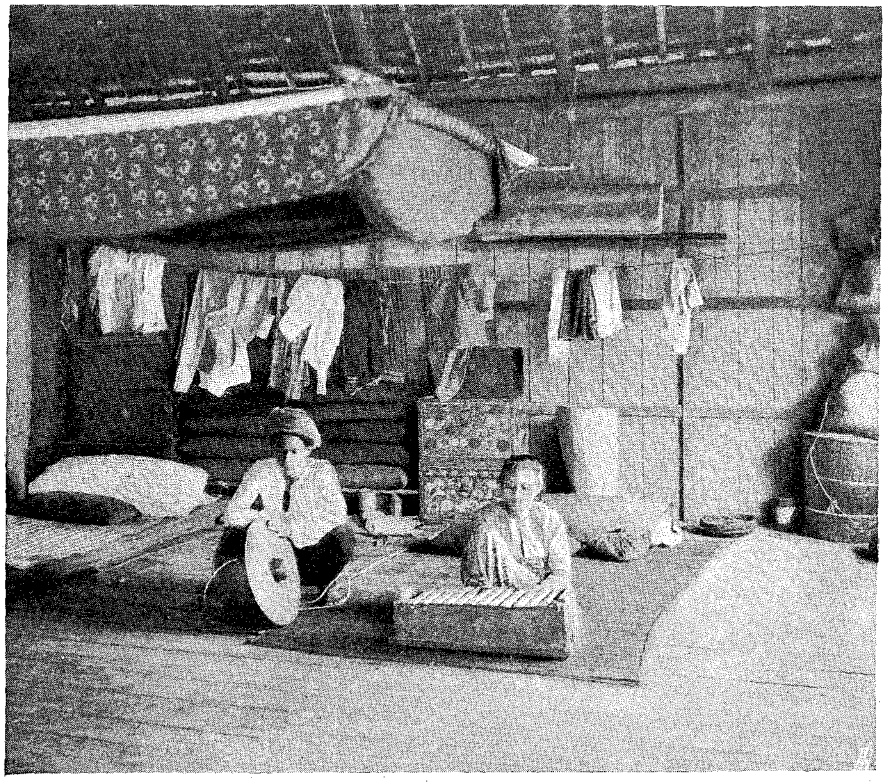
A significant point in the spirit of these two peoples is found in their music. In the northern islands the native music—and particularly that of the Visayans, who spend much of their time with their stringed instruments—has the plaintive strain of the African or the Hawaiian melodies, being always in the minor key. That of the Moro sounds strongly the major key, the dominant note which is characteristic. So, in their native industries, the people of the northern islands are skillful in weaving—baskets, hats, and cloths—and in the manufacture of bamboo and palms into fantastic and artistic shapes; the native workers among the Moros will be found beating brass, hammering it into boxes, trays, and the like, carving ivory and working silver for their weapon hilts, making gaudy embroideries with a strong eye for color, or, with their crude implements, doing some really marvelous wood-carving to embellish the house, or the gunwales or figureheads of their war vintas, or fighting boats.

THE OFFICERS IN CHARGE OF THE EXPERIMENT
Governor Finley, Captain McCain, Colonel Harbard, Captain Darrah, Major Mearns

It is among these people that the Moro experiment, conceived by Governor Finley in the spirit of the general policy of Secretary Taft, is being worked out. There has been consummate faith that our policy would succeed with the Christian tribes; little that it could find any possible chance for success among the Mohammedan Moros. Begun amid scoffs and open incredulity, one year of actual work has shown distinct progress in turning these Moros from their predatory methods of existence, living by piracy and plunder, to legitimate business practice, through the establishment in the city of Zamboanga of the Moro Exchange, modeled directly upon the Produce Exchange of New York. Zamboanga itself, the city as well as the district, is a model of cleanliness and of tropical picturesqueness. The streets are dry and well made, in sharp contrast to the mud and marsh in which Iloilo, for instance, the second city in commercial importance, and the capital of the Visayas, exists. A river runs through it, deeply shaded by tropical trees, bordered by smooth and well-kept lawns. The houses are neat and orderly. Pigs do not roam at large, as elsewhere. The Army and Navy Club looks out over a well-built sea-wall to coral islands beyond, and the climate, though it is warm, has a distinctly genial touch. But, above all, the people are picturesque. They crowd around the arriving ship in their outrigger canoes, tall, beautifully built men and agile women, ready to dive for any coin that may be



A MORO WOMAN



INTERIOR OF A MORO HOUSE

thrown. Savages all, their smile is infectious even though it discloses filed teeth, stained and reddened by the constant chewing of the betel-nut, which runs like blood from their lips.

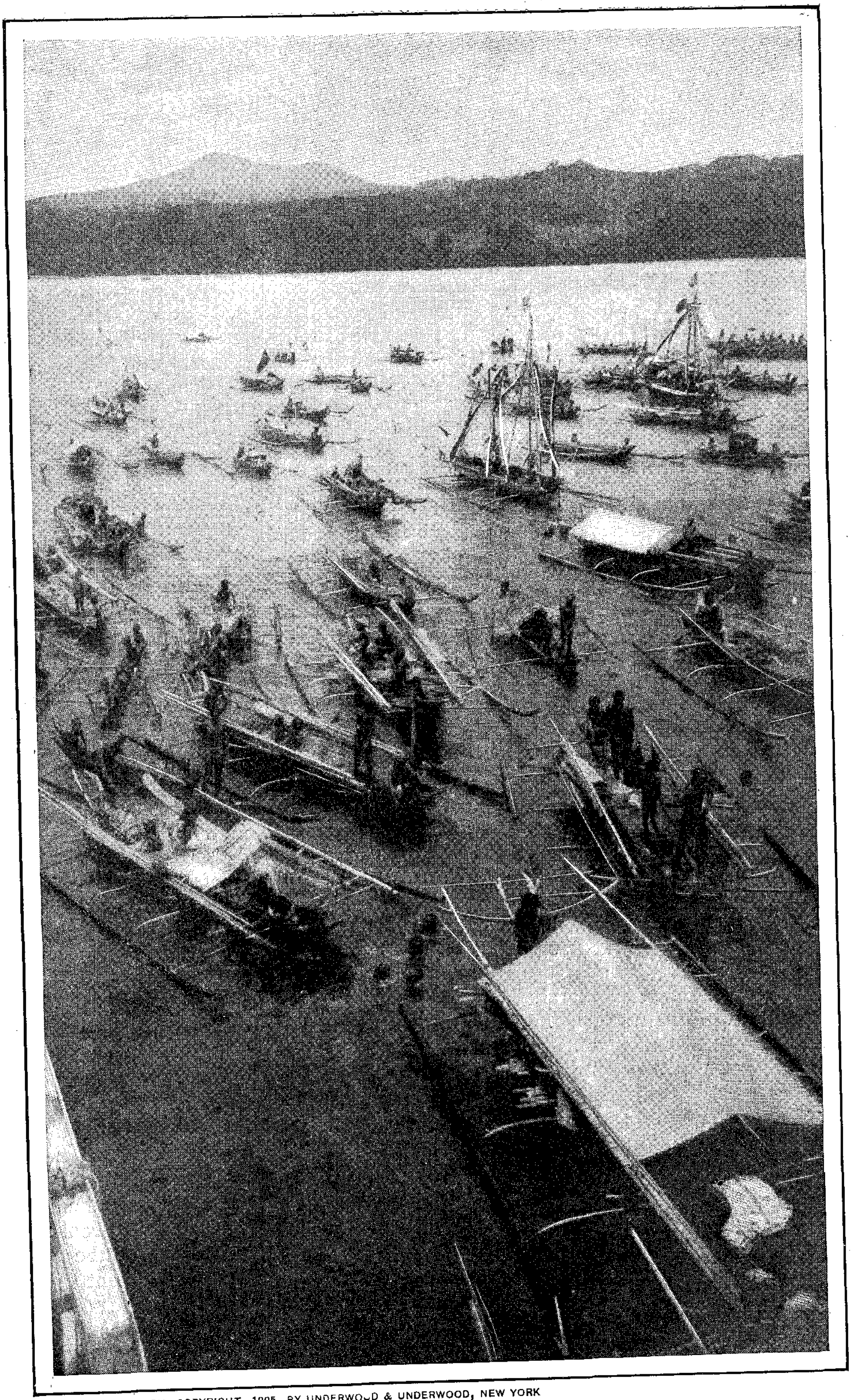
Ashore you will find the aristocrats, the dattos and the sultans, dressed gaudily in reds and blues heavily embroidered in gold, or all in white, sheltered from the sun by gayly bespangled red umbrellas borne by retainers. On the occasion of Secretary Taft's visit the important dattos and sultans, with representatives of their tribes, came in from the surrounding country and from the hills to greet the visitors, and dwelt there with them in peace and amity.

Three years ago they were fighting. The bloody battle of Fort Bacolod was their last stand. To-day many shoulders are to the wheel of progress, for the people are learning willingly the rudiments of business practice. Formerly there was no medium of exchange, no method of business save the barter of their little products to the Chinese for trinkets and gewgaws. That the result in this district is almost astounding is due to Governor Finley's Moro Exchange, now one year old.

Governor Finley's first work upon assuming civil duties, succeeding his purely military functions, was to win the friendship and the confidence of the natives. He had fought and beaten them for a time only. They knew nothing but their previous predatory methods of getting a living; no way to obtain what they desired but to take it from some one who had it. He found them sufficiently logical to emulate the man from Missouri and to want to be shown. When he had finally gained their confidence sufficiently through visits to them and by councils, often undertaken at risks to himself that were considered appalling, he informed them that robbery, piracy, murder, and rapine must cease; to which they gave ready assent if he would show them a better way. Robbery meant little to them. The taking of human life meant so little that a violent death at the hands of another tribe could always be adjusted on payment in terms the most contemptuous, from our point of view, ever set upon a life—namely, by the exchange of it for brass spittoons.

The first step was to call the dattos together in council, at which time it was discovered that there was a coolness between them which amounted to a blood-curdling frigidity, the results of the feuds of generations. This datto would not speak to that one, but fingered the carved ivory hilt of his barong lovingly, while that one was gazing at the next with equal ardor. This one's grandfather had helped himself to that one's grandfather's carabao and spilled much blood in doing it, creating a blood feud that had never been settled. So it passed down the line. In this emergency an impromptu clearing-house was established, probably the most unique clearing-house ever created. There was no particular ill feeling manifested beyond the apparent desire to collect their respective debts, debts of blood, of carabao, of vintas, and of produce. The claims were all reduced to a common denomination, a general settlement started, and the well-accepted clearing-house principle applied here in a businesslike manner wiped out the feuds and established a basis for the first lessons in business for Moro savages.

Governor Finley's next step was the establishment of the Moro Exchange. The development of the idea and its application required many months of study, resulting finally in the simple expedient of copying the plan of work of the New York Produce Exchange. Having won the confidence of the natives, and having been told practically that they were not really so enamored of bloodshed, plunder, and piracy that they could not be weaned from it if they could be shown a better way of gaining a livelihood, Governor Finley went among them soliciting contributions to stock. This was in the belief that where an investment was made their interest would be greater; and was an advance on the practical operation of the government in the north of doing everything for the native in the first instance instead of instructing him and showing him how to help himself. There was a little demur at first to contributing to something the purpose of which was not at all disclosed, but event-



FROM A STEREOGRAPH, COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK

MOROS AT ZAMBOANGA TO GREET SECRETARY TAFT'S PARTY ually a sum approximating 700 pesos ($350) was accumulated, mostly in the form of heavy copper centavos equal to one-half cent and about the size of our old-fashioned penny. It took several carabao wagons to bring in the fund. To it was added sufficient for the erection in Zamboanga of the Exchange building, a native structure with thatched roof, open at either end and lined with stalls or booths. Around it is a heavily built stockade, within which is a lodging-house as well as open stalls for the sale of produce.

Then the operation of the Exchange was explained. These people were to bring their produce here, this man his fish, that one his jungle produce, the other his brass work, and so on—a method too well known to us to require explanation, but to them an absolute revelation. Those coming from a distance, and requiring two or three days in which to sell their goods, were to lodge within the stockade, safe from any possible molestation, for any outbreak of savagery in connection with the Exchange would have been disastrous; and its civilizing influence has not yet removed the entire possibility of friction in the Moro country.

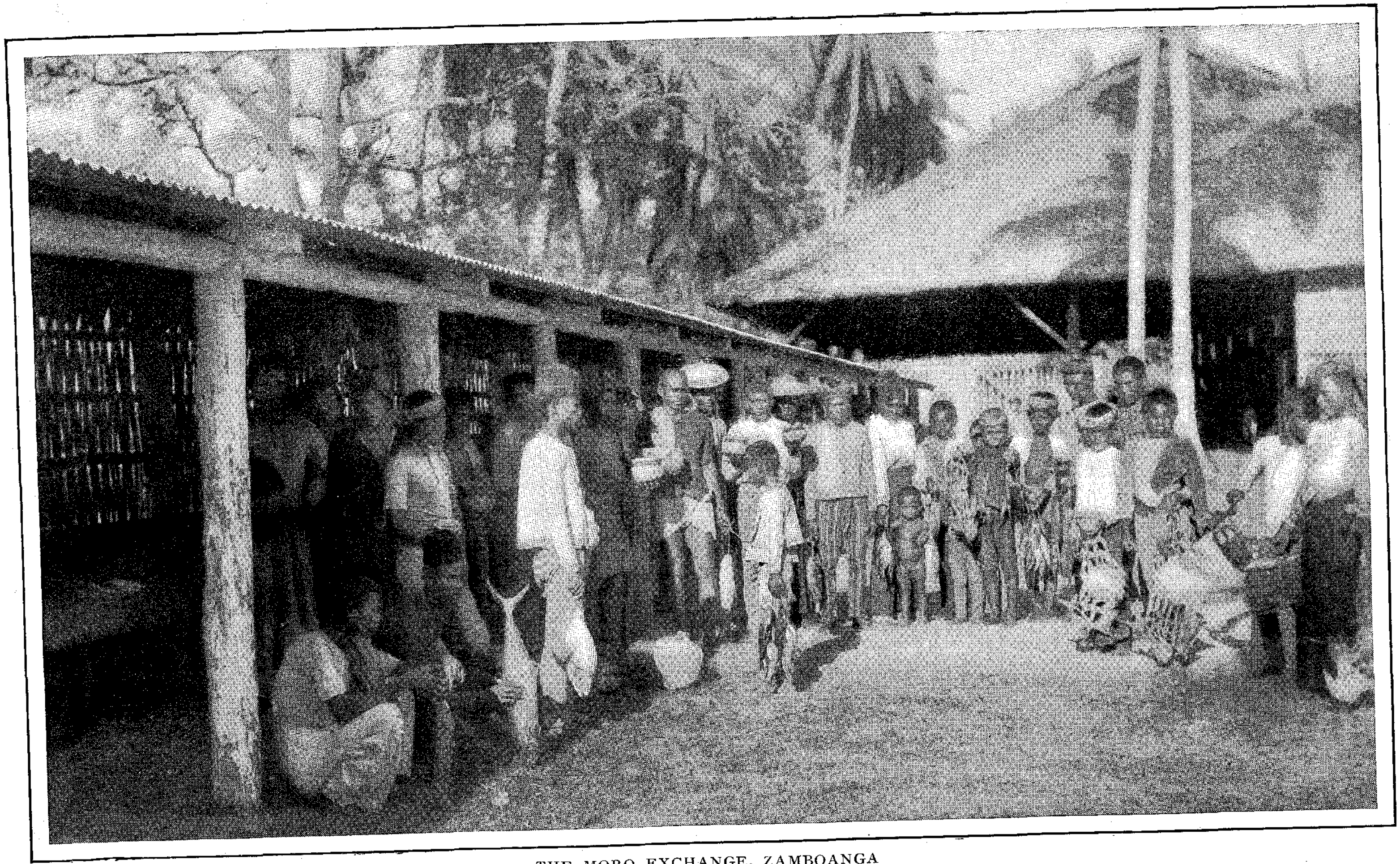
The articles of incorporation of the Exchange set forth the policy under which it was established and which is being carried out in detail to the letter, and this expression is an example of our theoretical policy in the Philippines here demonstrated in a practical way. "It is assumed as a basis of organization," say these articles, "that the regeneration of the Moro and other non-Christian population of the District of Zamboanga depends almost entirely upon their engaging in honest toil. The existing order of slavery and piratical methods must be replaced by honest toil. All classes of the Moro and other non-Christian people must be given an equal chance in the race for existence, advancement, and the opportunity for prosperity."

Article II. sets forth that "the corporation is organized to promote the material welfare of the Moro and other non-Christian population of the District of Zamboanga, by instructing them in the affairs of legitimate business methods, by providing means for the development of their native industries, by directing their skill and energy in new lines of industry, and by guiding them in the accomplishment of an honest and progressive mode of living."

In the following article the purposes are set forth in detail; namely, "to lease, covenant, own, and hold real estate in the District of Zamboanga; to buy and sell the cultivated products of the soil; to engage in the manufacture, purchase, and sale of the products of the soil capable of fabrication; to trade in the products of the sea, forests, and mines; to raise, purchase, and sell domestic animals; to maintain and operate a public market; to conduct trade with foreign ports; to contract for the furnishing of Moro and other non-Christian labor; to engage in the pursuit of agriculture and horticulture; to conduct a lodging-house, restaurant, and hotel; to engage in a limited banking business; to construct and operate boats and vessels engaged in the coastwise trade; and to issue stock, and to borrow and loan money."

Further provision is made that "the certificate of stock shall be subject to purchase only by the corporation and by the Moro and other non-Christian residents of the District of Zamboanga, except that the privilege may be extended to the Christian and non-Christian residents of other parts of the Moro Province when such purchase will not be to the prejudice of the interests of the Moro and other non-Christian residents within the District of Zamboanga." The management of the Exchange rests in the hands of a board of seven Directors, together with the President and General Manager, who must be the Governor of the District, and the Secretary and Treasurer, who may be the Secretary of the District.

This Exchange was organized on July 1, 1904, with the following officers: John P. Finley, Captain Twenty-seventh Infantry, Governor District of Zamboanga, President; John R. Proctor, Jr., Captain of Artillery, Secretary District of Zamboanga, Secretary and Treasurer; Datto Radja Muda Mandi, Datto Mangigin (Sultan of Maguindanao), Datto Dacula, Datto Hadji Nuno, Datto



THE MORO EXCHANGE, ZAMBOANGA

The fish department, in which there are forty stalls, is shown at the left. The daily sales in this department alone average about $250

Pedro Cuevas, Datto Mama, Datto Lucas, Directors.

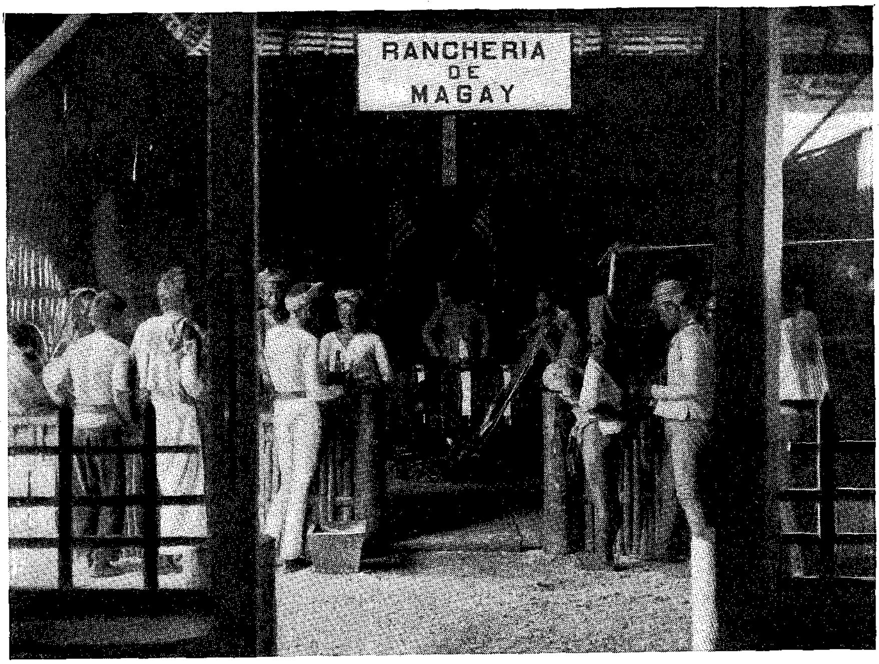
The Exchange had been in operation nearly a year when Secretary Taft and his party visited it, and saw the actual proof of what had been suggested and undertaken in the face of incredulity. Every stall had its busy traders. The primitive manufactures and the products of the District were on sale, with little suggestion that these merchants were business infants of less than one year of age. To be sure, they were occasionally puzzled over the intricacies of making change, and one refused to take a twenty-peso bill for a fifteen-peso purchase because it was not the agreed amount—an error which he quickly learned to correct. They have quickly learned the law of supply and demand, and their native shrewdness taught them to double their prices on everything when the Congressmen and their wives appeared on the Exchange and made business brisk. Moreover, they have learned the value of money now that it will procure something for them, and on this occasion heirlooms, in the shape of weapons, carvings, embroideries, and brasses, were brought in to be turned into cash by the aid of the willing Americans.

The Exchange now has its own officers, makes its own laws, and is operated by a native superintendent, under the general plan of the New York Produce Exchange, photographs of which are kept constantly on hand as a stimulus. Neither barter nor credit is permitted, the latter being a little too complicated for their present intelligence, and the former too productive of disputes. All sales are made for cash and immediate settlement.

The Executive Board meets regularly and settles all disputes and questions, particularly with the Chinese traders, and logic of thought and a desire for fair dealing are characteristic of the deliberations. Beyond seeing to it that all conclusions are equitable, Governor Finley now exercises only a gentle influence, as the Exchange is running of its own volition, and transacting a business averaging from 500 to 800 pesos a day. The total for the first year has been about $128,000. Branch exchanges have been established during the past year throughout the district, to the number of fourteen. Plunder is practically a thing of the past. Piracy is not an actual question. The knowledge of the value of money and how to get it has stimulated the raising of the simple produce of the jungle, the first steps in agriculture. It has stimulated those on the seacoast to catch more fish, for fish mean money, and money means many things—the first steps in industry. They are all first steps as yet, but they are steps in the right direction.

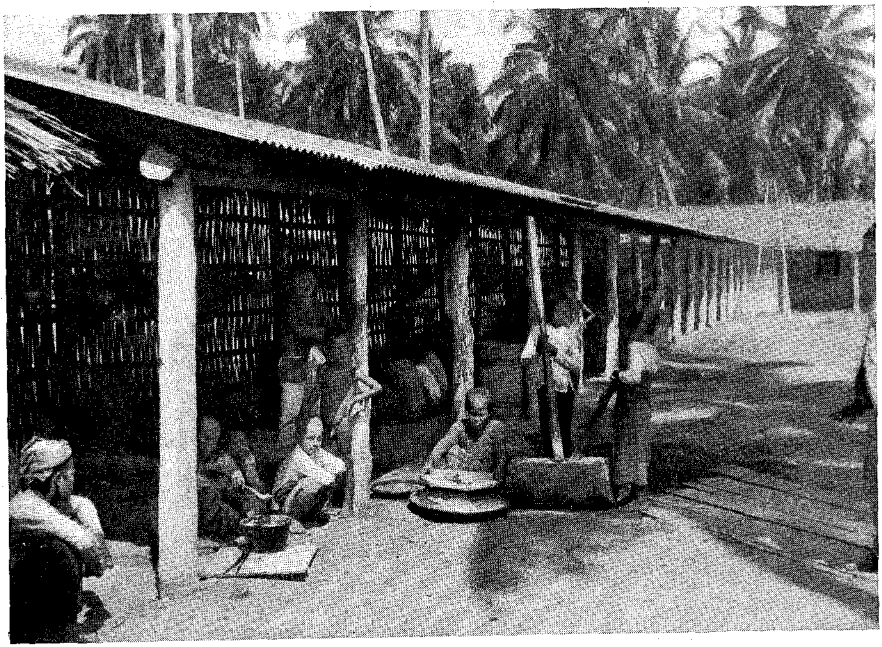
As elsewhere in the islands, the people are hungry, and hunger breeds discontent, for an empty stomach is not conducive to happiness. But these people are learning to satisfy their wants by earning the wherewithal to do so, and the most significant thing of the visit of Secretary Taft's party to the District was the willingness on the part of the natives to sell their precious heirlooms rather than again to resort to their old methods of plunder to satisfy their wants. Throughout the District there are still irreconcilable dattos who refuse to partake of the benefits of civilization, and from whom trouble may be expected from time to time; but here, to an extent not noticeable in the rest of the archipelago, the blessings of peace and industry are serving as leaven for the entire mass of the people.

The influence of this experiment is bound to be more far-reaching than the borders of the District in which it is being conducted. It has been declared that the Oriental knows nothing of gratitude, and, in truth, the Tagalog language, the principal dialect of the north, and that spoken in Manila, has not the equivalent for the word. It is asserted by those whose experience in governing Oriental people is longer than ours that to expect to make of people of Malay blood self-supporting, industrious, good citizens is an impossibility, and throughout the northern islands among the non-Christian tribes there is little on which to base a contradiction of the claim. But here among the Moros, the farthest removed from us in civilization, of a purely Malay type, of a different religion, fanatical, and



BUYING AND SELLING IN THE EXCHANGE

One of the departments in the main building, assigned to a Moro *rancheria* or town. Through the building runs a passageway, fifteen feet wide, with departments on either side



THE MORO KITCHEN IN THE EXCHANGE

Women and children are at work preparing food for the Moro restaurant, hulling rice in a wooden mortar, winnowing rice on a bamboo sieve, and stirring batter for cakes not even semi-savage, there is the absolute proof that in competent hands a sympathetic execution of our policy will achieve its results.

Something must be allowed for the prejudices and racial characteristics of the people—a people who recognize nothing but power, and yet who have a rudimentary sense of justice and a keen appreciation of it. Governor Finley seems peculiarly fitted for the task he has undertaken. Cast in a heroic mold, his six feet three inches of height, together with his two hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois, allied with his great physical endurance on marches to the interior, inspired his people in the first instance with a wholesome respect. To something of these qualifications Secretary Taft doubtless owes his own success, in part, for "the little brown brother" dearly loves a big man. Like Secretary Taft also, Governor Finley has a heart full of sympathy for his people, a humanity that they feel, and a justice that has caused them to know that violation of the law will be swiftly and surely punished and good work will meet with its reward. These simple attributes, possessed largely by our officers in the Philippines, are sadly lacking in the civil government.

Among these people, the most savage and warlike of all the tribes of the Philippines, Governor Finley is known as "father." Of their own volition they declare that they will follow him wherever he will lead, that they will obey his wishes in all things. They have been seen to creep up behind him and kiss his hands or embrace his legs in a curious show of affection, and, on the occasion of the preparation for the opening day of the Exchange, when, impatient at delay, he took tools into his own hands, they snatched them away as if unwilling to see their "father" doing manual labor, and fell to with redoubled vigor. Throughout the immediate district within actual reach of the influence of the Exchange the Moros are filled with happiness at the new-found chance to help themselves. Protected in their labor by our army from the attacks from still hostile dattos, those who have a part in this Moro experiment are proving that our policy, far from being Utopian, is absolutely practical if carried out in the spirit in which it was originated.

CHINESE CITIZENSHIP IN HAWAII

By Doremus Scudder

Illustrated from photographs

YEARS ago Mr. Bryce, in his "American Commonwealth," drew attention to one of the most notable features of our National life by pointing out the fact that the Union, with its many self-governing communities living under different local laws and widely variant conditions, necessarily constitutes the most extended and favorable field in the world for political and social experimentation. As a consequence, dogmatic assertions and *ipse dixits* are apt to fare hardly, for what is taken for granted in one section may elsewhere have been submitted to a concrete test with a result flatly contradictory to the vaunted opinion. A case much in point is that of the widely prevailing sentiment against the Chinese immigrant laborer in the United States. Throughout the mainland a mental image of this type of Chinaman has been formed, and has become such a fixture in the make-up of many Americans that it will require almost an intellectual cataclysm to destroy it. Like the man made to pass before a concave mirror, the Chinaman among us has been forced into a situation where he is compelled to look as he does, and then we triumphantly exclaim, "See what a squat, flattened-out caricature of humanity the poor creature is!"

An editorial in The Outlook of April 23, 1904, gave the following excellent picture of this conception of the Celestial: "It is said in defense of our political antagonism to the Chinaman that he

CHANG TSO TZAN
The local Chinese consul, a gentleman of culture

is not a genuine immigrant; that he does not settle down to make a home; that he never does make and never can make an American citizen; that he despises our customs and manners and maintains his own; that he is clannish, and insists on living in communities of other Chinamen; that his sole object is to make enough money to get back to China, there to live in comparative affluence; that he is incapable of learning either to speak or to think in English—in other words, that he is not a human being, as Americans count human beings."

Meantime, with the growth of this sweeping deduction in the minds of continental Americans, far out in the mid-Pacific an experiment has been conducted under totally different because more nearly normal conditions. One of the commonest experiences in Hawaii is to hear a mainland American exclaim, "Your Chinese are a totally different class from ours on the Coast." Exactly, but why different? Not because they came from other provinces of the Celestial Empire, nor because they are representatives of a different social status. The so-called "low-down Cantonese" and "riffraff of Hongkong"—as a matter of fact a very large proportion were poor, honest farm folk—came to Hawaii as contract laborers, just as they flocked to California, precisely the same sort of people, in many cases relatives and friends, some staying here, others going on to the American mainland. The only difference is that Hawaii gave the Chinese a fair chance, while America did not. On the one hand, freedom to be himself and to develop naturally, on the other, repression and cruelty, spell out the contrast.

This Mid-Pacific Territory has a definite and most valuable contribution to make to the Mainland in the shape of a correct estimate of this man from eastern Asia. Take up the points in the anti-Chinese indictment quoted above, and what has Hawaii to say concerning them?

Is the Chinaman a genuine immigrant? A fair answer to this question must take cognizance of the fact that two classes of immigrants come to the United States: first, those who seek this country with the definite purpose of settling here and becoming citizens; second, those who desire to better their condition, and after acquiring a competence to return to their native land. Many of the latter carry out their intention, and constitute for America a very useful element, tending to bring our Nation into ever closer relations with foreign countries, and to introduce our products to oversea markets. Probably, however, a very large proportion of this second class fall in love with our institutions, become rooted here, and never return.

The Chinese belongs under this second head; he comes intending to go back to China. Other things being equal, it should be expected that, owing to the greater difference between his civilization and ours, it would require longer time for him to realize the full attractiveness of life in America than for Europeans. But, unfortunately for the purposes of our problem, other things are not equal. The immigrant from Europe meets first of all a welcome. An open door awaits him. In the second place, the right of citizenship is freely accorded him; nay, for the sake of his vote this sacred privilege is often pressed upon him. Furthermore, he finds here an elaborate machinery designed to make him a landholder; the broad West invites him at mere nominal cost to take up an estate outrivaling in extent and richness the holdings of scores of petty lordlings in his native country. Finally, no unscalable social wall bars his progress; if not his children, his grandchildren freely enter the most exclusive family circles through the closely guarded gate of marriage.

In the case of the Chinese all is changed. His welcome is jeers and stones. I well recall a scene often enacted before my eyes in San Francisco during the later sixties, when I was a child. Oriental steamer day frequently came on Sunday, and the Chinese immigrants were carted in open express wagons through the very center of the city to Chinatown. Regardless of the peaceful nature of the day, kept far better then than now, knots of boys and young men gathered on the street corners to revile the newcomers with oaths, while they compelled the wagons to run a gauntlet of flying missiles, which prophesied the sort of treatment every Celestial might expect in free America. Only the other day in Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love, a cultured Chinese gentleman, long resident there, informed a lady, who expressed surprise because his wife and daughter remained too closely at home, that he did not dare allow them upon the streets, fearing not only insult but even violence.

As soon as the Chinese had resided long enough in the country to learn to love it and desire citizenship, the right was denied them. No effort is made to induce them to become landowners, and as for the social realm, ostracism is so much a matter of course that no one dreams of any other possible treatment. If the Chinese is not a genuine immigrant, whose fault is it?

Hawaii's answer is, "Certainly not the Chinaman's." First of all, the Chinese never encountered stones and oaths from the Hawaiian. He began coming as early as 1802, brought over at the instance of the most enlightened monarch these islands ever knew, Kamehameha the Great. Up to 1852 very few drifted hither, but then the demands of the sugar industry began to be felt, and the Chinese were introduced in respectable numbers as plantation laborers. Two sets of statistics of Chinese immigration were kept in two governmental departments. There is quite a discrepancy between them. The larger totals are probably the more correct and are therefore selected. These show for ten-year periods, up to the year of annexation, 1898, arrivals of Chinese in the islands as follows:

1852–1861	674
1862–1871	1,629
1872–1881	14,867
1882–1891	18,723
1892–1898	19,837
Total	55,730

Of this sum total the Chinese Consul estimates that 30,000 represents the number of separate immigrants; those coming a second or third time, travelers, etc., making up the rest. This seems an underestimate. Comparing the various data available, probably the figure 40,000 for the total Chinese immigration to Hawaii would not be far out of the way.

These men were brought here to work in the fields, were expected to go back to China, at times the agreement stipulated their return in three years, and no inducements whatever were held out to them to identify themselves with the country. They were, however, treated with uniform kindness and justice, were allowed to acquire land, were subjected to no social ostracism, enjoyed the privilege of intermarriage on the same terms as all other foreigners, and were permitted to become citizens. As a consequence, the Chinaman in Hawaii blossomed out remarkably in the rôle of a man of the world. Though not encouraged to settle, he did occasionally take up land. By 1901 no less than 1,115 Chinese in the Territory were paying taxes on real estate to the assessed value of $1,320,084, while 12,926 taxpayers of this race were rated as owning personal property to the amount of $3,287,802.[1] One Chinaman has acquired some 3,000 acres of land in these islands, where real estate is notoriously owned or controlled by a few men and a handful of large vested interests.

During the monarchy no less than 752 Chinese became naturalized in Hawaii, and to-day there are more than three hundred voters of this race. From July 1, 1896, up to August 31, 1905—the only period for which accurate statistics are available—524 marriages were recorded in which a person of Chinese blood formed one of the contracting parties. Only in 195 of these, 37 per cent., were both groom and bride of this race; 193 Chinese are recorded as having married Hawaiians. Intermarriages also took place between Chinese men and Porto Rican, Portuguese, Japanese, Greek, and half-white women, part-Chinese marrying Americans, Scotch, German, Spanish, and English. Some of our best families have thus come to possess a strain of Chinese blood. Our Chinese-American citizens, whether of pure or mixed stock, are as proud of their country and exercise their franchise with as great conscientiousness as the descendant of Pilgrim Father or Virginian Cavalier. Hawaii's experience demonstrates beyond question that the Chinaman is a genuine immigrant. To make this evident in every State of the Union all he needs is half a chance.

Does he settle down to make a home? The National Census of 1900 showed the total Chinese population of this Territory to be 25,762, living in 3,247 homes, of which 393, or 12 per cent., were owned. The aggregate of homes for Caucasians was 6,482, with 1,840, or 28 per cent., owned.[1] Place this showing beside that made by other immigrating peoples in many mainland cities, and the Chinaman shines by happy contrast. It would be a pleasure to conduct the average honest opponent of Chinese immigration to some of these homes which are scattered all over the islands, point out the evidences of civilized tastes therein displayed, recall the fact that the owner came here as a laborer, and then ask him to compare what he sees with much that he can recall of Greek, Armenian, Polish, and Italian homes elsewhere in the United States. A few Chinese dwellings in Honolulu are among the best in the city. Hawaii's experience is that the Chinaman is a remark-

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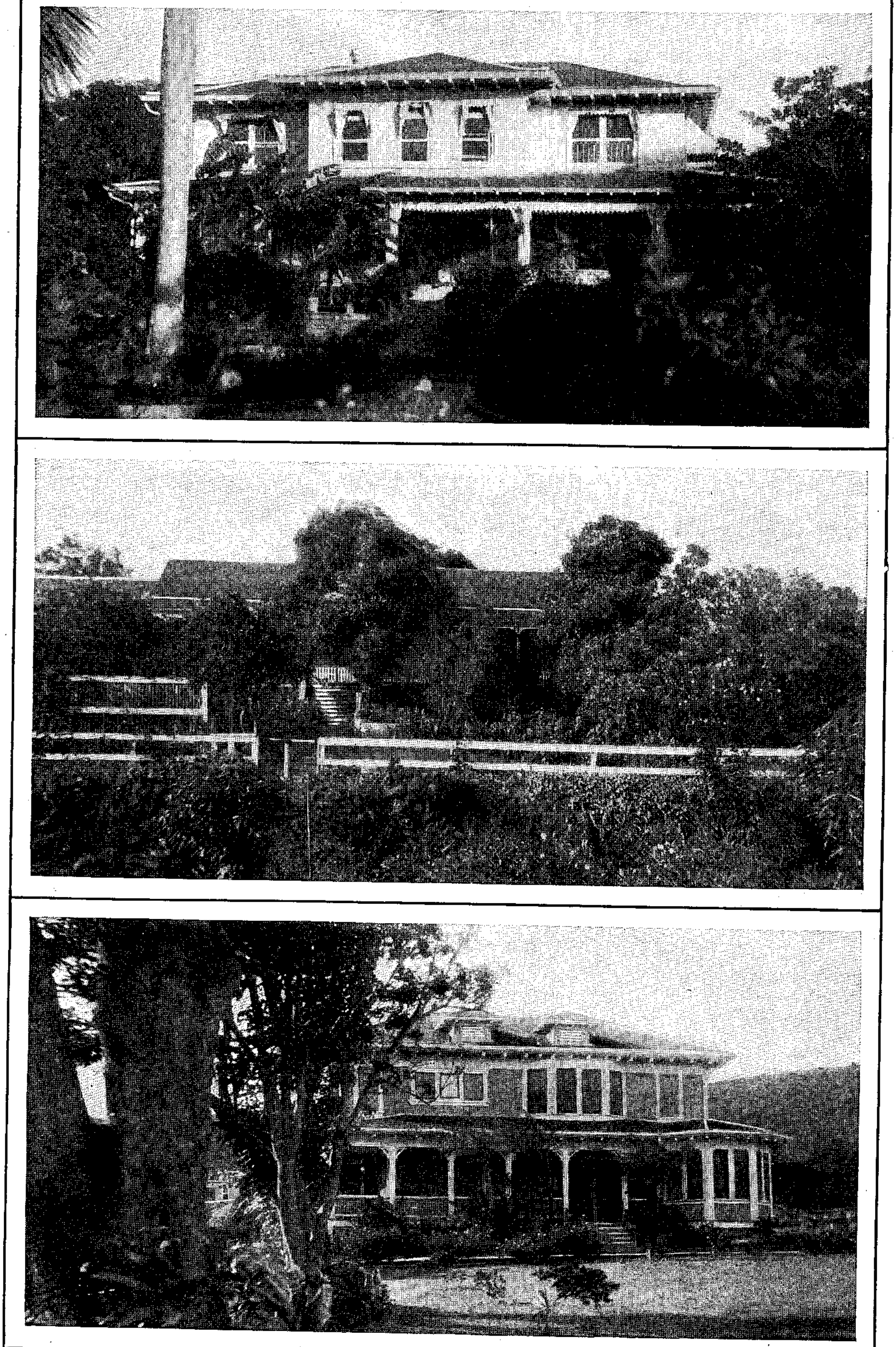
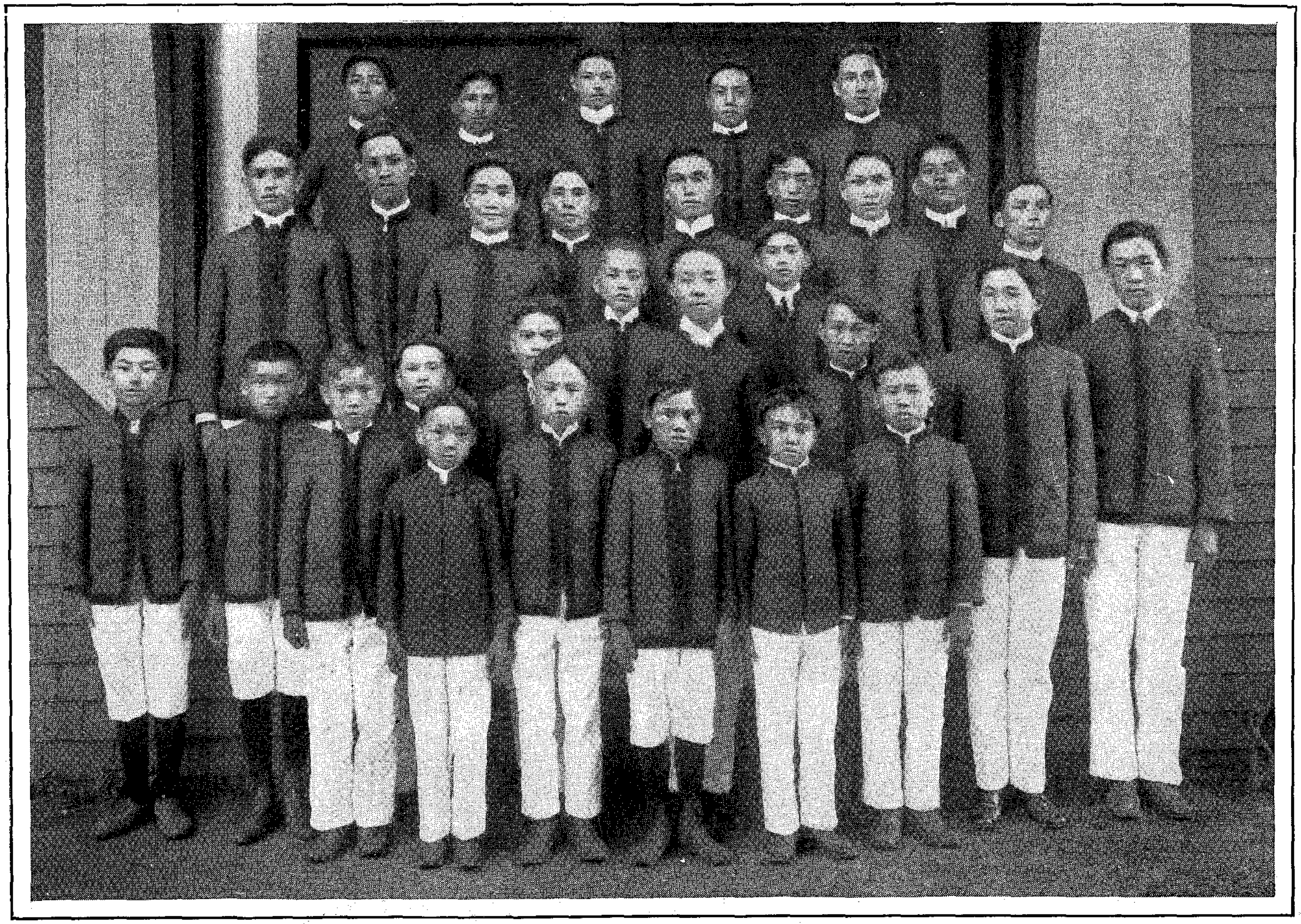
[1] See report of the Commissioner of Labor of the United States, 1902, page 112. The Caucasian real estate taxpayers in Hawaii that year (1901) numbered 3,365, assessed at $19,890,011; Caucasian personal property taxpayers, 7,251, assessed at $5,370,684.

[1] Twelfth Census of the United States, 1900, Vol. II., ccxix.



CHINESE HOMES IN HAWAII



A CHINESE GLEE CLUB

This club gave the best performance at the Honolulu Schools' Carnival of Song.

able home-maker. It is because of this fact, and also because they are such kind husbands and good providers, that so many Hawaiian women have been glad to intermarry with Chinamen.

Does the Chinaman despise our customs and manners and maintain his own? To ask that a newcomer from a foreign country lay aside all his inherited and acquired habits and customs as soon as he enters the United States as an immigrant is demanding an impossibility. No immigrant does this. Visit Little Italy, Little Russia, and all the other little foreign countries in New York City. Everywhere the immigrant, entirely apart from language, finds it hard if not impossible to conceal his nationality, however ardently he may strive to Americanize himself. In few cases doubtless does the thought of making himself over again into an American ever occur to him. But with his child it is different. The new environment makes an American of him whether he will or not. Now, the glory of the Chinaman is his stability of nature. It is some day bound to place him very near the head of the human race. The great difference in custom existing between him and us emphasizes his adherence to what he has been taught. Still, he changes. The first generation does learn, on occasion ever growing more frequent, to substitute trousers and shirt for the shapeless bag clothing of China. Way back in the sixties in California, beaver hat and Prince Albert coat were donned on Sunday by my father's Chinese cook. To declare that the Chinaman despises our customs because, forsooth, he cannot at once comfortably adopt them, implies a claim to insight generally supposed to be confined to the Divine Being. The truth is, he does not despise them. Give him time, treat him rightly, and he gently changes into something suggesting the American. His boy and girl, like the children of all foreigners among us, leap the fence at a bound and become among the most ardent lovers of Old Glory and nattiest wearers of tailor-made goods that we have.

America has heard much of the fearful vices propagated by the Man from Asia. It were well if she should realize that many of her own sons in the Orient have proved more virulent plague-spots there than Chinese will ever become in our country. It is not the man who differs most from us in habits that we need to fear as much as he who is nearest like us. All the reforming forces of our civilization center upon those who strike us as most foreign, and as a result they change, not we.

At the reception given in the Chinese Consulate here to Prince Pu-Lun on the latter's way to St. Louis last year, a bevy of young Chinese ladies, speaking pure English and dressed in faultless American costume, served the guests with all the grace possible to their Anglo-Saxon sisters. Some time ago Honolulu's leading daily contained the following advertisement:

NOTICE

My wife, Chun Ahfung, having left my bed and board, I will not be responsible for debts contracted by her in my name.

(Sig.) MARK KUI.

Honolulu, April 1, 1904. 6756

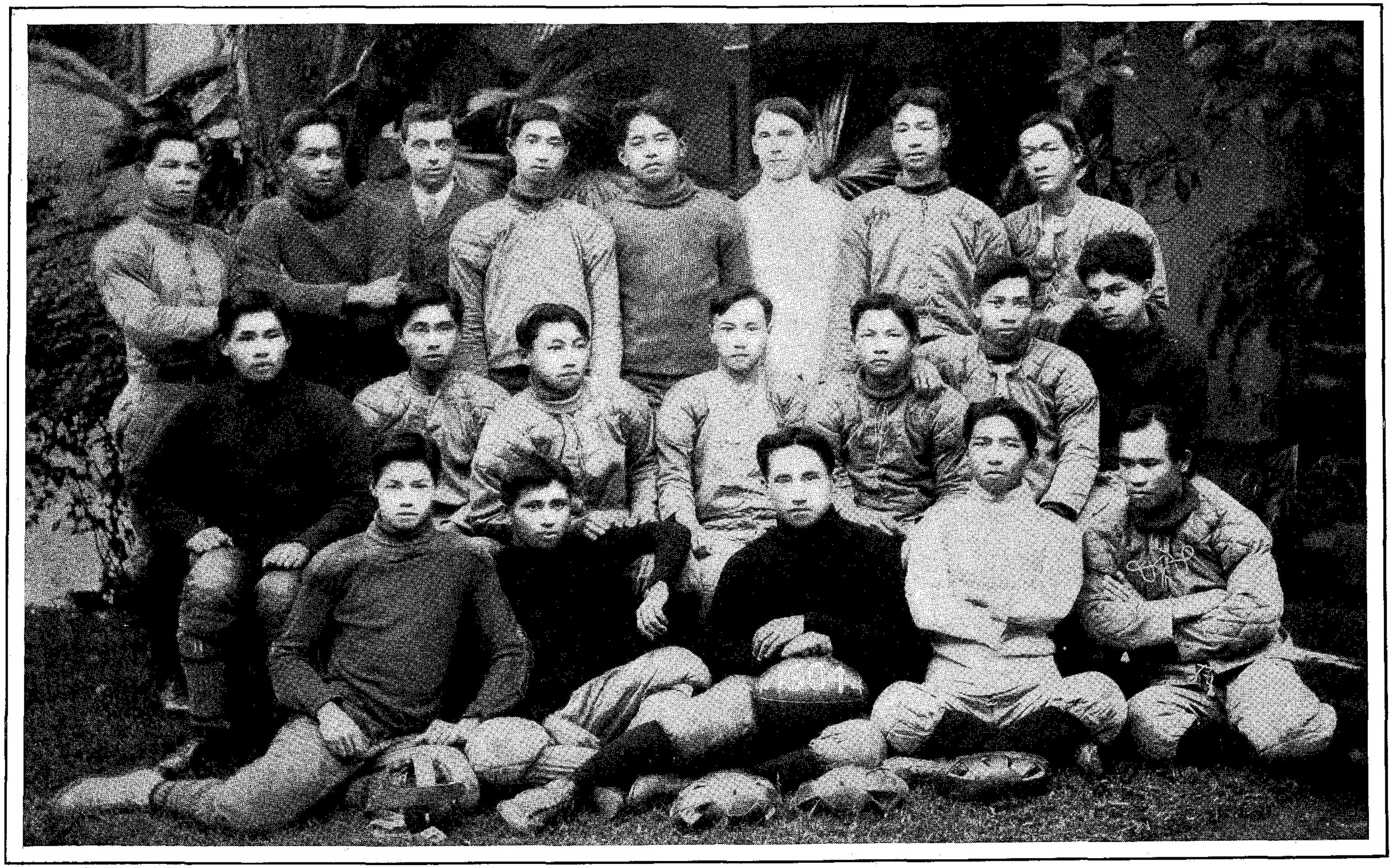
The wife as well as the husband in this notice is Chinese. Honolulu's crack short-distance sprinter is En-Sue, a full-blooded Chinese, born here a citizen of the Union. Our Mills Institute for Chinese young men boasts its football and baseball teams, every member a Celestial. Its literary society has given with great éclat, before crowded houses, Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" and an English version of the classic Chinese drama, "The Sorrows of Han." Its glee club made the hit of the evening, singing a part-song in the competitive carnival of song between the five higher institutions of learning in this city two years ago. The local Chinese Consul, a gentleman of culture, happens into an evangelistic service in our leading Caucasian church as naturally and with as little visible remark as any other resident. The characteristic American publication, "Success," has at least three hundred and sixty Chinese subscribers in Honolulu. Mainland circles are agog with dread over the new Chinese Exclusion Act—that of American goods from Chinese shops. Yet in the face of all this, of such advertisements as the one above, cut casually from a daily, and of the employment in China itself of that most Anglo-Saxon social weapon, the boycott, we are told that the Chinese " despises our customs and manners and maintains his own." Why, if this be true, do all sorts of convenient Yankee notions penetrate to the western confines of the Celestial Empire and find ready sale? Why, too, does every returning Chinaman carry with him demands which only American goods can satisfy, and so teach his people these new needs that a goodly sized national commerce has sprung from this one series of phenomena? Like so many pleas, there is nothing in this specious argument when carefully analyzed.

But " *he is clannish and insists on living in communities of other Chinamen.*" So do the Italian, the Russian Jew, the Bohemian, the Pole, and a lot of other immigrants. Why should they not? For very convenience they all follow this natural law until our language and ways are understood. With the Chinese, however, there is a stronger reason than natural law. We Americans have forced them to do so for very self-protection. Those coarse revilings and cruel stones of my San Francisco boy-memory made Chinatown a necessity. The Denis Kearney politics of that city kept it in existence. In the face of Hawaii's experience and America's compulsion this plea is the weakest of all. The Chinese is the most law-abiding immigrant we have. Make him understand the regulation, let him know that it must be obeyed, enforce it justly, and he is predisposed to carry it out both in its letter and spirit. All the insanitary crimes urged against this long-suffering people on American soil are in the last analysis chargeable to the carelessness, neglect, or worse vices of our own authorities. As a matter of fact, outside of living near one another for convenience or safety, the Chinese is a most daring and adventuresome emigrant. He will go anywhere, live alone, and work out his economical salvation fearlessly. In Honolulu there is no Chinatown like San Francisco's, though there is a part of the city where Chinese shops and lodging-houses congregate. The homes of this people are in all quarters of town. They are no more clannish than any other nationality. In fact, they show marked ability to coalesce with all sorts of people, as marriage records clearly demonstrate.

There is little need to dwell upon the other specifications. Of " *the sole object to make enough money to get back to China, there to live in comparative affluence,*" it will suffice to say that Hawaii's experience fully demonstrates the statement that if America had treated the Chinaman as these islands have done he would have stayed in such numbers that the argument could have no standing. The Chinese went to the mainland not bound by the rigid contracts under which they emigrated to Hawaii, and which often compelled them to return in a few years, yet in the face of these contracts a fair number of them have settled here permanently, and if they could become naturalized now, as they were permitted to do during the monarchy, a large proportion of them would doubtless avail themselves of the privilege. American treatment and not " natural cussedness " in the Chinese is responsible for this incurable desire to get back to their homeland.

As for his " *incapacity to speak or to think in English,*" even in this polyglot city of Honolulu, to which English is not native, I would be willing to match the ordinary Chinese with the average European Continental immigrant in the United States where conditions of association with users of our language have been the same. In fact, the Chinese is possessed of considerable linguistic ability. Where will you find immigrants so eager to enter night schools in order to learn our language as the Chinese? Every church in the Union which conducts a Chinese mission knows that the determination to acquire English is a passion with the Chinaman, unmatched by any like phenomenon in the case of any other nationality unless it be the Japanese.

Having been invited on a recent Sunday to address the four hundred or so students of Phillips Academy, Andover, at vespers, I took occasion, among other things, to appeal to the sense of justice and honor so keen in the young, on behalf of a nobler treatment of the Asiatic



A HONOLULU FOOTBALL TEAM

All the members of the team are Chinese

CHINESE BOYS IN A DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE

The Mills Institute Literary Society gave, with great success, an English version of the classic Chinese drama, " The Sorrows of Han." The same boys gave also " A Midsummer Night's Dream."

by us Americans. At the close of the brief service Principal Stearns thanked me warmly for what had been said, adding, " It will be a great help to our Chinese and Japanese boys, for we have several of each nationality here. And, by the way, you told the truth about them. They are among our best students. Singularly enough, too, they excel in English; not that they speak the language so well, but in the English course and in English composition they do better than our American boys. Of course our Chinese students are carefully chosen, and represent the best in their country." It was a singular and totally unexpected corroboration coming from the heart of New England on the Atlantic, five thousand miles from our similar experience in the mid-Pacific.

Passing, then, from the indictment made against him, what further testimony has Hawaii to present as to her experience with the people of this nationality? At the very outset care should be taken not to minimize the fact that the Chinese, like many others who come to us, are ignorant of sanitation and that the less intelligent of them require patient tuition to make them healthful members of the social whole. A point in the Chinaman's favor is his willingness to do better if he is kindly taught and if he understands that he must.

Again, the Chinese will gamble. This is beyond question their worse vice. But a police force uncursed by graft can keep this evil well in hand, if it will, as was clearly demonstrated in Honolulu under the reform administration of High Sheriff William Henry, lately Chief of Police. Outside of gambling and illegal liquor-selling (another offense traceable to grafting by the authorities), the Chinese do not figure largely in the criminal courts. Out of 1,481 arrests for drunkenness in the year 1903–4, only three were of Chinamen. Being a lover of peace, few crimes of violence are charged against him. He is a good taxpayer. Ninety-two per cent. of his children attend school, and throughout the public schools of the Territory they are ranked as the best pupils. I have yet to find a public school teacher who does not place the Chinese at the head. In 1903 there were sixteen Chinese or part-Chinese teachers in the public and fourteen in the private schools of the islands. The number of office-holders of pure or mixed Celestial blood was twelve. Chancing to ask one of our public servants close in rank to the Governor the question, " How do the Chinese compare with public servants of other nationalities?" the answer, " Five hundred per cent. better," came back quick as a flash, and with an emphasis truly refreshing.

Economically considered, the Chinese

must be rated a remarkable asset. He is patient, saving, industrious, temperate, and thoroughly reliable. The president of one of the leading banking institutions in Honolulu remarked to me one day as I sat in his office, "I cannot explain how it is, but I can take a young Chinese out of Mills Institute into my bank and he will do anything I tell him in any branch, learning quickly and proving reliable, while it takes a white young man much longer, and he will make many more mistakes. They are a wonderful people." This gentleman has a number of Chinese in his bank.

As a family man the Celestial is a decided success. He loves his family, cares for his children tenderly, strives to give them the best advantages he can command, and rarely figures in the divorce court. If American housewives only knew what an ideal domestic servant he makes, there would be a feminine clamor for the repeal of the exclusion laws that even Congress would heed.

Hawaii's experience suggests the reflection that the Chinese immigrant laborer may prove a valuable asset to the Union in the problem of racial amalgamation. This may at first seem a singular point to urge, but it is of no little interest to us out here in the mid-Pacific. It is conceded by everybody that the cross between the Chinese and Hawaiian gives to this Territory one of its best elements. He is beyond compare above the half-white. So marked is this contrast that thoughtful men have been led to ponder seriously the problem presented. It may not be flattering to our New World pride, but it seems true that the Chinese has, through his centuries of development, reached a far more stable plane of evolution than the Anglo-

INDIVIDUAL PLAYERS IN "THE SORROWS OF HAN"

Saxon. Match the latter ("finest product of the ages" though he be) and the Polynesian; the white heredity goes to pieces. The result is a creature weaker, less reliable, and more fickle than either parent. But the Chinese tones up the Hawaiian into a stable, keen-witted, industrious nature upon which the best sort of character can be built. Some urge strongly that this contrast is due partly to the fact that often the half-white is the offspring of a Caucasian of no special moral stamina. But, on the other hand, it should be remembered that the Chinese who have emigrated to Hawaii come from the poorer classes resident in the southern or more enfeebled provinces of their Empire. The persistence of the heredity of the Chinese father in these family lines is very noticeable even where strains of blood are greatly mixed.

The Chinaman is really needed by us in our preparation for the great industrial future now dawning upon the world. It should not be overlooked that the Anglo-Saxon has survived out of ages of martial conflict. But the era of war has almost passed, and the next great eon is to be one of industrial struggle. The man whom the past has made industrially fit is bound to be the survivor here. No one can study the Chinaman without realizing that nature has expended her ingenuity in fashioning him into a consummate economic fighter. In some respects he represents the summit of the evolutionary process. He can give all other nationalities odds and yet win. He has done it wherever he has gone. Because of this rare power he is hated in America. The only thing that prevents his dominating the industrial world is the double fact that the age of warfare has not wholly ended and that as a nation the Chinese has not fully awakened out of his sleep of complacency.

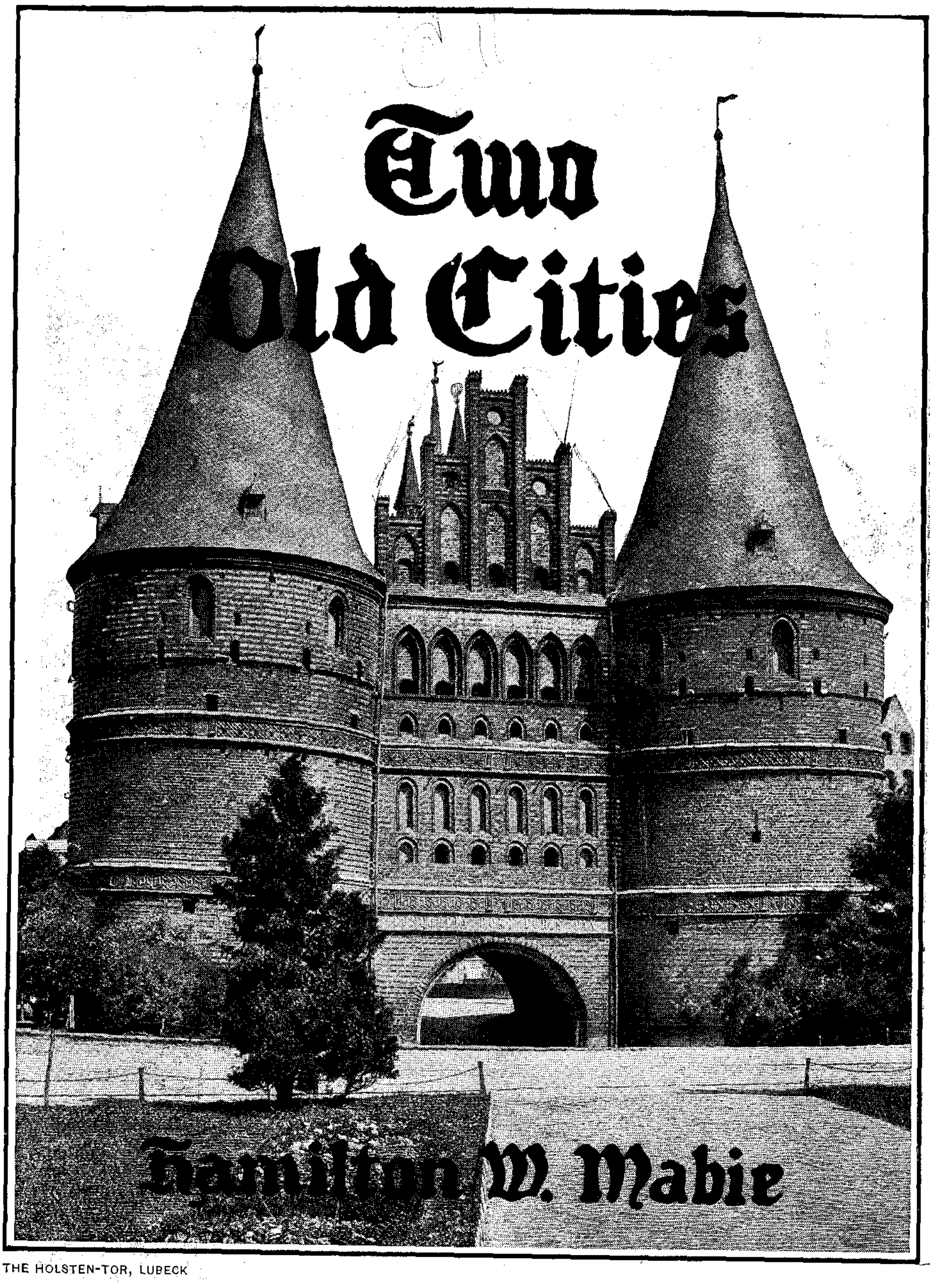
But the giant is already rubbing his eyes. The boycott is the handwriting on the wall to the rest of the world. In a trice, as history counts time, China will have learned our secrets. Let her spell out the meaning of the words "modern machinery," and an industrial revolution beside which that of classic economic history will seem a pygmy will be precipitated. Think of China's inexhaustible stores—coal, oil, gas, iron, and the sister metals. Picture the boundless industrial possibilities of that land of mountains and stored-up power. Add to all this the marvelous workman who knows no fatigue and has not yet begun to dream of ten and eight hour days. Who is to train America to survive in the inevitable encounter? Who but the man whom nature has so rarely equipped with industrial powers? Not exclusion, not isolation, but closer association, is the demand of the exigency facing Anglo-Saxondom. Let the contest begin on our soil, where it can be somewhat controlled, where we can give the Chinese workman some of the ideals of our labor movement in exchange for a few of the qualities he has to spare. Such close touch will help make the two worlds of China and America kin.

This is not a plea for indiscriminate admission of the Chinese into our country or to our citizenship. It is, however, unquestionable that we as a Nation cannot continue to isolate the eastern Asiatic from the rest of the world and treat him either as an enemy of civilization or an inferior. For he is neither. He will contribute to the development of the World State and of the rounded human nature of the future some elements of as great value as any which the Anglo-Saxon is to give.

The demand is for equal treatment of immigrants from all foreign lands. Perhaps the simplest test for incoming laborers would be that of Massachusetts for the franchise—the ability to read in English the Constitution and to write legibly one's name. This would work hardship in many individual cases, but it would solve our difficulties and help mightily towards the evolution of a world-language. To this, add strict regulations for the exclusion of those of criminal tendencies who are now being dumped in such numbers on our shores by foreign authorities; make due provision for travelers and the like classes; hedge naturalization about with a strict examination in civics under some such Commission as that for Civil Service; and little cause for anxiety would inhere in the programme of justice to the man from China or from any other land.

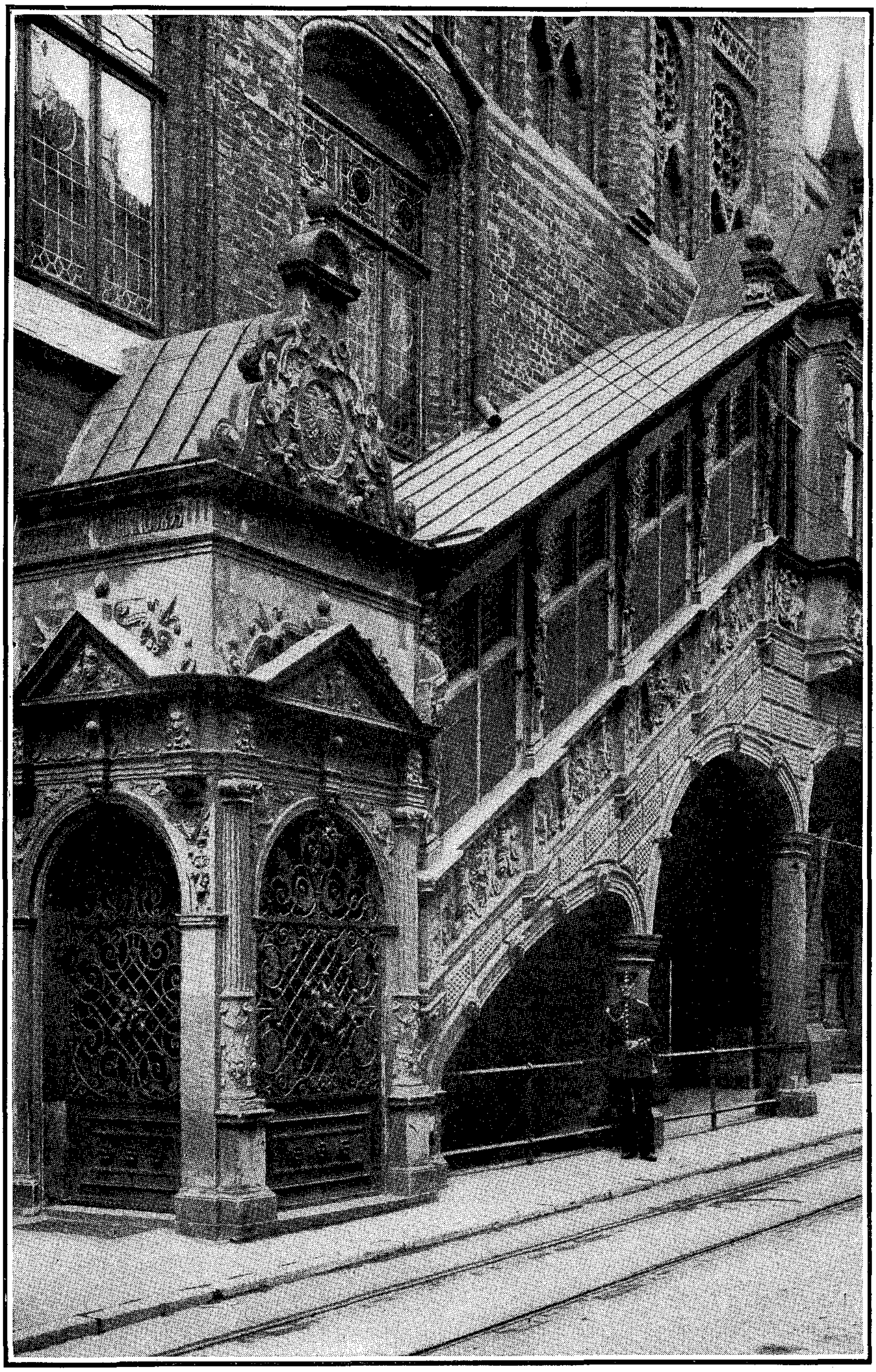
Two Old Cities

Hamilton W. Mabie



THE HOLSTEN-TOR, LUBECK

AN eager American—so the story runs—was once urging an Oxford don to visit the United States. After enumerating many objects of interest, he rose to a climax in presenting the claims of Chicago—"a city only fifty years old, with a million inhabitants." "That wouldn't interest me in the least," was the discouraging reply; "but I would go a long way to see a city a million years old with fifty inhabitants." The attraction of the old is felt more keenly, perhaps, by the American than by the man of other races, because he is so deeply involved in the new, so much a part of life that is rushing in a tumult-

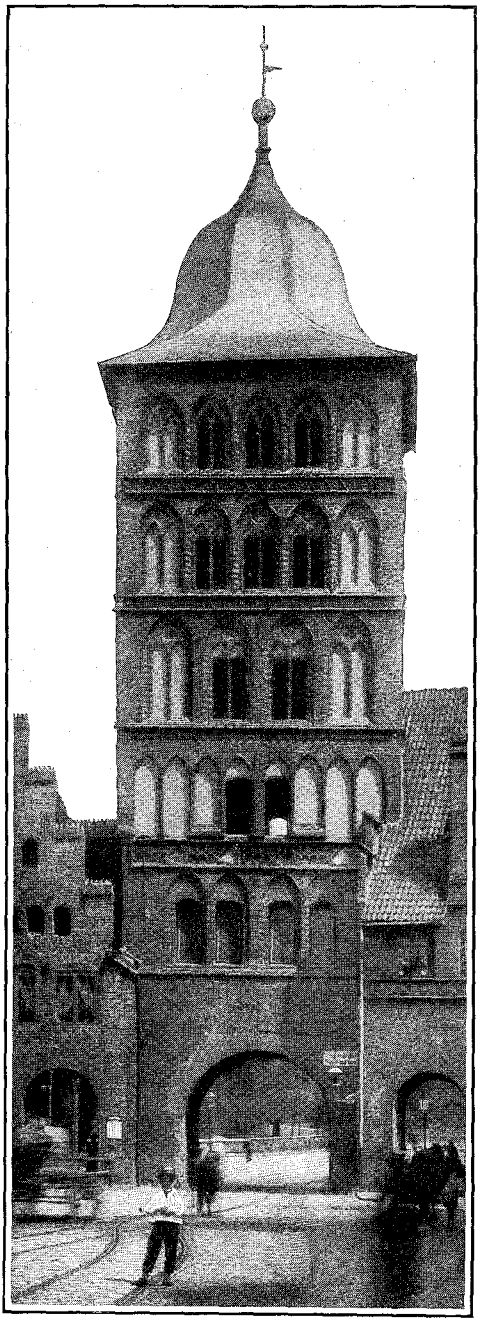


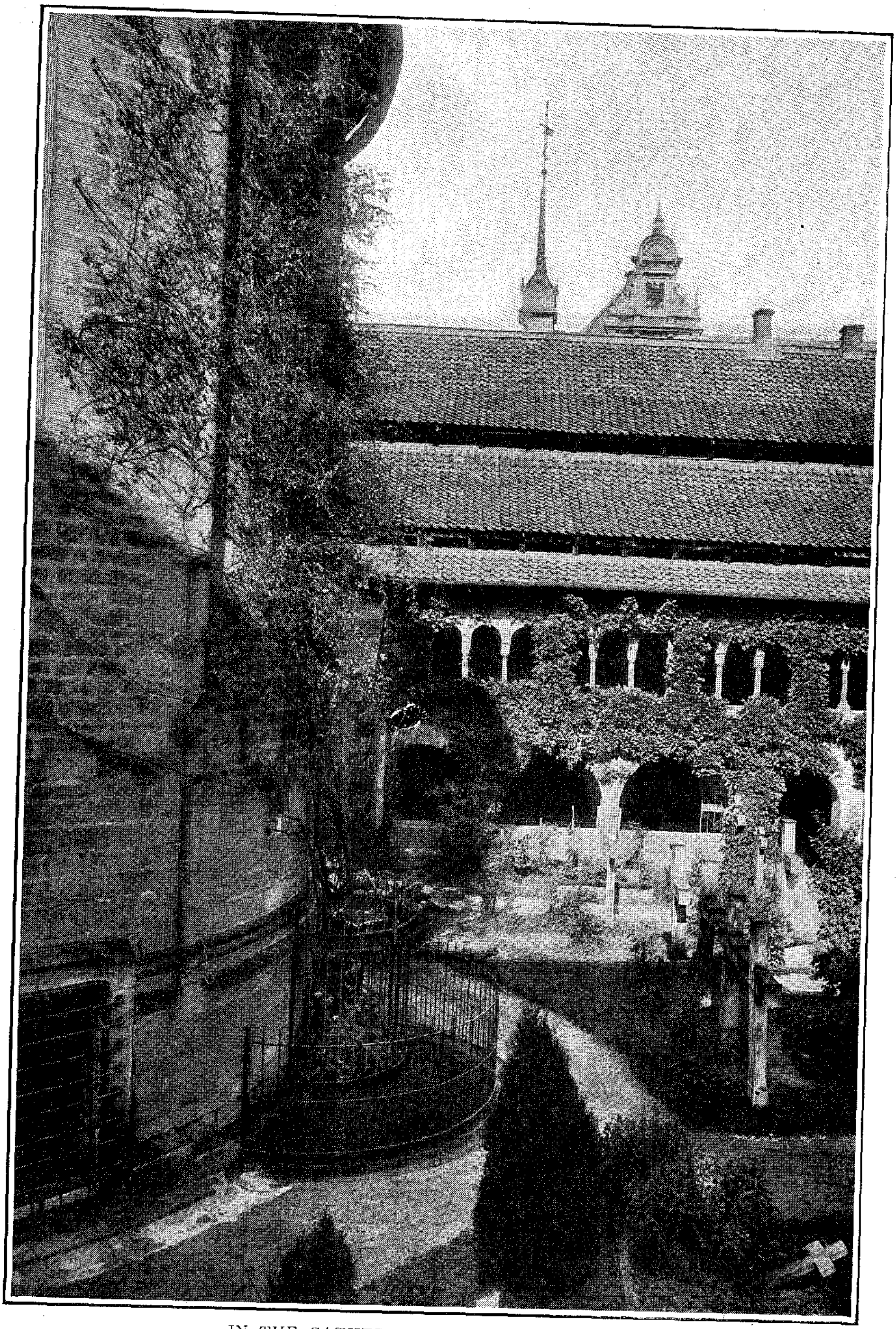
THE STAIRCASE OF THE RATHAUS, LÜBECK

"Rich in design and striking in delicacy and profusion of detail" uous flood from its sources instead of lying full and placid in the channels which it cut for itself in its first impetuous sweep. That charm is complex and subtle; rooted in ancient ways and works, expressing itself in forms that stir forgotten associations or stimulate the imagination or captivate the eye; in their power, above all things, to take a man out of his own age and weave about him the enchantments of an art that was the natural language of men who were not afraid of the splendor of color and who felt the beguilement of beauty as we feel that of utility.

Modern life is everywhere, after the fashion of vigorous epochs, making itself comfortable by tearing down and rebuilding, precisely as its fathers did in their time and their fathers did before them; for the instinct of the vital age is not to preserve, but to create. The tides of life are as swift and deep in Europe as they are in America, and they are fast sweeping away much of the quaintness, the charm, the enchantment of the past. Much of that past survives in cities which, around a little core of antiquity, have built ample modern quarters, with broad streets, charming parks, ample dwellings, with provision for those priceless elements of modern civilization—light, air, space, health, decency. For, picturesque as the mediæval cities were and are to the eye accustomed to much modern ugliness, it must not be forgotten that the conditions of life which they imposed upon their inhabitants were indescribably foul and unwholesome. Much undoubtedly has been lost to the eye; much undoubtedly has been gained for the body, the mind, and the spirit. Sweeping condemnations of modern conditions are based on very imperfect knowledge of the conditions which they have superseded.

In no country is the contrast between the old and the new more striking than in Germany, which has transformed its life in the last twenty years with a deliberateness of method and a definiteness of aim possible only among a highly organized and thoroughly educated people. There are many towns in Germany in which one finds the contrast between the old


THE BURG-TOR, LÜBECK



IN THE CATHEDRAL CLOSE, HILDESHEIM

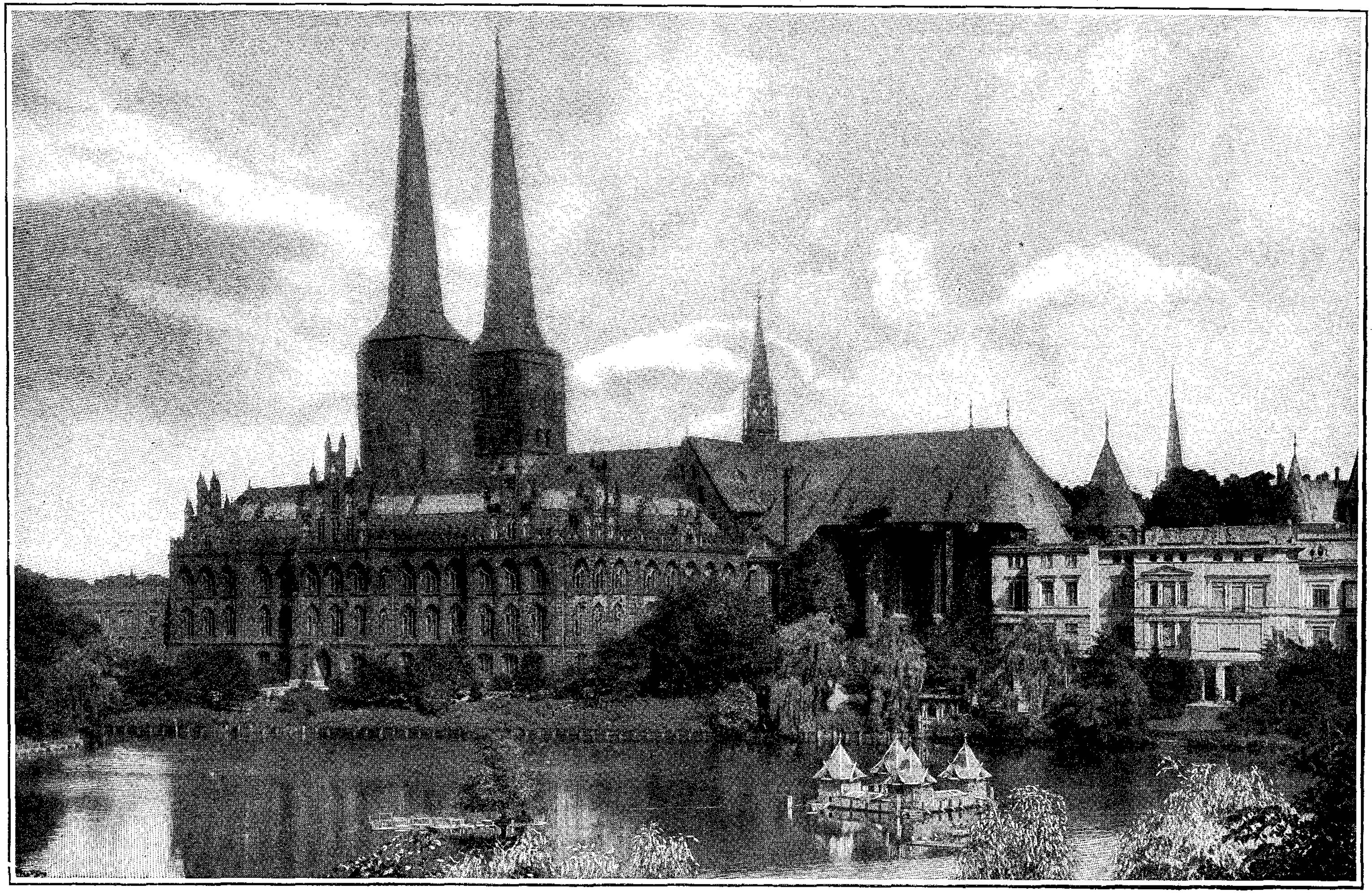
"The rosebush which climbs the wall to a great height . . . bore roses five hundred years before Columbus set sail" and the new presented in startling distinctness. At Nuremberg the withered trunk of the tree planted by Queen Cunigunde in the courtyard of the castle is still guarded, while from the walls one sees the far-spreading environs of a modern city encompassing and protecting the ancient quarter where Hans Sachs sang over his last, and Dürer etched or painted, and Adam Kraft carved. In Rothenburg, in narrow street, red roof piled against the sky, and encircling wall with bastion and moat, one finds the mediæval surviving in almost unimpaired integrity.

To these old cities Americans have gone in great numbers and found immense delight. But while these cities of the southeast have drawn an increasing host of pilgrims, few have discovered Lübeck and Hildesheim, cities of the northwest. Within a little more than an hour's journey by rail from Hamburg, only ten miles from a popular resort on the Baltic, Lübeck remains almost unvisited. The writer was still thinking of the vision of the English fleet, eighteen great ships abreast, coming in majestic silence up from the horizon, as he crossed the Baltic; it was Saturday night, the rain was falling and the landscape was growing dim in the darkening mist, when a city suddenly swept into view. A line of lofty spires, rising in the uncertain light, defined its length from gate to gate; it lay surrounded with waters in which lights were gleaming; and its walls, reclaimed from the uses of war for those of peace, were green and overhung with trees. It was a charming picture, framed in verdure, touched with tremulous lights, which we saw through the veil of rain.

When we looked at the city by daylight, the elements which invested it with glamour at twilight were readily discerned. It lies on an island of no great size, the Trave, fed by the Elbe, completely inclosing it; walks and trees in ancient order follow the river round the city and make the shores a park except for a little space surrendered to trade. Around the outer circle of the river there is an almost continuous park, and beyond it some of the most charming modern houses in Germany; for the straining after effect, the sensationalism of what is called the *art nouveau*, as it shows its influence in architecture, is almost wholly lacking. The houses are simple and dignified in line and structure, and surrounded by ample spaces of green. The effect of the old city encircled by the new, with zones of foliage and water between, is singularly beautiful; and Lübeck must be ranked among the most striking cities in Europe.

Almost every bridge brings one to an ancient gate of great size and of most interesting mediæval design—massive structures of brick large enough to be fortified; for Lübeck was the center and remains the custodian of a notable movement in Gothic building. Its gates, Rathaus, churches, and houses are the record of a vigorous and original artistic impulse and of a striking and impressive artistic achievement. Its churches may be said to have imposed a new style of ecclesiastical building which has enriched all northern Germany. Nowhere in northern Europe has brick as a material been used with so much freedom, originality, and power. Here, as everywhere, the character of the material conditioned the architecture; and here, as elsewhere, in accordance with the law of life, the creative man turned what must have appeared, to weaker and more imitative builders, limitations, into incentive, suggestion, opportunity for bold and impressive design. Compelled to deny themselves the play of imagination in rich decorative effects, they concentrated their genius on structure, and secured from space, strength, boldness of treatment, the effects which richly carven capitals, delicately and intricately fashioned columns, and profusion of ornamentation put within the reach of the masters of the Gothic form in France.

There is no flowering of stone in Lübeck, but there is structural beauty of a very noble kind. Great impressiveness is secured by vast wall spaces, broken by molding stones and by a noble handling of vaulted ceilings. The very difficulties presented by the material bore fruit in the strength, dignity, and elevation of massive structure and the space and reach of great halls. The spires of the cathedral and of the other churches are carried to a great height in simple lines which reveal the audacity



LÜBECK

"A line of lofty spires . . . defined its length from gate to gate" of true builders. They rise in a long line across the ellipse which the city forms, and are mysteriously suggestive, by their bareness, their height, and their sharp definition of line, of an age when builders could be courageous to the point of rashness without passing over into eccentricity or sensationalism. Within the walls of these old churches the patient genius and working piety of the Middle Age expressed itself in the most delicate and intricate carving, rich in design and in texture; altars, screens, organs, and monuments bear witness to the lavish devotion of a time when

> "Builders wrought with greatest care
> Each minute and unseen part,
> For the Gods see everywhere."

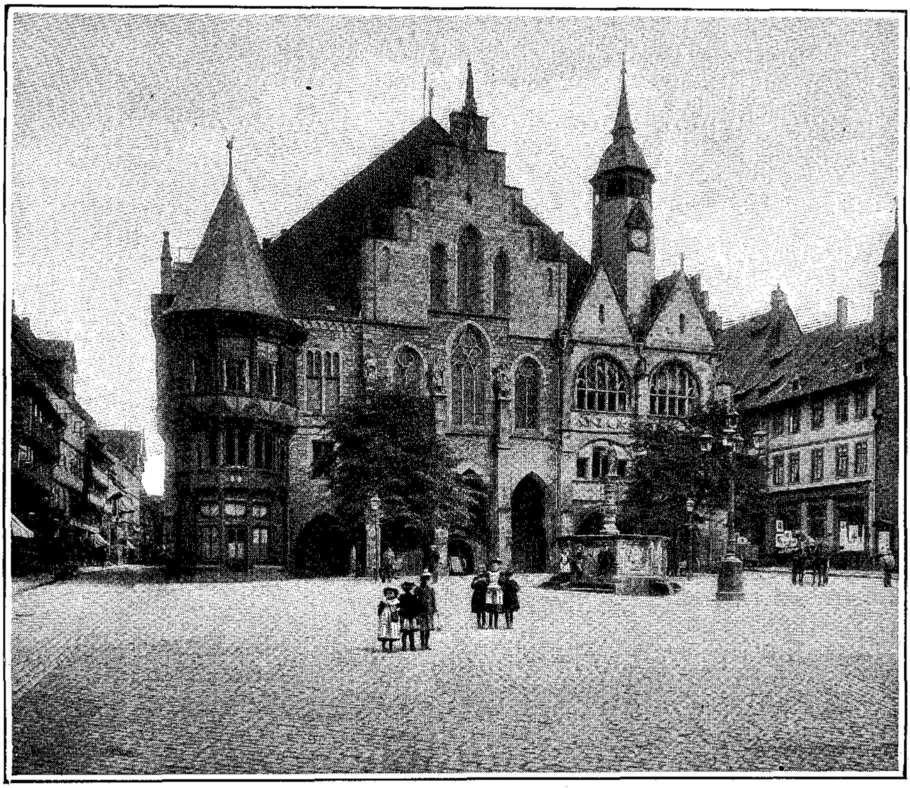
The Rathaus, which stands at the corner of the market-place, is really two buildings joined at right angles to one another; it illustrates the happiest moment in Gothic brick building, and is an example of the effect of two colors of the same materials handled with genius and skill. The outer staircase, of later construction, is rich in design and striking in delicacy and profusion of detail. The wealth of ornamentation on the carven doors and inlaid walls of the Kriegsstube, or War Chamber, recalls the old feeling for the dignity and splendor of civic life which we are happily beginning to recover once more.

The mediæval atmosphere is to be found, however, quite as much in the streets as in the churches; indeed, it was in the streets that the Middle Age town largely lived. So close together were the homes of the burghers in those picturesque but unwholesome days, and so narrow the streets, that to look out of a window or open a door was to come face to face with one's neighbors. This old-time intimacy is humorously brought out in "The Meistersinger," which is not only the greatest of Wagner's operas in construction, but a document of high value as an interpretation of the Middle Age point of view and habit of life. The irresistible serenade of Beckmesser sets the whole neighborhood by the ears, and the town becomes one house, with many rooms. The crowds that throng the narrow streets on summer nights, and make an old town hum with the murmur of innumerable voices, bring back the Middle Age as perhaps no other survival does.

There are streets in Lübeck in which every house apparently dates back to the time when the Gothic style dominated the town, and was worked out as freely and courageously in domestic as in religious and civic architecture. Less vividly picturesque than the Renaissance, the Gothic lines of the gables present strikingly harmonious and effective vistas as one looks down an old street running, perhaps, entirely across the city, the gray towers rising above it and bringing back another characteristic of the Middle Age—the intimacy of the church and the home, the unbroken tissue of a life in which religion, society as personified in the city, domestic habit, humor, amusement, education, and art had not been differentiated and broken into fragments. In many ways Lübeck penetrates the imagination and enlightens while it refreshes with the air of another age, breathed from cloister and home and nobly carven front of the places where authority dwelt in the person of richly dressed Burgomasters.

Five hours or more to the south, in the fertile plain in which Hanover still keeps her old-fashioned charm in beautiful Allée and many-fountained garden, lies Hildesheim, the home of the early German Renaissance, and so full of joy to the eye and imagination in audacity of color and quaintness of timbered house that it is one of the most enchanting records of a past so unlike our own age that the very sight of its quaint beauty is a feast. A city of great commercial importance, as have been nearly all centers of art activity, Hildesheim was fortunate nearly a thousand years ago in the leadership of one of those great bishops who have left the record of their large human statesmanship in so many communities in England and on the Continent. Bishop Bernward combined the piety of the Middle Age with the passion for knowledge and beauty which was the soul of the Renaissance. Like the great Bishop of Winchester, to whom Oxford owes so much, this German ecclesiastic was a born builder; a man with the passion for putting his ideals of life into solid structure. His spirit was felt not only by architects but by carvers of stone and bronze; and columns, chalices, candelabra, and cathedral doors are records of his inspiring taste and fostering care. It was due to him, and to the men who continued the tradition of his authority in art as well as in religion, that Hildesheim became a place of intense artistic activity and contains some of the most significant and beautiful examples of Romanesque and Renaissance architecture in Germany.

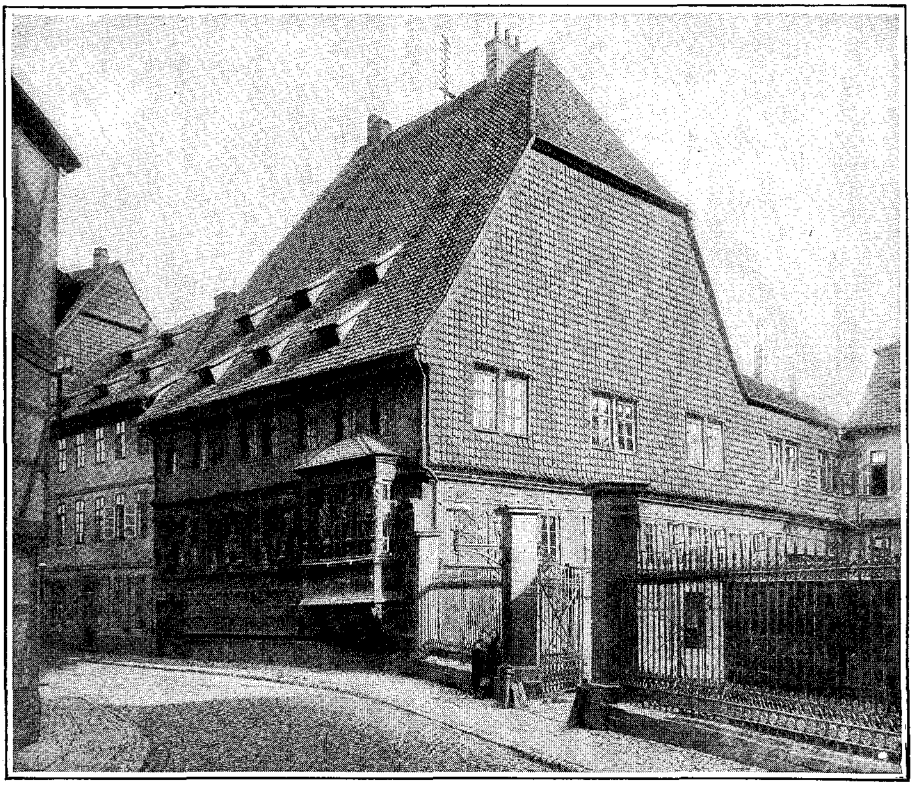
At the first glance there is nothing striking in Hildesheim as one sees it from a modern station, with a tram waiting outside which runs to Hanover at intervals of twenty minutes. But the visitor soon finds that this appearance of modern German prosperity, which so many towns wear, is only a mask, and that a veritable survival of the older time awaits him at the end of a short walk or drive. Let him close his eyes if he can and go straight to the Dom or Cathedral, that he may see the two great phases of architecture in the town in the order of time. Unlike most German cathedrals, this venerable church is sheltered by a close of English greenness and ripeness. Built in the Romanesque style by one of Bishop Bernward's successors not long after his time, neither exterior nor interior need detain one long, though the bronze font, the candelabrum, and the rood loft will repay study; the real center of interest is the cloistered garden—a small space, of a heavenly quiet, surrounded by late Romanesque arches so overgrown with vines that the solid masonry seems but an adjunct of nature in consecrating the place to holy thoughts and a pious life. One is quite ready to believe that the rosebush which climbs the wall to a great height was planted by Louis the Pious, and bore roses five hundred years before Columbus set sail, and that its flowers may have been in the helmet of some knight as he started on the first Crusade. In that ancient garden, under the brooding shelter of the Cathedral, "silence and



THE RATHAUS, HILDESHEIM

slow time" have kept company many centuries.

Leaving the Dom behind him, let the visitor make his way to the Altstädter Markt and find himself at once in the very heart of mediævalism. The Rathaus, in the later Gothic style, much restored, need not keep him long, although its fine hall and richly decorated rooms amply repay a visit. It is the square itself, however, which delights the eye and gives one the feeling that he has at last really overtaken the Middle Age and become part of it. Whichever way one looks across the broad paved space, with the old fountain erected in 1540, to which pitchers have been carried at nightfall and about which the gossip of a small community has flowed for centuries, one sees the monuments of the mediæval period. On his left is the Templer-Haus, built in the Gothic style in the fourteenth century, with round turrets and a beautiful oriel window; and the Wedekind House, with its elaborately carved front. Across the square and dominating it stands what is perhaps the most beautiful timber house in Germany, the Knochenhauer-Amthaus, an ancient guild-house of the butchers. In the carven and painted front of this venerable home of one of the oldest trade organizations one feels himself face to face with the old burgher taste and life; its naïve simplicity, its childlike joy in color, its companionableness, its homely satisfaction with itself. It is the very embodiment of the burgher feeling and sentiment which so deeply influenced homely, domestic, homespun Germany for centuries. As one studies it from the opposite side of the market-place, and looks into its courtyard through the arched way which pierces the lower story, and notes its great height, the projection of one low story above another, supporting a quaintly carven steep roof of red tiles, its rich coloring of red and brown and gray, its small and many-paned windows, he expects to see the portly burgomaster emerge from the Rathaus in chain and robe and walk sedately across the square.



THE KAISER HOUSE, HILDESHEIM

But when one has seen the Dom, the Rathaus, the Alstädter Markt, he is only on the threshold of mediæval Hildesheim; for the modern town is but a mask for the old town which hides behind it. Let him take any street that leads from the market-place, and in a moment he is in another age. He may wander without plan or guide, and everywhere he will find himself face to face with a form of life which belongs to a remote past. The narrow passageways into which the sun hardly penetrates at noonday; the overhanging houses with carven fronts full of old-time humor, religion, poetry, gay with color or richly gilded; the windows, small, diamonded, rising tier above tier—all these are the witnesses in splendid or humble guise of an age when art was the endowment, not only of the master, but, in his degree, of the craftsman, and beauty was as much the possession of the burgher as of the prince. The delight of it to the eye; the restfulness of it to the spirit in its answer to instincts often denied for long periods of time but never extirpated; the exhilaration of the imagination which issues from it; the reinforced conviction that life is fulfilled only when utility is one with beauty, and toil is lifted above drudgery—these are the priceless bequest of the past to the present. For when the past holds and conveys something which has been lost for a time, memory becomes prophecy.

Hippolytus[1]

Μακράν δε λείπεις ραδίως ὁμίλιαν

By Mabel Earle

Long have I known thee, Life of steep and scaur,
  Dwelt in thy haunts, and bent adoring knee;
Now to my doom I go, alone, afar,
  Thou to thy glory. It is naught to thee.

Lightly thou lettest go our tale of days
  Lived heart to heart beneath fierce storm and sun;
The light leaves flickering down thy forest ways
  Laughed while we lived them; and the tale is done.

Thy yellow autumn woodlands held me dear;
  Thy crags and clouds had words for me they gave
Unto none other. Ah, but year by year
  They shall speak on, when I am in my grave!

I was thy priest by mountain tarns and streams
  Where green depths murmuring mirrored back my face,
And sunlit shallows flashed my wildest dreams;
  Yet shall I pass, and these shall keep thy grace.

Thy green moss held my footprints for a day;
  Thy pines gave answer for an hour to me:
These shall abide with thee; I go my way
  Unto the shadow. It is naught to thee.

Yet as the ferns beneath thy mountain sky
  Spring from the mold that blossomed long ago,
Thy life shall live upon my love gone by,
  And I with thee shall walk immortal so.

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[1] Hippolytus, having devoted his life to woodland pursuits and the worship of the virgin goddess Artemis, is stricken by the vengeance of Aphrodite. As he lies dying, in the closing scenes of Euripides's play, Artemis enters to bid him farewell. She passes on, divinely radiant and distant; while Hippolytus's last cry of loving reproach, "*Lightly thou leavest our long fellowship*," suggests the world-old grief of the nature-lover parting from what is dearest to him. In one sense, the Beauty of the World lives on, untouched by human death or loss; in another, the power of Nature over human hearts depends in large measure on the love of untold generations who have gone out beyond the visible world, handing down their awe and delight to the races succeeding.

A Musical Poet of Childhood

Engelbert Humperdinck, the Composer of "Hänsel and Gretel"

By Walter Farwell

IT is a pleasure indeed, in this epoch of musical storm and stress, to bear testimony to a soul of exceptional though not abnormal development, devoting itself to the expression of clear and simple beauty. The joyous and peaceful environment of the Rhineland may account for much in the development of the art of Engelbert Humperdinck, but we must seek beyond this if we would explain the appearance of "Hänsel and Gretel" in the midst of the modern musical world. That Humperdinck assisted in the preparation of the first Bayreuth festival, that he was trained in the school of Richard Wagner, explains more, but if he has done what he has because of Wagner, it may be asserted with equal truth that he has also done what he has in spite of the Bayreuth master. For Richard Wagner's superlatively intense personality swallowed up and obliterated that of most of his co-workers, and it must be recognized that Humperdinck is one of the few men who have issued from the Wagnerian storm-center with personalities of their own left to show for it. This unusual distinction impels us to inquire into the nature and ideals of the man who has achieved it. The alluring maelstrom of undeveloped possibilities set whirling by Wagner proved the very destruction of most of his contemporaries. The greater the richness and variety of technical resource, the greater must be the nature of the artist, the more simple, strong, wise, and clear of vision he must be, if he is not to fall into the fatal error of attempting to realize all possibilities at once in his design. The plan should determine the means, and the clearer and more definite the plan, the more purposeful and controlled will be the employment of the means. But the modern musical scheme, coupled with the vague and questioning aspect of much of modern thought, presents to the music-builder a maximum of means together with a minimum of plan; the composer since Wagner confronts a limitless and dizzying array of new technical possibilities, with only the still, small voice, often very still and very small, to tell him what worthy thing to do with the new-gained wealth. Wagner developed this infinity of means simply because he needed it in the carrying out of so large a plan. But later men with lesser vision and plans more vague, not having the sharp outlines to direct with purpose and authentic individuality their structural labors, have fallen into enslavement by those very means which a master spirit would have commanded to his definite purpose. The result in the more immediate post-Wagnerian music was that if a composer escaped the actual Wagnerian idiom itself, he ended by wandering aimlessly through a maze of keys and motives, in which he could not perceive the difference between liberty and license.

One thing alone has brought each composer in his turn out of this Egypt into the promised land of art, wherever he has attained to an appreciable redemption—namely, clarity and definiteness of individual purpose. And since artistic purpose results from a conception in the artist's mind, the true artist is the one who, while at work, sees and shapes nothing but his own conception.

Humperdinck, being a reflective man, probably perceived at a very early stage of the Wagnerian movement the chaos which was to result from the invasion of the lowlands of contemporary musical thought by the rising sea of Wagnerian possibilities. He therefore betook himself to higher ground, and from the vantage-point of the popular legend, as Wagner from the myth, was enabled to produce an art not dictated by dehumanizing technical impulse or mere emotional or intellectual extravagance. Beautiful and enduring a thing as is the legend, and quite safe to stand upon, still this alone would not have sufficed in Humperdinck's case, had he not had a nature capable of remaining true to itself, and of retaining only as much of the Wagnerian equipment as could be applied with artistic truth to the carrying out of his conception. He wisely retained the newly developed capacities of harmony and orchestration, and took with him a practical stage technic, as the result of his labors at Bayreuth. But it must stand particularly to his credit that he had the strength to resist, as the basis of his musical structure, the *leitmotif*, a weapon which Wagner fashioned to his own especial artistic need, and which has worked frightful havoc ever since at the hands of composers who were never destined to sing the "continuous melody." Here again Humperdinck showed his humanity and wisdom in replacing the avoided *leitmotif*, not with vague and technically interesting tonal wanderings, but with folk-song, or with simple melody of the folk-song type.

Thus in "Hänsel and Gretel" came to birth an opera possessing qualities of distinction which gave it an immediate and world-wide reputation, and a place apparently as permanent and as frequent in the German repertory as "Faust" in the Parisian.

But for the origin of the peculiar charm of the work and of its direct appeal to the sympathies we must look, not to artistic principles, but to the spirit of the man who conceived it. Like most, if not all things worth while, "Hänsel and Gretel" was not planned for the sake either of fame or wealth, being written, or at least begun, for the children of Humperdinck's sister, Frau Wette, the author of the poem. Its sudden leap to fame surprised no one so much as the composer, who without doubt was wholly unaware that the quality of his sincerity and simplicity was of the nature of genius. It is doubtful if Humperdinck gave much thought to the artistic principles involved in this first important work; having his conception, he went straight toward the execution of it, without haste, with the patient application of the German mind, but, above all, with the preservation of that element of the child nature all too rare in maturity, the world over, but which after all is perhaps the determining factor in heaven's gain or loss. Humperdinck had taught at the University of Barcelona and at the Conservatory at Frankfort, but during the composition of "Hänsel and Gretel" was living in a small village on the Rhine, where he was engaged to Fräulein Taxer, now his wife. To her he played, each evening, as much as he had composed during the day. A maid of the Fräulein once condoled with her over this, explaining that her fiancé, a baker, when he called evenings, would do nothing but bake bread for her. It was about this time that all Humperdinck's earlier compositions were burned up in a fire in the attic of his father's house—"a good thing," he said.

Humperdinck's subsequent life at Boppard on the Rhine reflected much of the disposition and temperament of the man. There he had a villa of ample proportions, overlooking a long sweep of the Rhine from a little distance up the hillside. The household, a busy and most hospitable one, consisted of the composer, his wife and three children, his wife's sister, and the servants. Humperdinck interested himself actively in his extensive gardens, which bore an abundance of flowers, fruits, and vegetables, and he looked frequently after the welfare of the household animals—pigeons, chickens, rabbits, cats, a lamb, and the little dog Loki. The latter, Humperdinck said, when questioned as to his breed, was "ein Feuerhund." There is a constant overflow of quiet humor in Humperdinck's conversation; his spirit within is always at play; but he is a silent man, and ordinarily speaks but little. In appearance he is a rather large man, above the ordinary weight, with brown hair and beard, and a clear and kindly eye. Though slow in motion, he is quick in thought. In his walks through the woods or the quaint little village, in the Boppard days, he would observe many things minutely, apparently taking the same unalloyed pleasure in this that a child would with its first freedom to roam and look about at will. Despite his silence, Humperdinck is a linguist of unusual attainments, speaking, besides his native tongue, Italian, Spanish, French, possibly some Russian, as it is unlikely that he would let slip his opportunities while in Russia, and some English.

Humperdinck finished "Die Koenigskinder" at Boppard, and composed the "Moorish Rhapsody" there. His workroom was in the second story of the villa; there, by a large window overlooking the Rhine, he had a desk arranged by which he could stand while at work. His wife had a seat in the window, and was usually with him while he worked, and the piano was near by. Evenings Humperdinck was one of the family group, reading, smoking a long pipe that reached to the floor, and occasionally joining in the conversation, especially when an opportunity for a subtle touch of humor paved the way. Upon other evenings, when a fit of work was on him, he would remain closeted in his study. In social intercourse friendliness, good will, simplicity, mark Humperdinck's character. He is utterly unassuming and without self-consciousness. No reflections upon his fame interrupt the simple joys of his daily life. He is devoted to his children—Wolfram, Edith, and Irmgard—and, while seriously ill in Berlin, caused himself to be taken to Boppard that the children's Christmas day might be lacking in none of the anticipated festivities. Geometry, of which he is very fond, and new inventions, are among his extra-musical interests. He gets and tries every available new invention that can be applied to the management of the household, and takes pleasure in mastering their mechanism and principles.

Humperdinck lives at present at Grunewald, a suburb of Berlin, where he is a near neighbor of Richard Strauss—the chanter of simple perfect joys dwelling beside the singer of the unattainable. A bringer of joy and peace is Humperdinck, and in this troublous musical epoch it is little wonder that the world has given him a glad welcome.

WILLIAM II.

EMPEROR OF GERMANY

From his latest portrait

EMPEROR WILLIAM

HIS IDEAL OF THE WORLD MISSION OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE

BY A BERLIN DIPLOMAT

THE German Emperor is unquestionably the foremost statesman and most skilled diplomat of the contemporary period. In his capacity as King of Prussia he rules absolutely over a monarchy of thirty-five million inhabitants. Owing to his passion for government and his determination personally to control the conduct of affairs in every branch of national administration, he is his own Prime Minister, Minister of the Interior, Minister of Finance, Minister of War, Minister of Public Works, Minister of Trade, and Minister of Education and Public Worship—all centered in one person.

The nominal Ministers who hold these positions are mere puppets in the hands of their King, who is responsible for every movement which they make. In his capacity as German Emperor he controls the destinies of four Kingdoms, six Grand Duchies, five Duchies, and eight Principalities, which comprise the Federal Empire, inasmuch as the Kaiser can declare war and make peace, conclude alliances and treaties with foreign States, summon, open, adjourn, and close the Imperial Legislature, and holds the supreme command of the entire German army and German navy.

The Kaiser personally controls the relations between Germany and other countries, directs the entire foreign and colonial, military and naval policies of Germany, and consequently holds the peace of the world in the hollow of his hand. The Emperor William inherited this gigantic task at the age of twenty-nine; and seventeen years of practical experience have enabled him to become, in the prime of his life, an expert in the government of men and in the control of Imperial destinies.

He is equipped with a marvelous accumulation of theoretical and practical knowledge on all subjects connected with the welfare and progress of the human race. All his life William II. has been, and continues to be, an untiring student of all subjects. He is versed in many branches of science; in art and literature, as well as in law, philosophy, and political economy, and he has some practical acquaintance with the industrial and commercial interests of a modern country.

It is desirable to bear in mind that the Kaiser is a man of exceptional personal attainments and of encyclopædic knowledge, in estimating the influence which he has exercised and will continue to exercise in the future on the history of the world.

Since his accession to the throne seventeen years ago the German Emperor has been uninterruptedly pursuing the realization of one single aim—namely, the elevation of Germany to the position of supreme political power in the world. This ambition is based on the Kaiser's absolute personal conviction that the Germans are destined by God Almighty to uphold the Christian religion and Christian morality on earth.

This idea of the "special mission" of the German race has been expressed again and again in the Kaiser's public speeches. It is only a few months since the Emperor, in a remarkable public utterance at Wilhelmshaven, referred to Germans as "the salt of the earth." To do him justice, it must be admitted that the Kaiser's belief in the destiny of the German nation is not based on sordid considerations of mere political ambition or aggrandizement for the Hohenzollern dynasty, but rather on the religious conviction that the Germans have been really marked out by divine selection as the instruments of God's will on earth.

He has therefore pursued his task of increasing the power and prestige of the German Empire, not only with the zeal inspired by personal ambition and patriotic enthusiasm, but also with that almost fanatical fervor which can be produced only by unshakable religious faith.

Notwithstanding his idealistic tendencies and his somewhat fantastic theories of history and religion, the German Emperor is in many ways an intensely modern man. He combines in his person the most striking contrasts. He is as progressive in some respects as he is reactionary in others. Some of his ideas are mediæval; others belong to the twenty-first century. Sometimes he is a despot, and at other times a democrat. No monarch exacts more personal subservience from his environment, and no monarch is so free and unrestrained in personal intercourse.

It is thus fully in accordance with the other contradictions of his character that the Kaiser should be simultaneously a dreamer of political dreams and a hard-headed, common-sense, practical man of business. There is no living monarch who has a more adequate conception of the part which commerce plays in the affairs of the world than William II.

Notwithstanding his military tendencies and his faith in his vast army, so often publicly expressed, the Kaiser is fully aware that the prosperity of the German Empire is based, not on the strength of armaments, but on the development of industry and commerce. The Kaiser's appreciation of trade was probably inherited from his practical English mother, to whose influence he owes much of his success in life.

The Emperor's personal intercourse with the great merchant princes of Germany has naturally strengthened and extended his belief in the supreme importance of commerce. The late Herr Krupp, the owner of the most colossal industrial undertaking in the world, was the Kaiser's most intimate friend.

Herr Ballin, the Managing Director of the Hamburg-American Steamship Company; Herr Wiegand, the Managing Director of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company; Herr Bleichroeder, the great banker; Herr James Simon, the great merchant, and other leading manufacturers and men of business, are now included in the circle of the Kaiser's intimate friends. Thanks to this intercourse, the German Emperor has acquired a sound knowledge of the fundamental requirements of all branches of industry and commerce.

He is acquainted with the details of import and export trade, of mining and manufactures, of ship-building and Stock Exchange transactions. The acquisition of this knowledge has persuaded the Kaiser that the world-supremacy of Germany must be based primarily on the world-supremacy of German commerce. He is convinced that the development of German trade and the creation of new markets for German products will do more to build up the power of Germany than the acquisition of new territories and the extension of the boundaries of the Empire.

This was evident in the recent Moroccan crisis, when Germany took energetic action, not to secure a portion of Moroccan territory, but to maintain the principle of the "open door" and an equality of commercial opportunities for all nations, in opposition to the efforts of the French to monopolize the trade and industry of Northwest Africa.

As soon as France conceded the right of Germany to obtain a fair share of the commercial spoils of Morocco, the serious political crisis which at one period menaced the peace of Europe was speedily terminated, and France and Germany are now co-operating in the restoration of order which will enable business enterprise to be initiated in the Moorish Empire.

One important result of the Kaiser's comprehension of the supreme importance of commercial prosperity is his recognition of the fact that the maintenance of peace is essential to the prosperity of the Empire. The Kaiser believes that nothing but the maintenance of peace will enable Germany to attain that commercial

PRINCE BERNHARD VON BÜLOW

The German Imperial Chancellor

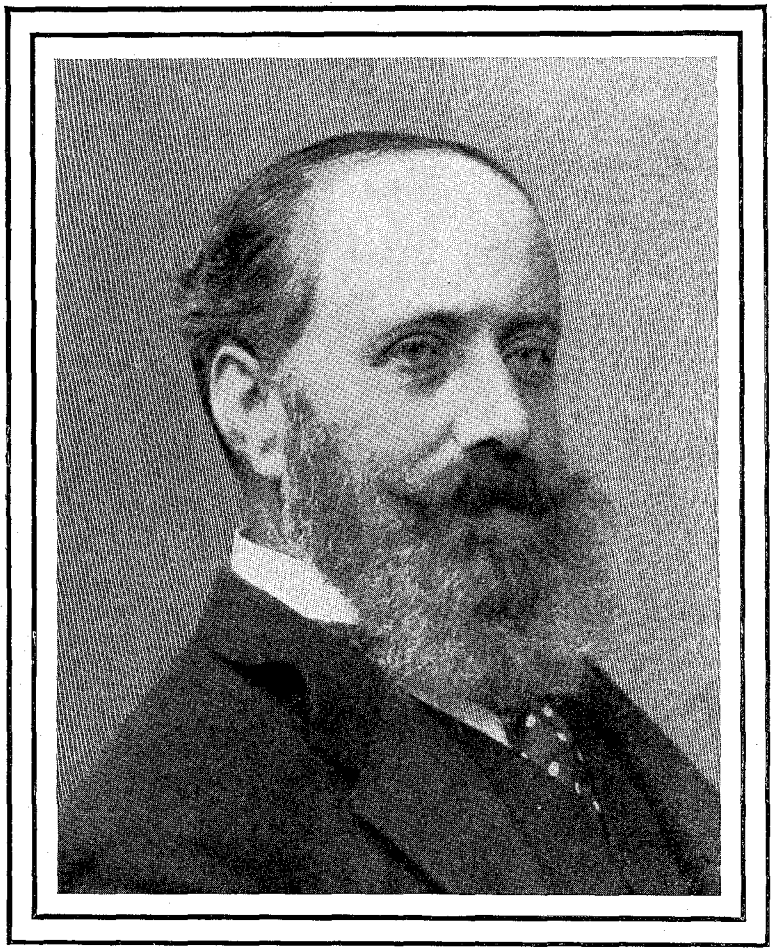
COUNT WOLFF METTERNICH
German Ambassador at London

success which is essential to gain a predominant position in the affairs of the world. He recognizes, too, that a war would do more to retard national development and the prosperity of the Empire than any other disaster which could overtake the country.

The Kaiser is, therefore, above everything an adherent of peace. One of the fundamental ideas of his entire method of government has been to prevent war. His wonderful enthusiasm for the army, his zeal in the construction of a big navy, are due simply to the desire to utilize Germany's immense armaments as a guarantee of peace. He recognizes the fact that the danger of war to Germany decreases in proportion to the power and efficiency of the German army and navy.

No Power or combination of Powers is likely to attack Germany so long as the German army remains the most potent military organization in the world. The Kaiser's "militarism," which has often been erroneously described as aggressive and almost barbarous in character, is really due to his passionate desire that his reign shall not be marred by a war.

The fact is fully recognized in Germany that combination is the keynote of development in international as well as in internal, industrial, and commercial enterprise. The formidable character of American, English, and Japanese competition in the markets of the world is fully understood, and German economists are untiring in their efforts to



PRINCE HUGO VON RADOLIN
German Ambassador at Paris

elaborate practical and workable schemes of commercial conquest.

German economists, by the way, anticipate that a number of huge international combinations will compete for the trade supremacy of the world within a measurable future. The British Empire is expected to form one customs and commercial union; the Russian Empire, extending from the eastern border of Germany to the Pacific Ocean, together with regions of Central Asia, forms another commercial unit; America is a third; and Japan, which will inevitably carry out the commercial conquest of China within the next decade, will perhaps become the most formidable of these groups.

In comparison with these huge international combinations, Germany would be a relatively insignificant industrial and commercial factor, so that fresh markets for German products and fresh opportunities for German enterprise will have to be found in good time, unless the Empire is willing to submit to crushing defeat by its competitors. The immediate object of Germany, therefore, is to obtain fresh and favorable markets for German manufactures and to prevent other great commercial powers from attaining commercial predominance in those parts of the world where there are still vast opportunities for business enterprise. The Kaiser, in his own mind, has come to the conclusion that the countries of South America and Asia Minor are those in which the greatest opportunities for commercial enterprise offer themselves to energetic pioneers of trade.

It is now recognized that China, whose commercial spoils Germany hoped to share, is probably destined to become little more than a dependency of Japan; and the Kaiser has declared in a semi-public utterance that he fully expects Japan to close the "open door" in China. The remainder of Asia is practically already divided between Russia and England.

There are comparatively small opportunities for commercial enterprise in Africa. England already possesses almost everything worth having, and France has taken the remainder. The German colonies in East and Southwest Africa, vast as they are in territorial area, are in point of fact little more than barren deserts which yield no profit to the mother country, but require instead the expenditure of large sums of money for their maintenance.

In South America, however, there is still an immense field for extremely profitable enterprise, and Germany is determined to secure her share of the spoils in this quarter. It is fully understood that the United States of America is the most formidable competitor in the exploitation of the countries of South America; and the whole plan of Germany's commercial campaign in South America is based on this knowledge. The United States is "the enemy," and must be defeated at all costs.

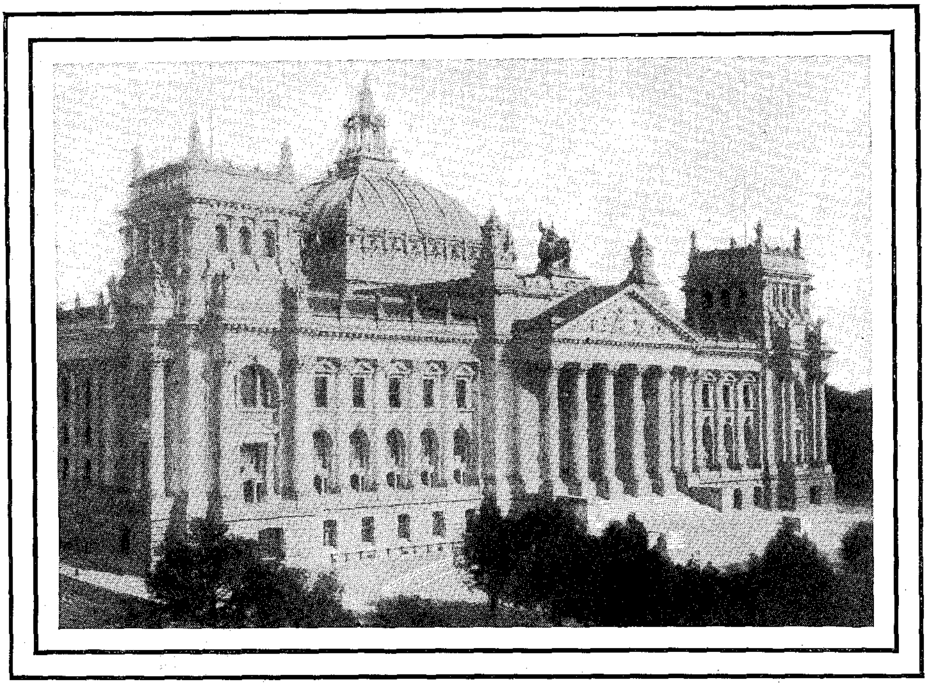
Germany is accordingly endeavoring to attain commercial supremacy in the countries of South America by systematic enterprise and expert organization. These efforts are being undertaken nominally by private individuals or companies, but the whole "plan of campaign" is being worked out under the supervision of the Government and of the Emperor himself.

German agents are spread broadcast through Brazil and the other countries of the South American continent continuously to promote the improvement and extension of trade relations with the German Empire. German steamship companies are encouraged by subventions to maintain a regular service of ships with all grades of South American ports, even if the immediate profits are not sufficient to cover the costs of the undertaking.

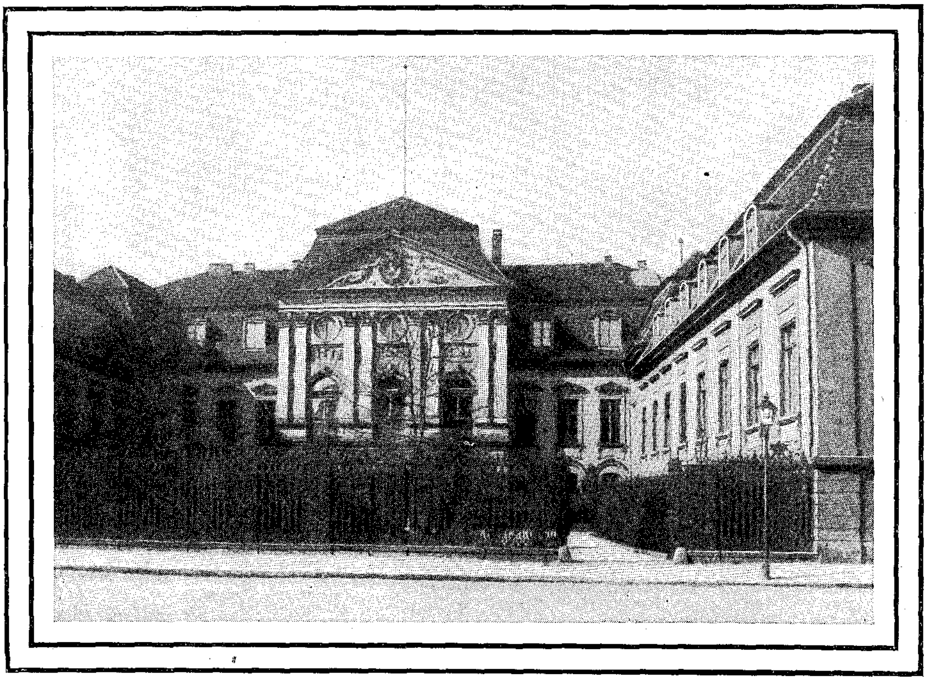
The same process is being carried out in Asia Minor, where Germany intends to construct a railway from the Bosphorus to the Persian Gulf, and to exploit the commercial resources of the intervening country. When the Kaiser went to Palestine seven years ago, he was animated not solely by a sentimental religious desire to visit the Holy Land, but also by a hope of increasing the prestige of the German Empire in those regions and thereby creating possibilities of commercial expansion.

The Emperor was, in fact, on this occasion an Imperial "commercial traveler," and it must be conceded that he was successful in this capacity. The remarkable tokens of friendship which the Kaiser has accorded to the Sultan of Turkey, and the continual diplomatic support which the German Government has granted Turkey in her disputes and differences with the other Great Powers of Europe, have been due solely to a desire to secure the best commercial opportunities for Germany in the Sultan's dominions.

These efforts to obtain spheres of commercial influence represent only the immediate programme of Germany; for far-reaching plans are being worked out for the future. Germans understand that other great international combinations can be fought only on the same basis, and consequently the Empire is desirous of founding a "Commercial Union" of Central European States. The "Zollverein," or Customs and Commercial Union, formed by the Federal States of the German Empire, offers an excellent basis for the establishment of a far bigger combination of States. The idea is that the smaller countries grouped around Germany might be first induced to enter the German Customs and Commercial Union, in return for which the German Empire would guarantee their political independence and undertake their military defense. Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland are regarded as countries with which such a compact might be concluded with advan-



THE REICHSTAG BUILDING



THE IMPERIAL CHANCELLERY
Prince von Bülow's official residence in Berlin

tage to both sides. The scheme could afterwards be extended. The neighboring Austrian Empire is in constant danger of falling to pieces, owing to the disintegrating forces continually at work in all parts of the Dual Monarchy. Austria, however, is the ally of Germany in the Triple Alliance, and Germany has urgent political reasons for desiring to maintain the integrity of the present Hapsburg dominions. It is therefore conceivable that the Kaiser might one day say in effect to his imperial neighbor the Emperor of Austria, "I will guarantee the integrity of your dominions, and the maintenance of law and order against revolutionary forces within or without, if you agree to form a Customs and Commercial Union with Germany." It will be a short step from Austria-Hungary to the Balkan States, which are, from a commercial and economic point of view, practically dependent on the Dual Monarchy. If Austria-Hungary were to form a Customs and Commercial Union with Germany, the smaller Balkan countries, such as Rumania, Bulgaria, and Servia, could be driven by tariff reprisals to join the combination. The extension of the Zollverein to Scandinavia would, in these circumstances, be well within the range of practical politics. It is probable that both the Balkan States and the two countries of the Scandinavian peninsula will continuously feel the effects of the crushing defeat which Russia has sustained in Asia, more especially as the terms of the new alliance between England and Japan practically exclude all possibility of Russian expansion on the Asiatic continent during the next half-century. Russian energies, in consequence of being restricted in Asia, will seek fresh outlets in Europe, and the pressure will undoubtedly be felt both in Scandinavia and the Balkan countries. One of the keynotes of Russian policy is to secure access to the open sea; and

DR. VON LUCANUS
Chief of the Emperor's Civil Cabinet

both Scandinavia and the Balkan States offer opportunities in this direction. It is therefore quite conceivable that the Scandinavian countries and the Balkan States would find it advantageous to enter into some kind of arrangement with Germany, and her ally, Austria-Hungary, which would grant them the support of these two great military powers in the event of their being marked out as the proposed victims of Russian aggression. The whole scheme may sound chimerical, but it is taken seriously by some of the most eminent economists in Germany. Two years ago an Association was formed with the avowed programme of promoting a vast Central European Customs and Commercial Union, of which Germany should be the guiding force. The founder of the Association is the greatest contemporary German economist—Professor Julius Wolff, of Breslau University—and he received promises of support and messages of encouragement from a large number of prominent public men, including leading members of nearly all the principal parties and groups in the German Imperial Legislature. Although the Kaiser himself has made no public utterance on a question which is closely bound up with many international questions of extreme delicacy, there is no doubt that he thoroughly approves of the plan of extending and increasing the influence of the German Empire by means which will be most potent in a century which is above everything an age of commerce.

PRINCE JOHN HENRY OF PLESS
One of the Emperor's most enlightened advisers

Simultaneously with the formation of ambitious plans for the future, the German Emperor is continuously directing the forces of German diplomacy in such a way as skillfully to promote German interests. The Kaiser's visits to Sweden, Norway, and Denmark have been connected with definite political designs. There is no doubt whatever that during his reign the Kaiser has completely altered the relations between the German Empire on the one hand, and Sweden, Norway, and Denmark on the other; and has, moreover, increased Germany's moral hold on her northern neighbors to a degree which would have seemed impossible two decades ago.

The Kaiser was largely instrumental in bringing about the marriage of the Queen of Holland to a German prince, thereby establishing a new link between the Empire and Holland. Then, during the troubles connected with the administration of the Congo State, Germany has rendered valuable support to Belgium, thereby meriting the gratitude of that country. The Kaiser brought about the marriage of his sister to the Crown Prince of Greece, so that the next ruler of the most civilized Balkan country is also closely bound to the German Imperial family.

A branch of the Hohenzollern family reigns in Rumania, and a branch of the Coburg family—also German—is in possession of the throne of Bulgaria. All these facts tell in favor of German influence, and the Kaiser has utilized every opportunity to its uttermost value. He is playing a vast, patient, far-reaching diplomatic game with consummate skill, making the German Empire a more potent factor in international affairs than it has ever been in the past.

Behind the forces of German diplomacy stand the mighty armaments which the Kaiser would control with the same scientific precision with which he now elaborates political designs and schemes of commercial expansion.

The Kaiser is an advocate of peace, but *not* of "peace at any price." If he became convinced that the maintenance of peace would be incompatible with the mission of the German Empire, he would not hesitate to wage a colossal war in the interests of a righteous cause. It would therefore be a fatal mistake for any other nation to construe the Kaiser's ingrained love of peace as a sign of weakness, and attempt to take advantage of it in the hope of intimidating Germany.

To sum up, the Kaiser's political programme is based on the fundamental idea that the Germans are destined by Providence to be "the salt of the earth." The Kaiser desires to establish the supremacy of Germany, not on military conquests, but on the peaceful pursuits of commerce, arts, and science. As a practical man he is seeking to attain these ends by all the known legitimate methods of diplomatic art and commercial competition. Failing the success of peaceful methods, he would fight for the attainment of a cause which he believes to be righteous. But it is fortunate for the world that a monarch possessing such vast power should pursue a political programme full of such high ideals.

TARRY AT HOME TRAVELS

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

"My mind impels me to write on places where I have been and on some of the people whom I have seen in them"

SIXTH PAPER

Connecticut

EVERY political advance, every sane constitution of government, every crisis, or every step taken for human freedom, goes to the maintenance of happy homes. This is George Frisbie Hoar's central statement. For us, the laws of Alfred, Magna Charta, the fight at Naseby, the Bill of Rights, the Declaration of Independence, Constitutional Government, the Union of States, all have meant that men should have Happy Homes.

Connecticut has perhaps worked her name into history as the State which is most successful in this business. Compare Switzerland with her in that line, if you choose. Compare Vermont. But Connecticut is older than Vermont, and her history from the beginning has been the history of groups of men who came together in different places, and lived together, and made laws, each community for itself, simply that they might have happy homes—Home Rule. You see, they have as yet no piling up of people in prison cells called "Apartments," nor any crowding together in barracks called "tenements"—or they have not many such. I have heard a man say that in their largest city—in New Haven or in Hartford—a man can get more out of life than he can in any other city of the world. I am not sure but this is true.

The "land of steady habits," people used to say; and before they said that they used to make up absurd codes and say that they were the "Blue Laws of Connecticut." These "Blue Law" codes, as they are printed, were fictions; but the fiction itself implies what is true—that in the making of laws in their little assemblies these people always had the fundamental idea of Right. It was not for expediency, it was not for profit, but it was to fulfill the law of the Living God, that the first generation legislated. Well, from such a little state as that large things have followed. The Western Reserve in Ohio was a new Connecticut, where the land was fertile and the winters were not cold, where every seed would bear fruit an hundredfold. And Connecticut may well claim the credit for what the Western Reserve has done. In our own time, for Giddings and Hayes and Garfield and Grant. I must not say, for the Church of Latter-Day Saints, which I suppose the Western Reserve perhaps would be glad to forget. Mr. Calhoun once said that he remembered a session of the National House of Representatives when nearly half of the members of the House were graduates of Yale College or natives of Connecticut. I think the minority of such people was only five less than the majority.

Somewhere in the fifties of the last century a French gentleman called on me who had been sent out from France

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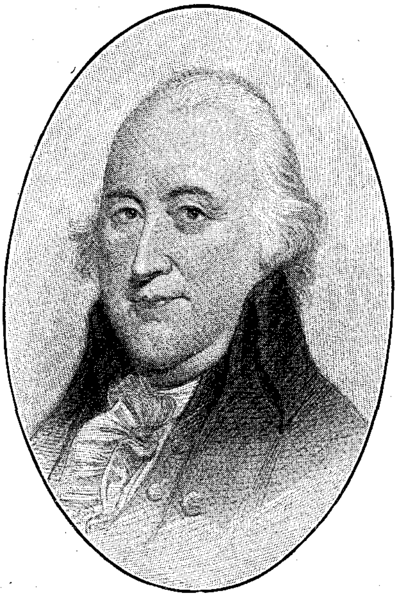
by Louis Napoleon, or somebody, to study American education. As in duty bound, he had gone first into Canada. He had learned all he could about education in Canada, and then he had been attracted, as La Salle was, to the Valley of the Mississippi, and he had done the ancient Louisiana; that is, he had gone through all the States of our Middle West on what people call an "educational" visit. He had reserved New England for the end. And he said to me, "Everywhere I found that the teachers in the American schools, whether of Canada or the Mississippi Valley, are from two provinces—Massachusetts and Connecticut. I said to myself, This is unheard of in history—that all the people in a large nation shall be educated in two of its smallest subdivisions. And I asked for the statistics for the birth of the teachers, and nobody knew anything about it. But I said, when I come to Connecticut and Massachusetts I can obtain the statistical information on this subject. And now I have come here nobody knows anything about it and nobody cares."



Artemas Ward Presᵗ

"When Washington was sure he must fortify New York, he sent the Connecticut General Ward . . . to garrison the city with his Connecticut men."

I promised to provide for him some sort of official report on this business, and I asked a dear old sachem, a near friend of mine, how many of the young people of his particular town, when they left school, began as teachers somewhere or other. He heard me with some impatience, and then said, "Why, all of them, of course!" This exclamation of his corresponds quite nearly with what at one time was the Southern impression regarding the New England schoolmaster. He was a Connecticut man. In the southern part of the Nation there is many an old joke or epigram or anecdote which belongs to the period when a Connecticut Yankee was spoken of as talking through his nose and rolling his R's and "teaching school."

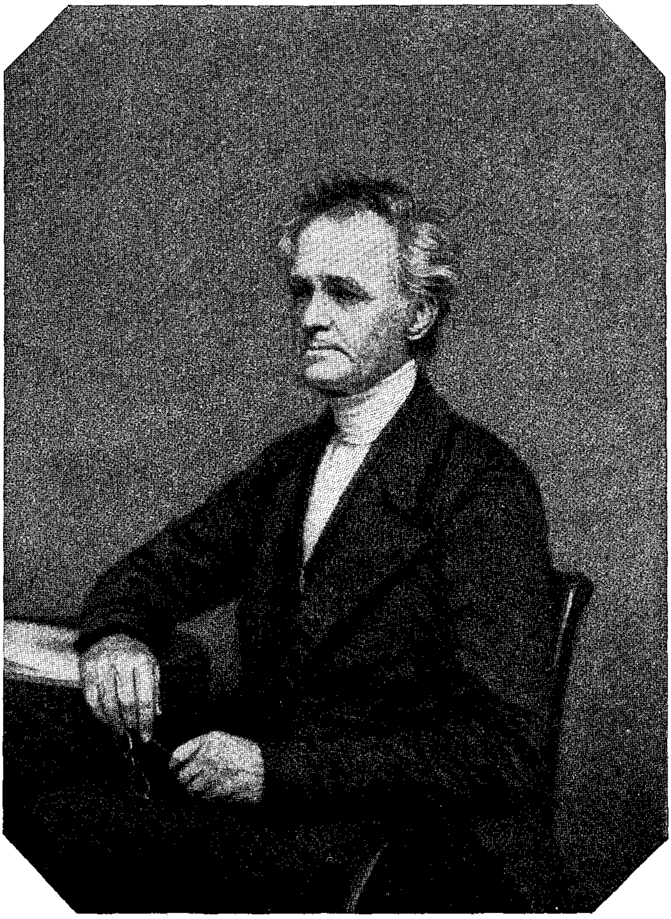
One may say in passing that that abominable expression is pure Yankee, and it is heard nowhere but in the purest Yankee literature.

In our day Connecticut feels, as all the rest of New England feels, the wave of European and Canadian emigration. The old-line rulers of Connecticut, the sons of her own soil who grew up used to home rule, are worried more or less by finding voters who neither know nor care whether they live in Connecticut or in Dakota so far as history goes; who are citizens of the United States, but do not know what the three vines on the seal of Connecticut mean, nor who invented the motto of the State of Connecticut. But, for all that and all that, they retain steadfastly in Connecticut some of the old stand-by habits of home rule. It is worth while to say this if I am writing for people who come from the West and South to enjoy the seashore at Watch Hill, at Saybrook, at New Haven, or anywhere on the Sound. We cannot do enough to awaken local pride by the study of local history in regions which are valued by people who have no local pride and know nothing of local history. I have said this whenever I could in public schools and in these papers.

Our newspapers would be a great deal better if some of the people who wrote for them knew more of the traditions, even the language, of five thousand different centers of American life.

Remember, for instance, that in that critical struggle of the Revolution which we like to go back to, there was, strictly speaking, no revolution in Connecticut;

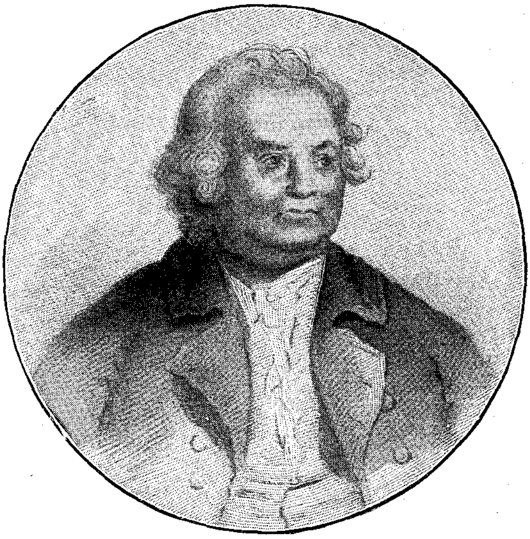
every form of government went on without a break of a hair, as it had done before. The elections were the old colonial elections. Governor Trumbull was chosen as every other Governor had been chosen in every other Connecticut election from the beginning. Randolph and some of the other English Governors were commissioned as Governors of New England, but they exercised no power in Connecticut except perhaps sending a catch-poll to hunt up a fugitive. When the Revolution came, Connecticut had her Governor and her army; she knew how to commission her officers and to arm her troops. Ethan Allen took Ticonderoga in 1775, and told the commander that he did it in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress. This was a very imaginative use of language. The only commission he had was from the State of Connecticut, and she used such power exactly as she had used it in commissioning colonels for one hundred and fifty years.



Jn. Pierpont

"John Pierpont, the poet, . . . invented a new stove."

Chastellux, who was Rochambeau's favorite aide, naturally had many occasions in the Revolution to cross from Newport to the Hudson and eventually to Yorktown and back again. The journey was always, if you will observe, on horseback. Chastellux says early in his book



Israel Putnam

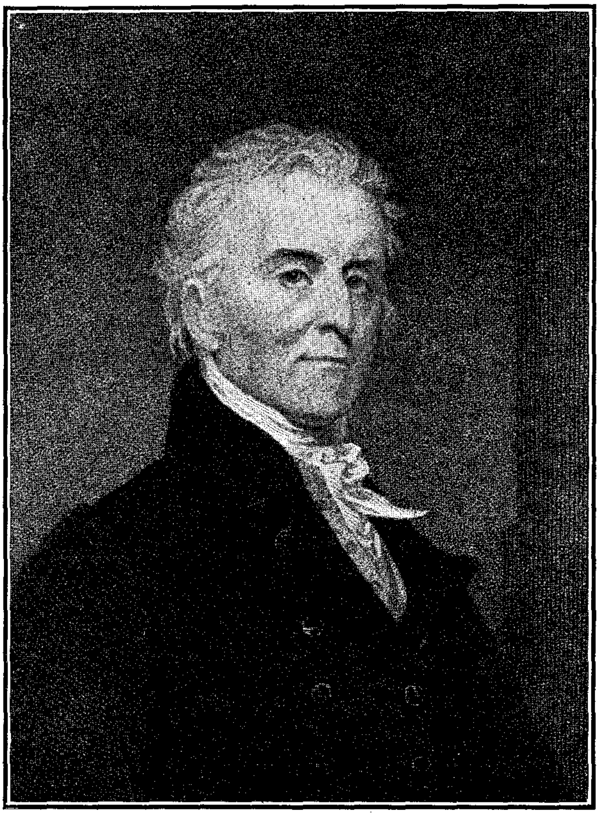
" Take Pomfret and Israel Putnam. What boy does not remember the wolf's den?"

that in all the time when he had been in America he had never seen a man of military age who had not served against King George. This is good testimony as to what Connecticut was. It shows the other side of the appeals we have from Washington to "Brother Jonathan" when he wanted troops of a sudden; and the admirable military records of Connecticut, which have been so well printed and edited, show how Connecticut became ready to answer such appeals. When Washington was sure he must fortify New York, he sent the Connecticut General Ward, the same who had been at Louisburg, to garrison the city with his Connecticut men. It was Knowlton, who was killed within the limits of our Central Park, who led the Connecticut regiment that day of which Washington said in a general order that the behavior of this corps was worthy of any army in any time. My kinsman Hale belonged there, but he was in prison in New York, if indeed he were not already dead.

I forget which of the French gentlemen it is who tells that nice story about Greene's early training. Rochambeau, with a great staff, was riding across country when somebody's horse's feet wanted attention. So they stopped at a Connecticut town and sent for a blacksmith. While the blacksmith was at work some one asked Rochambeau what he "did ter hum." Now the truth is that in times of peace a French maréchal of Louis XVI.'s Court did not do much after he had fanned young ladies or offered snuff to princes. But Rochambeau answered that he was a Maréchal de France. Then the curious Yankee followed up his questioning by asking what maréchal meant, and some very bright English-speaking man on the staff answered that maréchal meant blacksmith. This pleased the Yankee. "It's an excellent trade," he said; "it's an excellent trade. Our General Greene is a blacksmith."

I have intimated in another article that if you will go up into northwest Connecticut, into the neighborhood of Canaan Falls, you will find Asaph Hall, the same who discovered the moons of Mars, and he will show you the glories of hills and valleys and waterfalls on this earth. If you will spend a week or two at Norwich—they call it the Rose City—you will find a group of charming people who would never let me name them, and you would have a chance to see how an independent town governs itself and how all the delights of the highest civilization may be found without the clatter and frills and smoke and dust of a great city. In Hartford, as I said, or in New Haven, men say that you can get more out of life in twenty-four hours than you can anywhere else in the world. This is sure, that in either of these places, if you sigh for a crowd, you may go to New York in three hours. If you sigh for the wilderness, the White Mountains and the Adirondacks are not much farther away.

I was at New Haven on the second centennial of the beginning of the college. It was a good time to see the matchless loyalty of the different classes as they made rendezvous in their old home. Wherever you meet these men it is interesting to see how they really think that there is no other university in the world than theirs. They have a fine quotation from something in an original document which says that the college is created "for the bringing up of men who may be of service to the State."[1] I was pleased the other day when, in trying to find out something about their Governor Hopkins, one of the patrons of Harvard College while there was yet no Yale College, I found the same expression. He died in 1659 in London, and in his will endowed some New England academies and gave to Harvard College the money with which to this hour she gives the Deturs every year to deserving pupils. Worthy remark, is it not, that the money which he left, which was distributed to the legatees about the time of the Treaty of Utrecht, now yields one hundred per cent. annually for the uses of this trust? Remember this, ye gentlemen of Connecticut who live at home at ease, when you send down for your friend to ride up from his office and make your will. Men die, but universities, they have a good chance to live. There are many Hopkinses in America. I wish that some one of them would tell me where our Governor Edward Hopkins was born—not in Shrewsbury, as Cotton Mather said he was.



Jno Trumbull

"There was, strictly speaking, no revolution in Connecticut. . . . Governor Trumbull was chosen as every other Governor had been chosen . . . from the beginning."

It was thirty years ago that one of the most distinguished graduates of Yale College said to me that it had a great advantage over other institutions because it pleased the Lord God always to send into the world exactly the right

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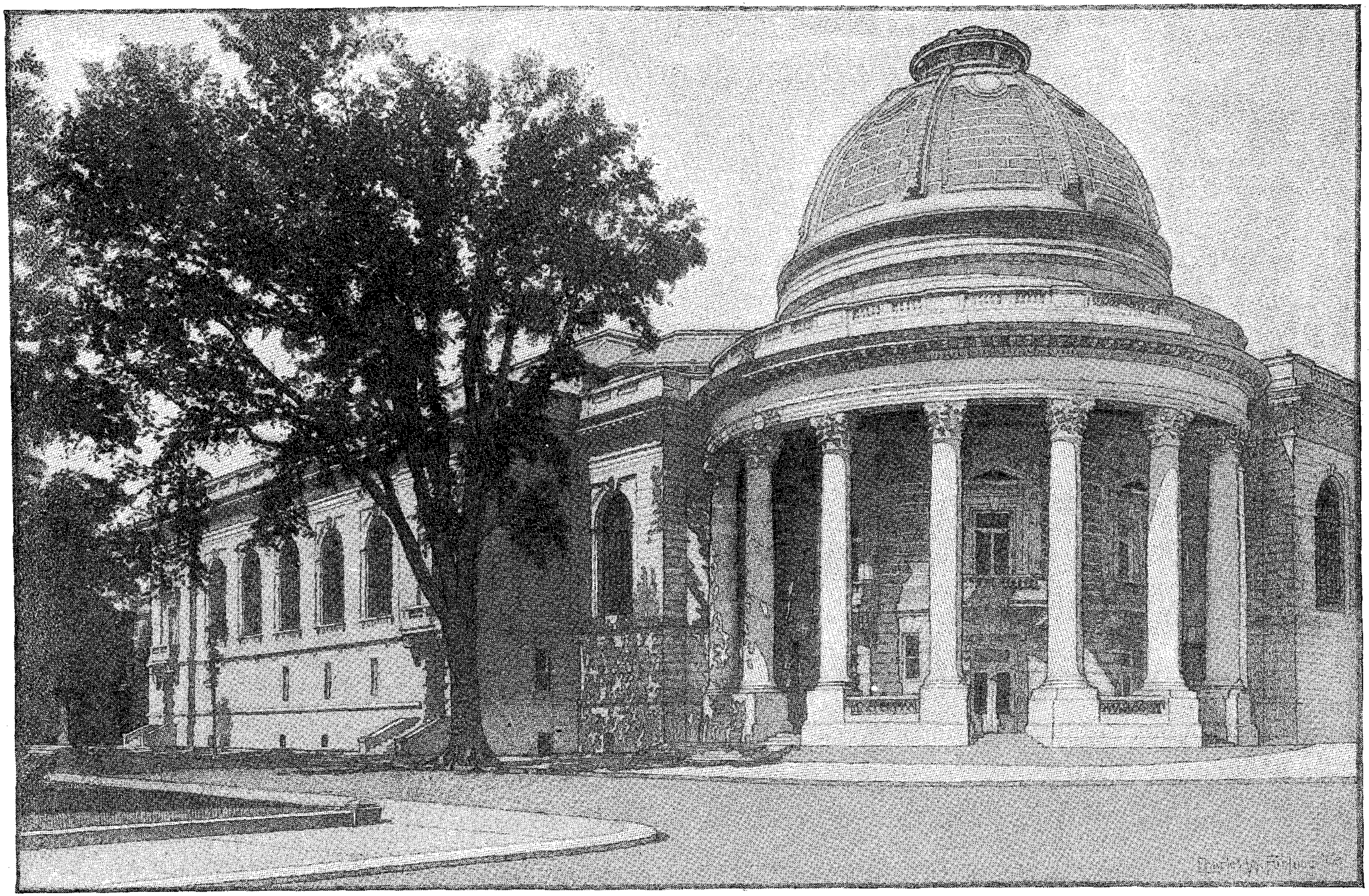
[1] Cromwell, in giving counsel for the education of his sons, speaks of service to the State as one of the purposes to be kept in mind.



THE YALE BICENTENNIAL BUILDING

person to be president at precisely the time when he was needed. This prophecy of his has been confirmed as the generation has gone by.

I was about to say that I had two grandfathers in Yale College in the seventies of the eighteenth century. Nathan Hale, whose statue looks out on Broadway, was not my grandfather. He never had any children, but he was the brother of my grandfather Enoch Hale, and they were together in college. Nathan Hale was only a little more than a year younger than my grandfather. I have the letter in which their father, Richard Hale, told them that their mother had made cloth enough for their winter clothes and one of them might ride over to Coventry to be measured for both. Nathan Hale took a leading part in the "Beggar's Opera" when his society acted it before the college government of that day. The tradition says that his notes for that mysterious visit to New York which ended his life were written in Latin, and that he had appeared in New York as a Connecticut schoolmaster.

My children have a great many more Yale ancestors than I. Bright and wise men go to Hartford for their wives, and I followed that good example. So Lyman Beecher comes into our line, and so is it that the later Beechers, who did their duty so well a generation ago, are Connecticut born or bred. I do not remember if this story of Roxana Beecher has ever slipped into print. When she and her husband were young married people on Long Island, the father of one of her pupils gave to her what I suppose was the Edinburgh Cyclopædia as a present. When the young family moved up into the mountains of Litchfield County, the cyclopædia went with them. When the first winter revealed to them the severities of that high altitude, Mrs. Beecher studied the pictures of Russian stoves in the cyclopædia and constructed the first of such comforts for the parsonage. As I write these words I remember that John Pierpont, the poet, who moved from Litchfield to Boston at about that time, invented a new stove which he put upon the market, and when the ecclesiastical council was called to determine whether he had or had not done things which a minister should not do, the invention of this stove came in among the complaints of his enemies. Ministers ought not to invent stoves any more than they ought to write poems for theaters. Yet I remember in later days Dr. Bushnell invented a stove and no one took exception. If you want to have a pleasant summer home and at the same time be within an easy ride of New York, you will not go wrong if you look up a house in that Litchfield. The famous Gunnery is not far away. The wonderful waterfall at Bashbish is not far away. I believe that is within the present line of New York. It was once in what they called Boston Corner and was part of Massachusetts. But as no Massachusetts sheriff could arrest a man in Boston Corner without having to carry him through New York or Connecticut as they went to the jail, Boston Corner seemed likely to become a place without law, and we Massachusetts people gladly added it to the territory of New York, though we have not much territory to spare.

New England's first war, one is sorry to say, was in Connecticut, and the savage for the first time knew who his master was when the train-bands of Massachusetts stormed the palisades at Mystic.

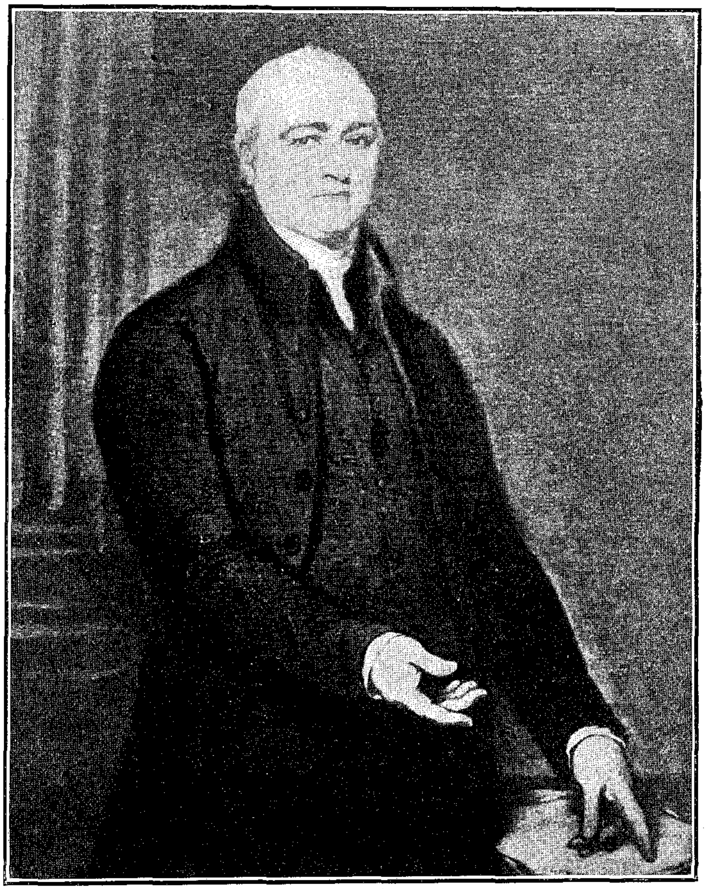
Old Dr. Dwight, President of Yale College, wrote the first guide-book of New England, and that is excellent reading to this day. In early life, when he was in his poetical vein, he wrote "The Conquest of Canaan," and when Washington and the army were besieging Boston in 1775 and '76 the Yale College tutor came to camp and modestly asked the different gentlemen there to subscribe for the printing of his poem. My great-uncle, Nathan Hale, was there, a lieutenant on Winter Hill. He had told his men that they should have all his pay as bounties if they would enlist when their terms expired. But all the same he subscribed for "The Conquest of Canaan." Alas! before the book came to the press Hale was dead. Dear Dr. Dwight, as he was to be, wrote in these additional lines in memory of his pupil-patron:

> "So, when fair Science strove in vain to save,
> Hale, doubly generous, found an early grave."

In the same poem, I forget how, Dr. Dwight brings in the Connecticut River. How it got into "The Conquest of Canaan" is not of much importance, but it is here that he says:

> "No watery gleams through fairer valleys shine,
> Nor drinks the sea a lovelier stream than thine."

At that moment the only streams which he could have seen were the North River, the Pawtuxet River, the Charles River, and possibly the Merrimac. But we will grant him a poet's privilege, and even if we have seen a thousand other streams drunk up by the sea, we will stand by Dr. Dwight.



Timothy Dwight

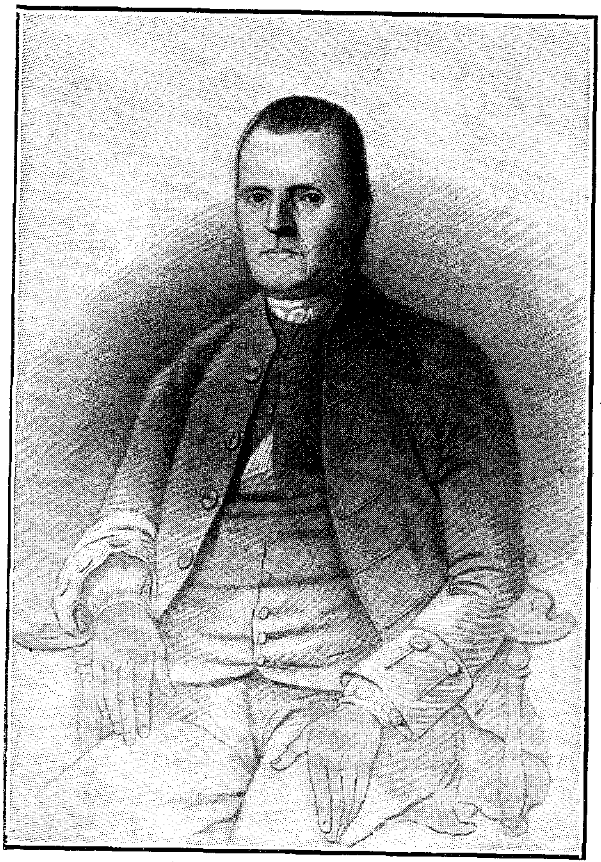
"Dear Dr. Dwight is more often spoken of now as the President of the University than as the leading poet of his time."

I am afraid that dear Dr. Dwight is more often spoken of now as the President of the University than as the leading poet of his time. But Connecticut people in particular and their descendants of two, three, and four generations ought not forget his verses. As I go over the Central New England Railway I am almost sorry to see that Stafford Springs is becoming a great manufacturing town. But the dear old hotel where the invalids of a century ago retired in their own carriages with their own spans of horses and their own negro drivers is still extant, and, if you will ask at the right place, they will show you the signboard which used to be displayed over the bath-house with this verse of Dr. Dwight's:

> "O health, thou dearest source of bliss to man,

I woo thee here, here at this far-famed
Spring.
Oh, may I ere long welcome thy return!
Irradiate my countenance with thy beams,
And plant thy roses on my pallid cheeks!"

To tell the whole truth, I never think of Dr. Dwight as the theologian encountering Voltaire and Volney in the lists of battle, but as a dear old poet with the roses of Stafford Springs beaming on his cheeks once pallid.



Roger Sherman

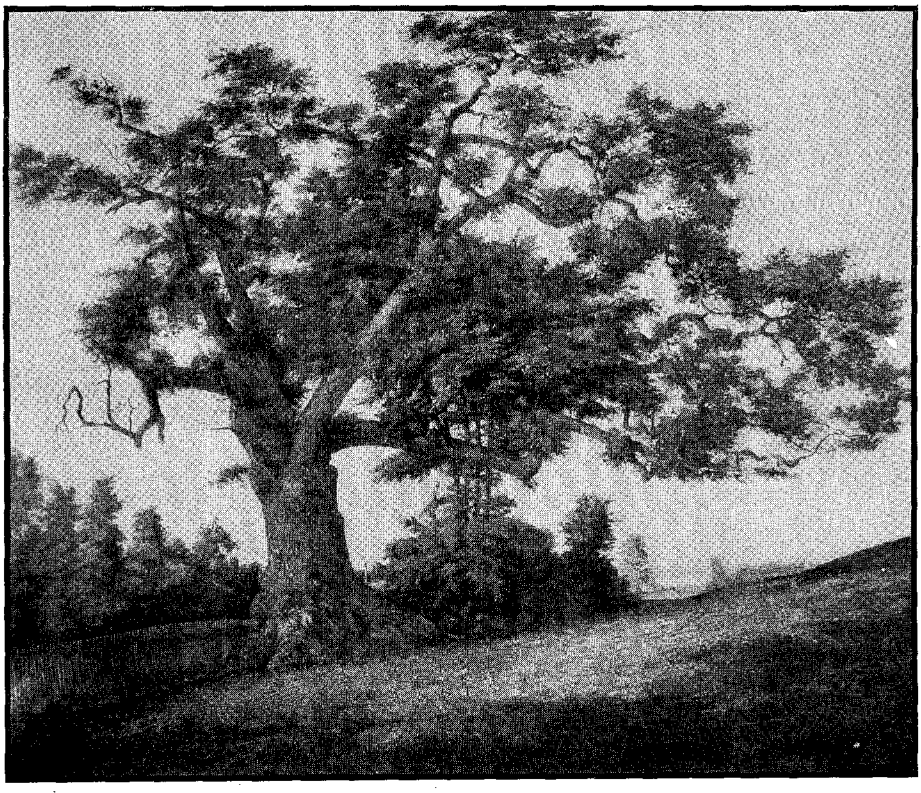
"Every central suggestion in the American Constitution . . . is the suggestion of this shoemaker, Roger Sherman."

Maynard, the accomplished creator of the school of agriculture at Amherst, said to me once that whenever Massachusetts wanted to raise her own breadstuffs, she could do it in the valley of the Connecticut; and I do not dare say how much leaf tobacco the valley of the Connecticut will send to the market this year—the best, I believe, that the market will have to offer. They are just now trying their experiments of raising it, so to speak, under canvas.

It is to us people who live in Massachusetts Bay an interesting thing to see that from the very beginning we have depended on the West for our bread. "Give us this day our daily bread, Good God, and we will send for it wherever thou shalt require." Our first Governor, John Winthrop, had to send back for meal and corn by the very ships which brought him and his. They arrived in England in a time really of famine. But they executed their orders. They bought meal of different grades in the highest market of that day and despatched the John and Mary as promptly as might be. In the John and Mary, by the way, arrived a certain Robert Hale to whom this writer is much obliged, and a certain Roger Williams. The John and Mary came up the Bay when a Fast day had been ordered by the Board of Assistants. She broke open her hatches—and the Board ordered the Fast day changed to a Thanksgiving day, the first Thanksgiving day known in the Bay. That lesson was enough for Winthrop, and with that spring (1631) he sent the first trading shallops into this valley of the Connecticut to buy for us the grain which he would turn into meal for feeding his fifteen hundred people for the next year. And from that day to this day the Bay has bought its breadstuffs from the West. Just now I think an occasional car-load slips in from California. I know that Ventura County in Southern California supplies the baked beans for my Sunday morning breakfast.

This, then, is the history of the Connecticut Valley. And to this valley as early as 1634 such men as Hopkins and Haynes and Hooker and the first pioneers of Hartford crossed the wilderness of Massachusetts. Three weeks the journey took, which I take when I choose in three hours.

I wish some of that bright set of people that they have in Hartford would take time enough this winter to write for us a good history of their "littery fellows," the circle of wit and learning and men of letters who lived in Hartford a hundred years ago. Why should not Professor McCook or Dr. Ferguson or dear Mr. Clemens or Arthur Perkins or his sister retire into their inward consciousness and go into Miss Hewins's charming inner room or rummage in the manuscripts of the alcoves of the Wadsworth and tell us more about those bright men who wrote such bright things between 1790 and 1815? That capital ballad, "Franklin one night, cold, freezing to the skin," was printed in the Hartford "Courant" of that time. Really, it would not be beneath the notice



THE CHARTER OAK AT HARTFORD

From a lithograph after the painting by C. D. W. Brownell, in the possession of the Hon. Marshall Jewell of the Hartford "Courant" to unveil to us some of the secrets of Connecticut literature a hundred years ago.

They are always having picturesque things turn up in Connecticut. There is not in history anything more dramatic than the story of the Amistad which worked itself to the dénouement here. The Amistad was a slave ship. She had brought from Africa to Havana a cargo of negroes. At Havana some Spanish planter bought the cargo, pretty much as it stood, made perhaps some additions there, and they were to be carried in the Amistad to his plantation. The poor fellows had had enough of slave ships, and they rose on the Portuguese crew and turned the tables. The blacks were in command and the whites were the prisoners. Then where were they to go? Some divine inspiration, I do not know what, bade them steer north. They understood American politics better than Mr. Van Buren did at that time, and they knew that North meant freedom. So they sailed north and north and north till a revenue cutter stumbled upon them off Long Island and brought them into a Connecticut harbor.

Who says there is no Providence when he reads that Connecticut farmers received these poor waifs struggling to be free? Well, things were not then just what they are now. Mr. Van Buren, a Northern man with Southern principles, was President. He hated to bid his Connecticut marshal set these people free. He did his very best to have them returned to Cuba. Say what you like to-day about him and his, you have to account for that Amistad business somehow. But thanks to King Alfred and Runnymede, John Davenport and Hooker here in Connecticut, we have something which is called habeas corpus, and so our Amistad negroes can sue out their habeas corpus in a Connecticut court, and so Martin Van Buren and the whole Southern crew will be put to trial. And Roger Sherman Baldwin—a good name for the business, and John Quincy Adams, a name as good—had to defend the right of freedom in all the courts. And so at last it comes to Washington, and the crisis comes before the Supreme Court. Send over to the Public Library and get John Quincy Adams's diary, which tells the story of that trial. Adams had not appeared in court since he was a youngster. Now he had the freedom of fifty-three men to maintain, and he had a court half of whom had been appointed by such men as Van Buren and Jackson liked to put into it—Southern men with Southern principles. The morning comes of the day of decision, and as John Quincy Adams rises from his bed they bring him a newspaper which announces to him that the night before one of the leading Southern judges has died of apoplexy. In that death the balance of the Court is changed, and the fifty-three black men were set free. Their children are freemen to-day in the valley of the Congo. Let one of my young friends who wants a theme for a tragedy try his hand on this story.

Do not tell me that what Mrs. Richmond says of workshops does not admit of poetry or dramatic incident. Take such an invention as that of Goodyear's india-rubber, born, bred, and perfected here in Connecticut. Find somebody to tell you the story of the growth of that mustard-seed into comfort for the whole earth, so that the Norwegian girl who is picking her way across a peat bog at the head of a fjord would bless Mr. Goodyear and his wife and his children if she knew to whom she owed her dry feet of that morning. Go over to Salisbury and wake up some of the memories of the times when they stamped our first copper cents, or when Knox bade them cast cannon and they did so. They say dear Roger Sherman was a shoemaker. I do not know, but I do know that every central suggestion in the American Constitution, "the wisest work of men's hands that was ever struck off in so short a time," is the suggestion of this shoemaker, Roger Sherman.

There is a kind of promptness about these people which comes out in the most charming way in history. As it happened, and I have always been glad of it, I was in the room with Grant when somebody told him a story how, six months before Lexington, General Gage seized a powder-house of ours in sight of Beacon Hill, and how the news ran like wildfire down into Connecticut, and how, without any order from any Governor, the freemen of the town in which Grant's grandfather lived marched to the relief of Boston, and how his grandfather was among them. That is the sort of story which you can pick up any day in any town, if you will go to the right person and if you care about the realities of history. Take Pomfret and Israel Putnam. What boy does not remember the wolf's den? Pomfret is well known by hundreds of people who find it a pleasant summer home, as well as by other hundreds who live there. The cave in which Israel Putnam killed the wolf is still a cave where a wolf could be killed if a man with a gun entered behind him. And who is there of imaginative turn who will be much distressed if it prove that a hundred and fifty years have somewhat exaggerated the perils of the position?

Why one of the early Hales went to Connecticut I do not know. All I do know is that in 1634 people whose name begins with H went over and established Hartford; and now I know that if you go to Glastonbury you will be glad to make a visit to the great peach plantation of Howard Hale, whose peaches one or two hundred thousand of my readers have eaten since last June.

In the Civil War we had in New England a little company of men who were, so to speak, the "literary bureau" of the time. I could set type and was son of an editor, so it was my good fortune to sit in their councils, and another person who sat in their councils was a man named Ralph Waldo Emerson. Well! pretty much every Connecticut man who was worth his salt was off with Hawley and the rest lugging a musket around Florida or somewhere else among our old masters. So the political canvass in Connecticut of that summer devolved on old gentlemen who were too old to lug muskets. And so it was that the literary bureau had its part to play, and so it was that Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote two little tracts for that canvass. One of them is a very good picture of what we gain in daily life because there is no custom-house at the frontier of every State. Look among your old pamphlets, my dear cousins, and find that tract without the author's name. It is by the "Buddha of the West," the "New England Plato."

THE STORY OF A BROKEN MINIATURE

BY ARTHUR COLTON

SOMEWHAT earlier than the middle of the last century Jacob Sutton lived in the city of Hamilton, in the large brick house on Temple Square, the second from the northeast corner. You will know it by the four big pillars, reaching to the roof, and by the side garden, which is shut from the street by a brick wall. You will notice, also, a small wooden door in the garden wall.

Jacob Sutton's name will not be found so frequently in the current histories of the State as in the history of the Whig party during its swift decline—a fact which has little bearing here, save that the impression one gains from such records and testimony as may be met with is that he was, on that side of him at least, a tortuous person. His portrait in daguerreotype shows a man with a long chin and stocky figure.

Of his only child, Madeline, some description is extant at the hand of one Thaddeus Bourne, who admired her, and yet not altogether blindly. Underneath his wordy and sentimental decorations one discerns the image of a girl in appearance fragile, but elate and resolute, and of singular charm. Further than this there is the Clovelly miniature. It is an oval, with the enamel cracked across, and the silver filigree frame bent back and broken on one side. The

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frame seems to be of old Flemish workmanship.

Clovelly, the painter, came back from Paris and settled in Hamilton in 1841. His was an uncertain, not to say a meager, profession, in that simple community. He was small and slight, with ascetic, irregular features, but muscular, high shoulders, and very bright amber-brown eyes. I suppose there is no doubt now that he was one of the foremost miniature painters of his day. Thaddeus Bourne, a half-century later, was an enthusiastic advocate of his. As emphatically he seemed to dislike the man, yet he had this to add, that his long perusal of this miniature had led him to a profound belief in Clovelly's love of Madeline, a belief forced upon him, indeed, much against the grain. Naturally, it was against the grain.

Did Thaddeus then only read into it his own recollection and fancies? Or had Clovelly actually put into three inches of glazed space all those subtleties of his love? seeming to say in effect:

"Here I painted my soul, in this throat so slender, these eyes so expectant of love to come down spiraling from heaven, while in fact it was creeping upward at her feet."

It was of course something of an object for Thaddeus if he could prove that he owned the finest Clovelly miniature extant.

Nature and fortune are terms much quibbled over by two cheerful maidens in a Shakespearean play, to the conclusion that the gifts of nature are kept only by permission of fortune. By nature we are started in life, and nature waits round about us; but for our galloping careers, our jostling through business and society, they are the charge and interest of fortune, until at last, possibly, when nature has stirred up a tempest on the deep, by fortune we happen to be there, and by fortune are drowned, and by nature, in slow sea changes, are absorbed.

But, indeed, life is a hasty and inconsequent teller of tales. It handles both terms so loosely that one suspects it of holding the distinction between them in some contempt.

It was by such contemptuous mixture, in the matter of this miniature, that Jacob Sutton's successful speculations in fortune during the year 1843 gave his nature a fit of generosity toward Madeline. He showered her with gifts. Madeline's nature was moved to a warm gratitude. What present could she make him that would please him? By fortune she was shown a Clovelly miniature. By her nature she set out promptly in search of Clovelly's obscure, cold garret studio, By fortune she found him at his nature's lowest ebb of hope, sitting sick at heart under a rain-beaten skylight. The studio was hung with beautiful gray-blue tapestries that wavered sadly in the draughts. The painter wore a brown corduroy coat. He had a shock of black hair, a face charged with nervous expression, and yellow-brown eyes, very disconcerting.

"I want it for my father, Mr. Sutton of Temple Square."

"Yes, yes! Then I will make a sketch now. Just a line! And you will sit there. And lift your face. Ah, perfect! I will draw three—four lines."

He crouched muttering over his easel, while Madeline flushed and submitted. She had never seen a man before whose emotions were so leaping, so sudden and unreserved, who made such startling remarks as, "I will put love waking under your eyelids," in a kind of unconscious soliloquy; "What a throat! Sst! What a throat!"

The studio grew dusky with the late afternoon. The gray-blue tapestries stirred and whispered. Madeline shivered with the cold.

"I think I must go now," she said at last.

"Oh, forgive me! You are cold!" His prostrate penitence made her laugh, and they laughed together, and she went her way, but kept the secret of her enterprise from every one.

So in due time she had more than one secret to keep. The second she tried vainly to hide from herself. Clovelly was radiant or pathetic according as she came or went from time to time, and both of these out of mere unconscious transparency. He was first an interesting phenomenon, then absorbing, with his odd, half-foreign manners and tricks of gesture. He could not be persuaded to remember that the studio was cold. Madeline took the matter in her own hands, ordered the fuel and built the fire, and laughed at him; at last loved him, and denied it to her own accusation.

For Clovelly, and what the short October and November afternoons were to him—if he inscribed and told the story of it on that bit of enameled copper with a camel's-hair brush, with cobalt blue, violet of manganese, green and red oxides, and Cassius purple—why, then, perhaps he did. He finished it at length, beyond hope of further touching. The last furnace-firing was safely completed. He hung over it in despair.

"I can't let it go! I must keep it!"

Madeline said, "But I meant it for my father," and found herself in a tumultuous condition of tearfulness. Clovelly was at her feet, crushing her hands to his face, and crying, "I love you! I must keep it!"

In this way, by fortune and nature, it fell out that the miniature was painted, and never fell into Jacob Sutton's hands at all.

Madeline's nature being prompt, Jacob soon learned of the matter. It fell out by his own nature that, having stated his opposition, he took no further action for the time, except counsel with himself.

Thaddeus Bourne in 1843 called himself "the best groomed and tailored man in Hamilton," and was called by the venerable President of the Hamilton County Bank "a young man with an instinct for investment." His career had several catastrophes and recoveries, but at that period he was a phenomenon of prosperity. Yet he had come down from an up-country farm, and entered the Hamilton County Bank, as errand-boy, at the age of fourteen. At thirty he was a banking expert and a Beau Brummel; at eighty, a connoisseur and collector of miniatures and china.

No doubt he was a pleasant worldling at either stage, but for some reason worldliness sits less handsomely on the young than on the old, where it is as the lichen and the weather-stain, the more dignified insignia of time. A young man might have had—and no harm to him—a little more heady folly in the brain, a little less conscious mastery of himself, than Thaddeus was possessed of in 1843. But there need be no doubt of the honesty of his feeling toward Madeline and against Clovelly. I should not think it necessary to surmise that Jacob Sutton's wealth lay anywhere near the bottom of the matter in his mind. I should think that his nature may have gone out toward Madeline with all personal force.

It fell out by Thaddeus's nature, then, that about this time he came to Jacob Sutton and talked with him, as man to man, of his hope and his trouble.

"I must say," he confessed, "that Madeline does not seem lately to take that interest in me that I thought she once did, and that I do not give up the hope she will do."

"I like the good sense of your candor. I have no objections to you at all," Jacob said, and told him of Clovelly. Thaddeus sat some time in silence, swinging a slender cane in a smoothly gloved hand.

"I know Clovelly," he said at last. "I didn't know this."

Said Jacob: "As regards Madeline I am not wholly a selfish man. I have an opinion of this Clovelly. What is yours?"

"Biased now, of course. Such as it was, I thought him what my agricultural ancestry call 'small potatoes and few in the hill.'"

"Humph! I would feel justified," said Jacob, virtuously, "in taking any measures to break this affair. Madeline was considerate enough to confess this portrait was first intended for me. I haven't seen it. I have seen the man, and don't care to again. Madeline has a little money of her own. I'd be willing to cover the amount twice if she could be indirectly persuaded to see it as I do—indirectly enlightened, is my meaning, about this man. Do you think he could be bought?"

"He, or it?"

Jacob lifted inquiring eyebrows.

"If you try to buy that kind of a man outright," Thaddeus explained, "the wind generally blows him the wrong way. He sees himself dramatically, in the limelight of virtue. I don't think you could."

"You said 'it.'"

"Meaning the miniature. Clovelly is in debt, and the Pottery people are going to attach his tapestries, I hear. I hear they are valuable."

"Why," said Jacob, "I am not personally so hot after that portrait now. Suppose the man would sell it. Considering it was meant for me, would that effectively disclose him to her, in the way we desire? If not, I don't know that I care whether he would sell it to me or not."

"Not to you. To me."

"That seems to have another phase," said Jacob, after some silence. "Would he do it?"

"I think it would depend on how the lime-light was arranged."

Thaddeus arose a moment later, and added:

"I think I could arrange the lime-light. May I put the business through on my own account?"

"If you prefer."

Thaddeus left Temple Square, crossed Academy Street, and sought out Clovelly's studio, over toward the harbor, in one of the wooden houses of the old seaboard city. The painter was depressed, but grew more animated presently, when Thaddeus said:

"I hear you have finished a portrait of Miss Sutton."

"In miniature! You are interested! But you don't understand the miniature. Ah, heavens! It is full of sorrow, that process. You work, and then wait for the firing. You work again, and wait again. It is heartbreaking. How does one live through it? *Ne sais pas*, not I."

"It ought to be good."

"Good! It's a gem! Look! I will show you."

Thaddeus took it, examined, and laid it down slowly.

"Clovelly," he said, "I know all about you and Madeline Sutton."

"What is that!"

"Why, I know you've succeeded where I failed. It's the sober truth, I have to admit. Moreover, I know you're in debt, and the Pottery Company are going to attach your tapestries."

"Do you mean you will help me?" cried Clovelly, his thoughts veering suddenly.

"It would help you out, of course. But I warn you, I'm thinking of myself. A man in my position has to make what terms he can. I think it might do me some good. Besides, I think it would do Madeline some good. You must recollect that I loved her before you did."

"A moi! Shake my hand! It is because you have a noble nature! Why, those beasts would take my tapestries from me, that are necessary to me, to my art, my atmosphere! What do they know, the sacred fools!"

"They don't understand you. I think I understand that you depend on the tapestries for—for inspiration."

"No, no! But the nuance, the shade! It is as simple as that."

"Well, then, do you understand me?" Thaddeus paused a moment. "I'll give you a thousand dollars for the miniature."

Clovelly was furious.

"This is an insult!"

"Is it? I submit it to you. Put yourself in my situation. Suppose my situation is melancholy. Suppose I think the miniature would have a beneficial effect on that melancholy. Suppose I say to myself, 'Now, the nature of the artist is sensitive to the shades, "the nuances," of feeling. But is Clovelly an artist? No doubt of it.' Now, if you see in my wish to help you in your temporary trouble a certain delicacy or consideration, ask yourself what I would see in your allowing me my point? What except the proof of an artist's sensitive nature, his delicacy or consideration? I submit it to you. Isn't it a tribute, a recognition, an expectation on my part, that I shall find in you a sympathetic nature, responsive to the finer organs of sentiment? Where is the offense?"

Thaddeus was imperturbable and deliberate. Clovelly fluttered to and fro, crying:

"There is none! Of course there is none! But let me think!"

"Think, of course. Come and see me at home. You'll find me in this afternoon."

He went out, and, going further toward the harbor, came to the furnaces of the Pottery Company, and found in the office an official at a desk. Thaddeus said:

"If you'll serve Clovelly with notice of that attachment this afternoon, I think you may get the cash to-morrow."

"You do! Where'll he get it?"

"Possibly from me."

He went home to wait for Clovelly, who came about six, in a whirlwind of anger, and departed consoled and triumphant.

At eight o'clock Thaddeus entered Jacob Sutton's library. From there he went presently, side by side with Jacob, into the drawing-room, where Madeline sat by the window looking out past the white pillars into the night and the garden, into which a street lamp cast a dim light over the garden wall on beds of dead flower-stems and leafless shrubs. Thaddeus held the miniature in his hand.

"Madeline," he said, "I purchased this of Mr. Clovelly this afternoon. It seems that he was in debt and in danger of losing his tapestries, which, it seems, are necessary to his creative moods. I don't feel that I have the privilege of keeping it. May I have the privilege of giving it to you? You can return it to him if you like."

Madeline turned white. She did not look at the miniature, but at Thaddeus, who went on slowly:

"May I have also the privilege of being just to Mr. Clovelly? I put it upon the ground of my love for you, and my loss of you, and my need of consolation. His artistic or dramatic nature is such that he, very kindly, consented to feel for me. Incidentally, this was fortunate for his tapestries. I would give everything I own for the right to keep it, but the right to keep it cannot be bought for a price."

"He—sold it—to you! Why?"

"I'm not in Mr. Clovelly's confidence. He may have his reserves. I understood him to say that his tapestries were necessary to his happiness."

"Why—did you buy it?"

"I have my reserves too, Madeline. But I understood that you thought his happiness was necessary to yours."

"Did you say you were willing I should give it back to him?"

"Perfectly."

She went to the window, and stood looking out, shading her eyes from the lamplight within the room.

"We've whipped him!" murmured Jacob to Thaddeus.

"Come with me," Madeline said, suddenly.

She tore open the veranda door, and ran out into the garden.

"Your shawl, my dear," said Jacob.

They followed her, and found Clovelly, wrapped in his cloak, walking to and fro among the leafless shrubbery. He saw the three come out, and stopped with an exclamation. He was near the garden wall. Madeline held out the miniature in her open hand.

"Did you sell this to Mr. Bourne?"

"Oh, yes! I will explain."

"You needn't. He gives it back to you."

It flashed in the lamplight past his face, struck the brick wall, and fell among the dead flower-stalks.

Jacob said, "Good!"

Clovelly cried, "I'm tricked! Madeline! I thought you'd understand!"

"I understand very well."

"You don't, you don't! Oh, understand this! The miniature, what of that? I have had the doing of it, which was my joy. I would give a wilderness of miniatures—was it a portrait of you that I loved? Bah! What, then, did I love? A woman who betrays me."

"You might drop the dramatics," said Thaddeus. "The footlights are out."

Clovelly cried: "Judge between you and me, Thaddeus Bourne, which of us feigns and hides himself in a rôle. You come to me. You are squeamish of an outright lie—one lie yourself from head to foot. I speak as I paint, what I feel—instant when I feel it, and true. By heaven, I'll shout it if I choose!"

"Not here, if you please," said Jacob.

Clovelly stormed on: "Your contempt for me, sir! Bah! That for your opinion of me, good or bad! You! Oh, you, who in business, in politics, in society, you overreach and mask and pretend; who, in love, are money-changers in the temple! What have I to do with all you tricksters? I go back to my art, which is true. There is no other true speech than art."

He turned and rushed out through the door in the garden wall. Madeline gave a great wail and ran after, crying, "I understand! Wait for me!"

Somewhere beyond he waited, and their steps receded together.

"Great God!" said Jacob Sutton, "he's whipped us!"

Thaddeus's opinion fifty years after confirmed the victory as sufficient. He added: "Sutton admitted it, and behaved handsomely toward them. I picked the miniature out of the weeds by the wall as you see it. As to my part in the business, the opinion you are too courteous to express is also my own. Further, I acknowledge that my interest in and my understanding of art arose, in the first place, from the study of this miniature and from the endeavor to understand what Clovelly meant by the opinion which he expressed so forcibly in Jacob Sutton's garden."

Thaddeus's feeling toward Clovelly and Madeline may have taken on a certain aroma of memory and meditation with the passage of years. Was the portrait so great a masterpiece of delicate feeling? It may be that he spoke as a collector, wishing to prove himself the owner of the finest of the Clovelly miniatures.

THE APPRENTICE

BY CHARLES P. CLEAVES

God took my tools away,
  Bade me seek better.
Where I would carve a scroll,
  Said, "Carve a letter;"
When I had wrought in haste,
  Said, "It is vain;"
When I had done my best,
  Said, "Try again."

Is this thy way, O Lord?
  So let it be!
By part to purpose led,
  I shall know Thee!
Though much I count of worth
  Fall to thy fire,
Ever I hear thy voice—
  "Son, come up higher!"

Comment on Current Books

A Garden in Pink

The author, Blanche Elizabeth Wade, tells, with not a little cheerful badinage, the efforts of a lady (addressed as "The Best of All" by her husband, who in turn is called "The Other One") to turn an Italian formal garden into one which should be pink, and naught but pink, in its bloom. The influence of Elizabeth of the German Garden is evident, but not excessively so. The book is prettily adorned and decorated, but its best pictorial feature consists of the little photograph reprints fastened loosely to the pages. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

A Self-Supporting Home

In this book Kate V. Saint Maur relates how she (and incidentally her husband, though he was engaged in business in the city) made a small farm of twelve acres pay for itself and provide them a delightful country home. It is a very practical and helpful book for the amateur farmer or even for the country dweller whose gardening does not rise to the dignity of farming. It has particular value for the beginner in that the author was a city woman who had to learn by experience, so that she knows how to help others avoid the mistakes which she made. Many excellent photographs add to the usefulness of the book. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75, net.)

Burma

A well-printed and peculiarly well-illustrated book is that in which—in not too original or vivid phrase—Mr. Talbot Kelly records some characteristic features of his thirty-five-hundred-mile journey in Burma. The most interesting feature of the volume, so it seems to us, is our opportunity in it to be well informed about the average Burman. In him we find conceit and indolence, but we also find grace, beauty, affection, respect for age, and a disposition towards giving entire liberty to women. (The Macmillan Company, New York. Illustrated. $6.)

China and Her People

The late Colonel Charles Denby was an interesting type of the American gentleman, scholar, soldier, and diplomat. In the Civil War he commanded an Indiana regiment. Though a Democrat in politics, he was for thirteen years, through Republican as well as Democratic administrations, the American Minister to China. During that period the critical war with Japan occurred; it was brought to a close largely by Colonel Denby's skill in conducting the preliminaries of peace. Such a length and distinction of service is rare in American diplomatic history. Colonel Denby made good use of the unusual opportunities for observation which he enjoyed, and for absorption of the Oriental spirit and way of looking at things. His judgment as to Chinese characteristics was remarkably unprejudiced, and hence his opinions are well worthy of record; indeed, they have permanent value. The two well-printed volumes—attractive in appearance and light to the hand—containing his reminiscences are specially interesting in their reports of the war of 1895 and of the Boxer outbreak of 1900; the editor adds a chapter on the Russo-Japanese war, as it affected China. Concerning American relations with the Far East, it should be stated that from the start Colonel Denby was the protagonist of the Open Door; in his last days he realized with keen satisfaction that his own position had, under the wise direction of John Hay, become the American policy with regard to China. (L. C. Page & Co., Boston. In 2 vols.)

Conversations with Christ

Conversation is a revealer of character, photographing the personality behind the face of each interlocutor. The present study of the conversations of Jesus with his questioners is intent on the revelation of the ideas and ideals that constituted his and their personality and its character. Such titles as "Religious Conservatives," "Ritualists," "Positivists," indicate the practical bearing of this study of ancient types upon their modern similars. As a study it has the merit of freshness and insight; it is the product of a cultured and vigorous mind, intellectually and spiritually strong. The author prefers to designate himself simply as the author of "The Faith of a Christian," a work favorably known. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.)

I. N. R. I.: A Prisoner's Story of the Cross

Peter Rosegger was the son of peasants in the Styrian Alps, and taught himself to read and write after he was twenty. He has written many volumes of poetry, short stories, and novels, whose naïve simplicity of style have gained for them a wide popularity among German readers. "I. N. R. I." is the story of the life of Christ, purporting to be told by a peasant carpenter under sentence of death for having killed a high official of the State. The author confines himself in the main to the Biblical narrative, although he weaves in incidents from traditions and legends. The story is told simply and colloquially, but with reserve and dignity. The translation is by Elizabeth Lee. (McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. Illustrated. $1.50.)

In the Country of Jesus It is a far cry from the exuberant Mathilde Serao's "Fantasia" to her "Nel Paese di Gesu." One leaves the brilliant, graphic, but slightly morbid and abnormal delineator of Italian contemporaneous society for one who returns to the bosom of Mother Church "with a rush," so to speak; one who unquestionably accepts conventionalized history and tradition. The book was written a dozen years ago. Mr. Davey's translation is admirable for Anglo-Saxon readers, for he admits that in his work he has lopped off certain extravagant expressions. Extravagant or not, however, Mathilde Serao is seldom uninteresting. The book is well printed, but poorly illustrated. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2, net.)

Japanese Child Life The color pictures by Alice Mar are not only pretty, but are really extraordinary in richness yet restraint as to tint and in true fitness as to the subject, to Japanese character, and to Oriental humanity. One looks at all these large and beautiful plates more than once before turning to the verses and stories by Alice Calhoun Haines, which, one may almost say, illustrate the pictures rather than are illustrated by them. The writer's work is also well done; the stories and little poems have grace, quaintness, and charm. (The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.50.)

John Fletcher Hurst When the subject of this biography, at the age of twenty-two, postponed immediate marriage and settlement in the ministry to go abroad for study at the University of Halle, he became the pioneer of broad learning among American Methodists. It was natural that the crowning work of his life should be the founding, thirty-five years later, of the American University at Washington, "the joy of Methodism." His library, which after his death brought at auction $15,000 above its cost, evidenced his genius. His "History of Rationalism," "History of the Christian Church," "History of Methodism," and other works have made him widely known. His biographer, the Rev. Albert Osborn, once his pupil, afterwards his co-worker, gives the story of a noble and inspiring life, partly as revealed autobiographically in journal and correspondence, partly as recorded by associates and by the course of its events. "Our Melanchthon," a phrase by which Bishop Hurst was once introduced on a public occasion, is a sufficient introduction of the reader to his biography. (Eaton & Mains, New York. $2, net.)

New Creations in Plant Life Much has been written in the newspapers and the magazines about the work of Luther Burbank, who has accomplished such wonderful results in the breeding of plants and the improvement of old species and the creation of new species of fruits, flowers, and vegetables. This volume by W. S. Harwood, however, contains the most complete and comprehensive account of Mr. Burbank's great achievements, his methods of work, and his personality. The things that he has done are little short of miraculous, and not the least miraculous phase of his work is that he has accomplished in a few years what it takes Nature, unaided, generations and centuries to bring about. He has made a daisy six inches in diameter, that will grow anywhere from the Arctic Circle to the Equator; a potato that is recognized as the best in the world; a fruit, made by crossing the potato and the tomato, which grows upon the potato plant, and which is "fine eaten raw out of hand, delicious when cooked, and excellent as a preserve." He has bred a calla lily with the perfume of a violet; a dahlia with its disagreeable odor replaced by the fragrance of the magnolia; the plumcot, which is a combination of the plum and the apricot; a plum without a pit; blackberries without thorns; a complete list of his creations would fill pages. Perhaps his most remarkable achievement is the creation of the thornless edible cactus, which promises to redeem our desert lands by providing a crop which will grow without irrigation and will furnish palatable, nutritious food for cattle and for man. Mr. Burbank's personality is no less interesting than his achievements, and Mr. Harwood describes both with enthusiasm and admiration. His book is eminently readable, and illustrated with fine photographs. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75, net.)

Sir Joshua Reynolds's Lectures All students of art ought to read, as a matter of course, Sir Joshua Reynolds's lectures delivered to the students of the Royal Academy, and additional and valuable instruction may be found in Mr. Roger Fry's introduction and notes to the lectures, published in the present volume. As such text and criticism deserve, the volume is well printed. It has a special timeliness, too, coming so soon after the publication of the biographies of the great president of the Academy by Mr. Boulton and by Sir Walter Armstrong. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50, net.)

Sir Toady Crusoe As Mr. S. R. Crockett reminds us with too insistent frequency, this baby hero has already been introduced to young readers as "Sir Toady Lion." His pranks and willfulness plunge him constantly into adventures, and his good luck, aided by the love of all womanhood for a lisping little child, bring him safely out. He is an amusing if improbable little chap, but other children will certainly learn from him neither good English nor good manners. (The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.50.)

The Early History of the Kingship Its title does not reveal the fascinating character of Dr. J. G. Frazer's lectures on this topic. The narrative of the seven kings of primitive Rome, which since Niebuhr's time has been regarded as legendary, is here furnished with a fair foundation in fact. Dr. Frazer's road to this is through an extensive study of magic among primitive peoples, starting with the story of King Numa's trysts with the nymph Egeria. In this line of original research he reaches the conclusion that "the old Latin kings appear to have been regarded as sons of the fire god by Vestal Virgins, who were believed to be the god's wives." For classical scholars this representation of the Vestals as virgin mothers possesses peculiar interest. Dr. Frazer's wide knowledge both of primitive folk-lore and of classical archæology and literature combine to give strong support to his theory that it was as sagacious magicians rather than as valiant warriors that men first gained kingship. The current theory that it was through brawn, not brain, that kingship arose he scouts as built on the fancy of armchair philosophy. Not often nowadays does one come upon so ingenious a piece of original study as these lectures. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.)

The Heart of Lady Anne This is a new eighteenth century tale of romance, gayety, and gallantry, by Agnes and Egerton Castle. It is slighter than "The Pride of Jennico" or even "The Bath Comedy," but still has, in a less degree, something of the sparkle and liveliness of the authors' former work. A coquettish young bride from France, who tries her husband's patience almost to its limits, is in the end conquered by his manliness, resource, and personal courage at time of need, and finds after all that a country squire is supportable. (The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.50.)

The Inspiration of Our Faith Though Dr. John Watson has lately retired from his pulpit, he still preaches through the printed page. Long may he preach through such volumes as this. Here the ethical and the inspirational are happily blended, as elsewhere in his writings. It is characteristic of Dr. Watson to say, "It is a wholesome change in ethics from the modern hymns to the Old Testament Psalms. . . . If the soldier of Christ wishes to brace himself for strenuous living and the discharge of daily duty, he can hardly find a hymn to make the blood move in his veins. He turns with satisfaction to Psalm i." Professor Coe in his "Spiritual Life" has touched upon the same defect in current hymnody. Yet even Dr. Watson draws a line between morality and religion. The Bible does not thus divide the unity of a godly life. Tradition and custom pull morality to a lower level than religion. But if the Christian ideal of morality gives the true definition of the word, it should be decisive to point to the Master, in whom morality and religion are seen fused together, one and inseparable. (A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. $1.25.)

The Old Missions of California In domestic and religious architecture there is a deserved and increasing popularity of what we have come to call the Mission Style. It is particularly adapted to structures which are to be built with special solidity. To architects and to those interested in architecture Mr. George Wharton James's book will be of interest. It comprises a great fund of information as to the history, architecture, and ornamentation of the old Franciscan mission buildings of California, and their influence upon present-day developments. Mr. James tells the story of each building and describes its architecture. Incidentally we have an account of the conditions of the Indians prior to, during, and immediately after the mission epoch, with a brief account of their present state. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Illustrated. $3, net.)

Una and the Red Cross Knight A commendable and on the whole fairly successful attempt to retell some of the most spirited incidents in Spenser's "Faery Queene" for children's reading. There is ample quotation where the sweet and beautiful diction of the poet is at its best, and ample omission where the gentle gait of the poet's Pegasus has fallen into a deliberate jog-trot. The colored frontispiece, the many full-page drawings, and the brilliant color have a decided holiday air. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.)

Letters to The Outlook

A RAILWAY MAN ON RATE REGULATION

The writer is an old railroad manager, who more than twenty years ago took an active part in the efforts of Southern railways to effect the maintenance of just and equal rates by means of the combination known as the "Southern Railway and Steamship Association," and I am gratified to see in your editorial of December 2, entitled "The Rate Regulation Bill," a recognition of the principles then contended for—namely, that combinations between railways to regulate competition should be encouraged, and laws passed for the enforcement of such contracts, instead of legislating against combinations, and encouraging or (as you say) compelling competition.

The right of the public to demand reasonable rates is fully established by decisions of the United States Supreme Court; but that Court also says that the railways are entitled to a fair return on the value of the property which they employ for the public convenience, which is, I believe, all the Southern railway managers have endeavored to secure for their companies, and generally without success, although no source of probable net revenue has, so far as I know, been overlooked.

To the efforts of railways to secure new traffic and the flexibility of rates which enabled them to meet conditions, the rapid development of the South is largely due.

New traffic has often resulted from an arrangement between railways and shippers by which very low grade freight is moved at special rates and a small profit equitably divided between them, when otherwise such freight could not be moved at all and the value it might have in accessible markets would be lost.

If the making of all inter-State rates is intrusted to a National Commission, there is danger of the tariffs being too rigid to admit of special arrangements to meet local conditions; but what I understand The Outlook to advocate is, not that a Government Commission shall take the initiative in making rates, but that it shall revise them and be empowered to make reduction only in such rates as are found by careful examination to be unreasonable or to discriminate unjustly between individuals or localities.

If a clear and concise definition can be given of the difference between reasonable and unreasonable rates, and between just and unjust rates, it would, I think, contribute to a better understanding of the rate question; for, as I understand it, a rate may be reasonable *per se*, and yet make an unjust discrimination on account of its relations to other rates in effect at the same time.

T. M. R. TALCOTT,
General Manager
Tidewater and Western Railroad Company.
Richmond, Virginia.

COLLEGE WOMEN

If the sketch of the American higher education for women given by a European university woman in The Outlook for October 4 be a true one, may the woman's colleges be razed to the ground and asylums be built on their sites for the poor, misguided impotents who for half a century have sacrificed four years of their best labor for a fictitious benefit! For, according to that article, their energies have been dissipated by a smattering text-book study, distant interests, and "priggish" sociability, until they are spoiled for both the home and the intellectual life. They have been doing things that made them neither eminent scholars nor model housekeepers, absolutely and exclusively, and their lives are wasted. In the name of the women of America and of feminine students everywhere, may a humble word be said in defense of the system thus deprecated and, as it must seem to many readers of The Outlook, misrepresented?

The first attack is upon an attributed excess of "both intellectual and religious missionary work" in the life of the college girl, of an artificial Christianity, and "interest in the affairs of the antipodes." Is this emotional spirit typical of *college* women? Were those women who took up the bird fad so extravagantly largely college graduates, or were they the "mere girls" craving some interest entirely outside their own circle? Does a girl need to go to college to mind the business of the heathen Chinee to the neglect of her own? The present writer, a graduate from one of the largest, and so most typical, of the colleges for women, began her course with a flagrant desire to do something extraordinary by virtue of her education. She finished it, as did most of her classmates, with no vestige of the old freshman ambition, but with the simple aim to be a plain though a better woman. The type of religious life in that college, and we believe in many others, is well expressed in its motto—"Not to be ministered unto, but to minister;" and the inspiration toward a plainly useful life is in no sense weakened by the acquired or increased interest in the arts, sciences, and problems of the day. These studies are food and not poison to the mind of the true woman, for the day is past when it was her meat to toil and spin in ignorance of the world and its great movements. She must still be domestic, certainly, but not exclusively. But, says the writer again, "the girls' college seems to *waver between* scholarship and domesticity, and . . . comes short of both." Quite true; but nowadays is either extreme necessary? No graduate pretends to be a perfected scholar or a trained housewife, but only to have the foundation of either—a trained intellect and a vigorous body.

Lastly, our colleges are accused of permitting childish and unscholarly methods of study through inefficient teachers. The criticism may apply to some of the minor schools, especially in their beginnings, but it is not necessary to name the countless institutions, large and small, Eastern and Western, whose chairs are occupied by eminent scholars and whose standards rank well with those of the European schools in so far as they go. They are to the latter as the usual preparatory school to the specialized trade school. They require less actual study in proportion and more development along physical and social lines, which are of equal and in some cases even of greater importance. Verily, all work, of however an engaging nature, and no play makes Jill a dull girl in one way or another. No sensible person will claim that a college education is essential to the happiness and usefulness of any one, man or woman. But, after looking it all over, its problems and its results, can he doubt that the American system for women has been a benefit and not a detriment? C. G.

INDIAN INDUSTRIAL MISSIONS

The article by Bishop Funsten in your last number is most interesting to those who know the facts concerning the Indians described. But the one sentence which is worth reading above all the others is this: "The Government is perfectly right in trying to enroll the Indians among the world's workers, but its present system ought to go at least one step further, in *providing protection and employment for the young people* who have completed their training under its care and come back to the old reservation." May I ask your support and the support of your readers to this end? So far as the Wind River Indians are concerned, an application was made to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs nearly a year ago for permission for the establishment of an industrial mission, to use land and water power now absolutely unused, and practically never seen by white men. The plan is practicable, and adapted to meet an imperative need. Cannot the Indian Department or Congress be persuaded to come to the aid of this cause? It will cost nothing either for the Government or the Indians; it will save much for both. It will supply the one chief thing needful for the salvation of these people.

FAYETTE AVERY MCKENZIE.

Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.

RAILWAY RATE REGULATION ABROAD

An interesting contrast of the systems of railway rate-making in France and America was recently made by M. G. Noblemaire, traffic manager of the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean Railway. He said in an interview:

> Your American method of arranging and prescribing a tariff—leaving the companies free to make the price of transportation, subject only to correction by the Government in instances of abuse of discretion—is a better one than our French method. Indeed, I don't see on what other principle your tariffs could be made, inasmuch as your railways are privately owned and operated. I can't understand how any government could make rates for such railways.

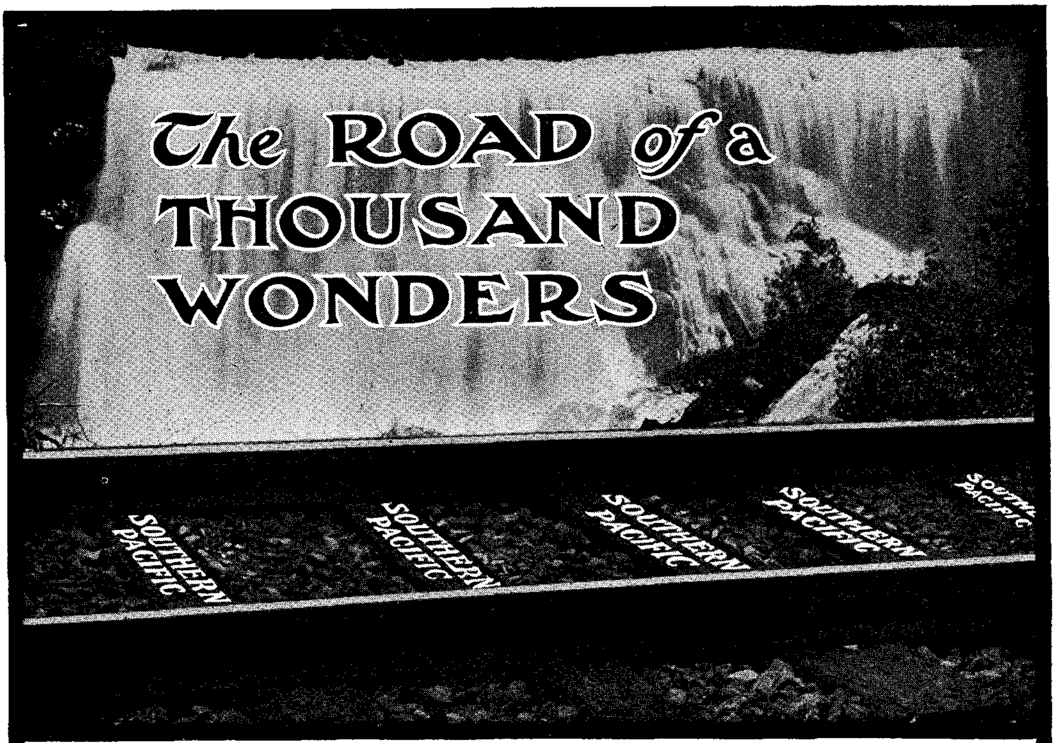
He then explained the workings of the French system as follows:

> The French railways, in fact, always make their own rates—that is to say, the Government never assumes to lay down or prescribe a rate for us. We always ourselves initiate any new rate or any change in existing rates on such basis as we think equitable and just. We are then obliged, before putting it in force, to submit it to the Government for approval. In practice, when it is a question of a new rate or a change in rates, we fix the rate ourselves and then take it up with the Government officials, and argue it out with them, we speaking from the standpoint of revenue for the company and development of the traffic, and they from the standpoint of the public interest. As the result of such conferences, sometimes supplemented at the instance of the Government by reference to interested parties or localities, which takes a lot of time, we finally come to an agreement on the rate, and then it is put in force.

After referring to the fact that under existing conditions in France reductions in rates cannot safely be made, he said:

> The Government is always asking for reductions here and there, the attempts being constantly made to reduce all rates to the same mileage basis or very near to it. The position taken by the Government is usually due to political pressure from some locality or industry, and is therefore generally not along sound business lines. They urge something that runs counter to the laws of nature and the laws of trade, and our rates are thus more and more a matter of politics rather than of sound railway administration, leading constantly toward a distance tariff. In twenty years, at the rate we are going, I don't know where we shall land.

J. R. PAXTON, JR.



SEEING the wonders of the Pacific Coast is no longer a momentous undertaking; the stage coach of pioneer days still rumbles through the valleys and the bridle trails still thread the mountains, but the traveler of to-day views the marvels of California and Oregon from the luxurious trains of the COAST LINE AND SHASTA ROUTE of the SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

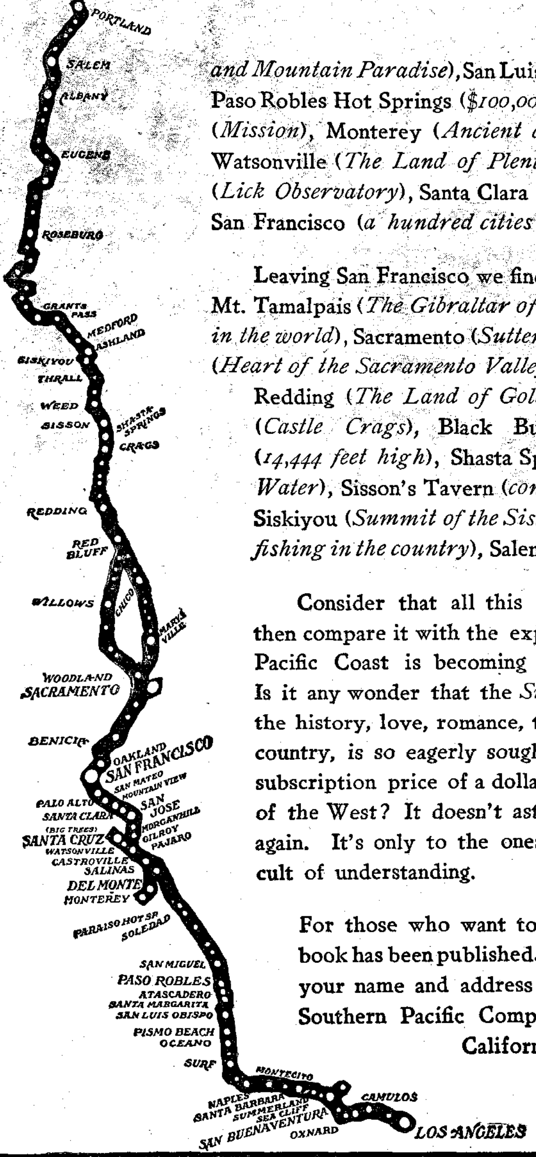
The places we read so much about; the scenic masterpieces that have carried the fame of the Coast Country to the far ends of civilization; the chain of Missions founded by the Franciscan Friars; the miles upon miles of blossoms; the Big Trees that were old in Noah's time; the pyramid group of the Santa Lucia Mountains; the snow-capped peaks and glaciers of Mt. Shasta; the table-lands of the Siskiyou Range, and hundreds of other equally amazing sights are all to be seen on this one road.

Beginning at Los Angeles, the map of the COAST LINE AND SHASTA ROUTE is like a pen line drawn from one historical point to another, from one health-giving resort to the next, through a wealth of marine and mountain views outrivaling anything of the kind found in this or other lands. Other journeys may have their single features; other countries their points of interest but nowhere else is there a railroad 1300 miles long, every league of which offers something unusual to the nature-student, archæologist, sensation-lover, historian, health-seeker, mountain-climber, investor, hunter and fisherman.

The time table of the COAST LINE AND SHASTA ROUTE of the SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY reads like an index to wonderland. Here in succession are such names as Camulos (*Home of "Ramona"*) Nordhoff (*Health Headquarters*), San Buenaventura (*Mission*), Santa Barbara (*Mission, Bathing and Fishing*), El Pizmo Beach (*Marine*

(*See next page.*)

CASTLE CRAGS - CALIFORNIA


PORTLAND
SALEM
ALBANY
EUGENE
ROSEBURG
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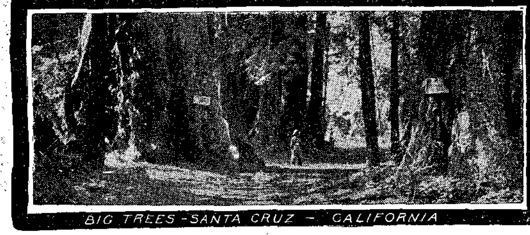
MEDFORD
ASHLAND
SISKIYOU
THRALL
WEED
SISSON
SHASTA SPRINGS
CRAGS
REDDING
RED BLUFF
WILLOWS
CHICO
MARYSVILLE
WOODLAND
SACRAMENTO
BENICIA
OAKLAND
SAN FRANCISCO
SAN MATEO
MOUNTAIN VIEW
PALO ALTO
SANTA CLARA
SAN JOSE
MORGANHILL
GILROY
PAJARO
(BIG TREES)
SANTA CRUZ
WATSONVILLE
CASTROVILLE
SALINAS
DEL MONTE
MONTEREY
PARAISO HOT SP.
SOLEDAD
SAN MIGUEL
PASO ROBLES
ATASCADERO
SANTA MARGARITA
SAN LUIS OBISPO
PISMO BEACH
OCEANO
SURF
MONTECITO
NAPLES
SANTA BARBARA
SUMMERLAND
SEA CLIFF
SAN BUENAVENTURA
OXNARD
CAMULOS
LOS ANGELES

and Mountain Paradise), San Luis Obispo (*Mission and Fremont's Earthworks*) Paso Robles Hot Springs (*$100,000 Bathing Palace, Sulphur Baths*), San Miguel (*Mission*), Monterey (*Ancient and Historical*), Del Monte (*Everything*), Watsonville (*The Land of Plenty*), Santa Cruz (*The Big Trees*), San Jose (*Lick Observatory*), Santa Clara (*Mission*), Palo Alto (*Stanford University*), San Francisco (*a hundred cities in one*).

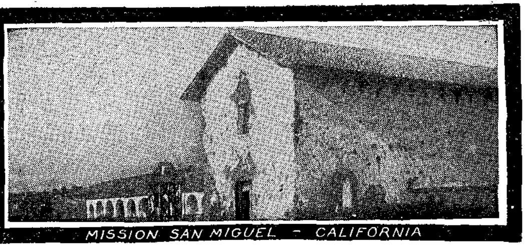
Leaving San Francisco we find Byron Hot Springs (*Nature's Sanatorium*), Mt. Tamalpais (*The Gibraltar of America, reached by the crookedest railroad in the world*), Sacramento (*Sutter's Fort and Crocker Art Gallery*), Woodland (*Heart of the Sacramento Valley*), Chico (*U. S. Plant Introduction Station*), Redding (*The Land of Gold*), Red Bluff (*where money grows*), Castella (*Castle Crags*), Black Butte (*two famous mountains*), Mt. Shasta (*14,444 feet high*), Shasta Springs (*a superb resort—the source of Shasta Water*), Sisson's Tavern (*comfort and luxury for the mountain-climber*), Siskiyou (*Summit of the Siskiyou Range*) Grants Pass (*best hunting and fishing in the country*), Salem (*Capital of Oregon*), Portland (*City of Roses*).

Consider that all this enticing feast is on one excursion ticket, and then compare it with the expense of going abroad. Is it any wonder the Pacific Coast is becoming more and more the Mecca for Americans? Is it any wonder that the *Sunset Magazine*, of San Francisco, devoted to the history, love, romance, tragedy, poetry, and Indian lore of this great country, is so eagerly sought by people everywhere, who gladly pay its subscription price of a dollar a year just to get the refreshing atmosphere of the West? It doesn't astonish the travelers who go, and knowing, go again. It's only to the ones who haven't been, that all this seems difficult of understanding.

For those who want to know more about it a beautifully illustrated book has been published. If you would like a copy complimentary, send your name and address to Chas. S. Fee, Passenger Traffic Manager, Southern Pacific Company, 913 Merchants Exchange, San Francisco, California, who will also answer every question regarding time, cost, itinerary and trains.



BIG TREES - SANTA CRUZ - CALIFORNIA



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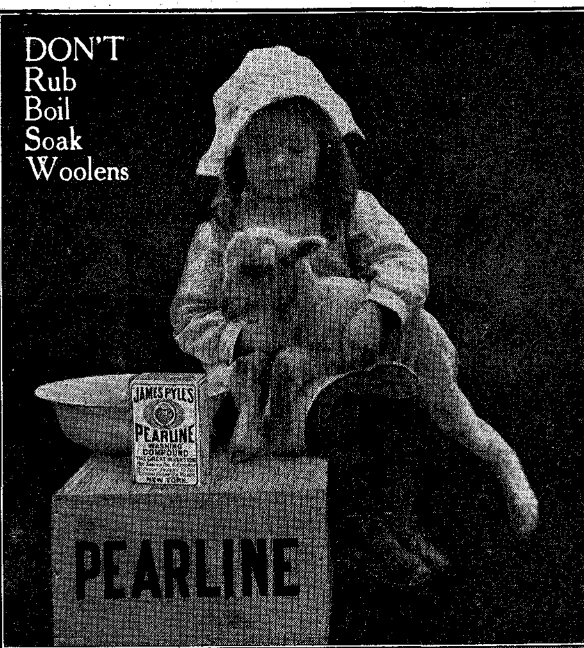

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